

# The Ghosts of Christmas Eve

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 THOUGHT 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  
IN THE SAME WORLD, JUST TINSELED 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 THE 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  
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 attics dark  
Where dreams are stored like sleeping hearts  
And so it's here that they must wait  
Till someone wishes them awake  
For somewhere on this night of nights  
She's looking to believe  
Here among the ghosts on Christmas Eve  
And there near an old looking glass  
There was a trunk from Christmas past  
That she had somehow missed before

But now decides she will explore  
'Twas filled with toys and one old wreath  
And several letters underneath  
So as the evening hours leave  
The child sat down and started to read  
For somewhere on this night of nights  
She's looking to believe  
Here among the ghosts on Christmas Eve  
On Christmas Eve  
On Christmas Eve