

Dreams Of Fireflies (On A Christmas Night)

Trans-Siberian Orchestra

Stars and dandelions
Like coins thrown into wells
Are thin that we can wish upon
And where our dreams do dwell

But the dark it is the darkness
It's the stars that make it night
For the night is god's cathedral
Which one enters at twilight

And occasionally when needed
Some stars will leave the evening skies
And for a short while dwell amongst us
In the dreams of fireflies