

# O' Come All Ye Faithful

Trans-Siberian Orchestra

Looking at his son across the room  
He feared to cross that divide  
But how long could he stay in this dark  
That allows us all to hide  
Is there a wrong so great in life  
That it undoes every good we've ever done  
Is there an act so good it would undo all our wrongs  
Every single one?  
And in putting his whole  
Life into this gesture  
Would failing make it  
Any lesser?  
Then through the window he thought he saw  
In the falling snow so near  
The outline of his son's mother's face  
But then it disappeared  
It was only there for a second  
And a second's not long, but yet  
It was enough to cause that man  
To take that very first step  
And that step was followed by another  
In that room still lit so dim  
And before he realized how far he had gone  
His son was directly in front of him  
Then the father noticed on the windowsill  
An old photo that he long ago had seen  
It was a picture of him and his wife  
When they were both about nineteen  
It was leaning against a folder  
That said "property of the deceased"  
And underneath was his wife's name  
And the date it had been released  
It was obviously her personal possessions  
That had been given to his son  
Because since he had left them all behind  
The child was the only one  
His son must have always kept it with him  
For the folder was weathered and torn  
And he must have gazed at that picture countless times  
For it was also all tattered and worn  
Then his son noticed him standing there  
And from his task looked up  
And then looked at the picture beside him  
And that one look, was enough  
He recognized it was his father  
That was now standing there  
And gave him a smile of pure love and forgiveness  
And of the past, he did not care  
He did not care where he had been  
The whys, the wheres, the hows  
He only cared that his father was there  
Standing by him now  
Then the father turned and walked across the room  
Which by now had lost its distance  
And went to the nearest incubator  
And picked up a trembling infant  
And with the child within his arms

He returned to his son  
And all the pain within his soul  
At that moment was undone  
And he sat in the rocking chair beside him  
With the life he had retrieved  
And side-by-side together  
They rocked all through that christmas eve  
[Instrumental]