

## **Trans-Siberian Orchestra**

### **"Dream Child"**

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In the night  
Was the dark  
In the dark  
Was the dream  
In the dream  
Was the Child  
And myself  
There unseen

In the book was the word  
In the word there was truth  
In the truth there was age  
In the age there was youth

And I said to the Child  
Do your hands they still bleed  
After all of this time  
Do you think there's still need  
But the Child only smiled

And said not a word  
And the snow it came down  
As if it hadn't heard

And all that night the snow came down  
To heal the scars our lives had found  
And the dreams that lay broken

And there upon a bridge of dreams  
Across the night we walked unseen  
With no words ever spoken

And then on through that night  
We did walk for a while  
And our steps turned to blocks  
And the blocks turned to miles

Then we followed a path  
For as far as we could  
Till we found ourselves there  
In an evergreen woods

There were thousands of candles  
Upon every tree  
It was beautiful  
But there was one mystery  
For with all of those candles  
You must understand  
That the only one lit  
Was now in that Child's hand

And there upon that Christmas scene  
The candle wax of melted dreams  
And the years they had taken

And as the snow did gently fall  
He one by one relit them all  
Till each dream was awakened

And there to that light  
That young Child showed to me  
All the things that he dreamt  
All the things that might be  
How for everything given  
That something was gained  
Strike one match in the dark  
And all the world's not the same

And then I asked that Child  
Why this night has a star  
And he said, "So we'd know  
That we could see that far"  
And these candles are wed  
To that distant star's light  
And it all came to be  
Upon that long winter's night  
That long winter's night  
That long winter's night  
That long winter's night

And when I awoke, well the Child he was gone  
But somewhere in my mind  
I believe he lives on  
And somewhere in my life  
Between here and the end  
On a long winter's night  
I will dream him again

Then she noticed on some Christmas cards  
A reddish purple stain  
Where someone had spilled some Christmas wine  
And there it had remained

Until the heat from a radiator  
Whistling in the air  
Had caused it to evaporate  
Into an angel's share

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