

# The Christmas Attic

Trans-Siberian Orchestra

Somewhere in the universe

Between this night and God

An angel sat upon a star

While thinking very hard

To return once more to the earth

He had been assigned

And a single gift for all of man

He was to leave behind

But this gift that he was to leave

Could not be taken from the heavenly court

And how could he leave something behind

If nothing could be brought

Now this was quite a puzzle

And he knew not how to start

When he suddenly felt a prayer from a child

Reach deep into his heart

And though his time was limited

To this one night of the year

He could not ignore this child's request

So he decided he would start here

For though this night was Christmas Eve

And dreams were all about

Somewhere down below on earth

He had felt this child begin to doubt

A child who should have been asleep

Instead was climbing attic stairs

With her solitary candle

And a single Christmas prayer

Now, when angels they are called

They rarely just appear

But more often than not

They gently whisper in one's ear

And when they whisper to a child

On nights when snow still glistens

The chances are much stronger still

That, that child, will listen

So in this room where shadows live

And ghosts that failed learn time forgives

Welcome friends, please stay awhile

Our story starts with one small child

Who spends this night in an attic dark

Where dreams are stored like sleeping hearts

Now, if you wonder why this child is here

With all asleep and Christmas near

She's come up here to look for truth  
In this place closest to the roof

For she had heard from friends who feel  
That nothing on this night is real  
That no adults truly believe  
In all these things of Christmas Eve

This night that seems to cast a spell  
Is the same world, just tinsel well  
And as she lay in bed that night  
She wondered if they might be right

And she wondered then who she might ask  
About this question that had been cast  
For adults, she had been told, you see  
Are part of this conspiracy

But in her mind becoming clear  
The shadow of a child's idea

There was one whose presence alone  
Would reconfirm what she had known

But this man, he was so rarely seen  
For he only arrived when children dreamed  
But if what she had believed was right  
He should appear this very night  
So on this night with so much at stake  
She's determined that she would stay awake

But then a problem came to mind  
It seems that fate had not been kind  
For their chimney had been closed that year  
Some bricks might fall, her father feared

So she had devised another plan  
To hear when on the roof he lands  
So with the ghosts left here by fate  
Upon this night she sits and waits

Now as I'm sure you all must know  
When one is waiting, time moves slow  
And as she wondered what to do  
(her options seeming far too few)

The Angel caused that child to look  
Behind a yellowed pile of books  
Among these memories disguised as junk  
She noticed there a well worn trunk

It was filled with toys and one old wreath  
And several letters underneath  
Some ornaments, a hand rung phone  
And records with a gramophone

A mix of long forgotten words  
With melodies no longer heard  
All threads of long forgotten lives  
But here somehow they had survived

These letters that had caught her eye  
Now in her hands they seemed alive

And as each letter she unsealed  
A small piece of the past was revealed

For Christmas weaves a life long spell  
And most of all remembers well  
And as that child explored the past  
Once again that spell was cast

And as the child began to read  
Upon this night of Christmas Eve  
The Angel's plan, as you can tell  
It was already working well  
So as the ghosts gently arise  
In our first song we'll summarize