

Trans Siberian Orchestra

"Time Floats On"

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What child this night whose dreams take flight?
What child somewhere sleeps unaware?
What life that yet has no regrets?
What child, who knows what dreams I've closed?

Time floats on
As I write these letters that you'll never see
Still each one's gone
Placed in a bottle so tides they might follow
And somehow find their way to thee

What child this night whose wings take flight on
evening winds?
What dreams begin?
Each day begets its own regrets
Do I dare wait or joust with fate?

Time floats on
As I write these letters that you'll never see
Still each one's gone
Placed in a bottle so the tides they might follow
And somehow find their way to thee

What child this night whose dreams take flight?

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