

The Lost Christmas Eve

Trans-Siberian Orchestra

Another year has come and past
Like moments through an hourglass
And at the end of this year's trail
An offering, a final tale

Of love, long lost
And then refound
And the child by which
Those dreams were bound

Of a dusty hotel
That was long past old
And the shadows and the memories
Its hallways still hold

For things that are old
Have the best tales to tell
And usually,
They tell them well

And so it's here, my dear children
That our story truly starts
When the lord sent once more to the earth
An angel, with a childlike heart

And on this night his mission was
To find somewhere on this earth
That human that best reflected his son
And carried on his work

And since this mission from his lord
Had to be completed on this one night
The angel quickly unfolded his wings
And towards the earth took flight

And this night, in case you have not guessed
Was once more Christmas Eve
When snow and light and angels' flights
All together weave

But of the angel's instructions
There was one thing more
That would make this journey to the earth
Harder than all the ones before

For the lord had also told the angel
That he could only use his wings twice this Christmas Eve
Once when he descended to the earth
And once more when he would leave
(not unlike ourselves some think,
Or at least so I believe)

Now this put quite a complication
In what the angel planned
For now he had to choose most carefully
Exactly where he would land

He needed to find a single place
That would represent all mankind
But humans were such a varied lot
Such a place would surely be hard to find

A single place where there would be
Humans of every race and creed
The rich and poor, the thrilled and bored
The failures with those who succeed

But after a few moments
Carefully placed in thought
The answer appeared in the angel's mind
The city called New York

And as he neared that city
Where all those souls did dwell
He felt himself being drawn towards
An old, rundown hotel

For in a city that usually had
Guards at nearly every single door
This one just had a sign that said "vacancies,
There is always room for one more"

Now why the angel decided to stop there
He could not quite say the reason
But he thought the sign upon that hotel
Somehow fit the sentiment of this season

Now even after all these years
The building was still a work of art
And though some façade had crumbled here and there
Most still had their parts

The walls were made of granite
Not aluminum or steel
And every pillar and ballistrade
Still had its artist's feel

Every gutter had a gargoyle
Every gargoyle had its wings
For angels can appreciate
Other flying things

So he landed on a cathedral roof
Across the street from that hotel
And looked down upon the world below
Where all those souls did dwell

And sitting on that rooftop
With his friend the winter wind
He gazed carefully at that scene below
As he slowly took it in

On a street in the night
In the cold winter's light
A child stands alone and she's waiting

And the light that's out there
It just hangs in the air
As if it was just hesitating

And the snow it comes down
And it muffles the sound
Of dreams on their way to tomorrow

And when they appear
This night will hold them near
For where they will lead
She will follow

For here in this city of lights
This evening awakens
The dreams that it might
The winter it conjures
The spells it will weave
The snow gently covers the ground
Christmas Eve

In this scene
On this night
There's an ancient hotel
Where shadows they do tend to wander

And the ghosts that live here
Hold each moment so dear
For time's not a thing one should squander

And they recount their sand
As it runs through their hand
And examine each moment for meaning

It can be wished upon
Till the moment it's gone
Like day disappears into evening

For here in this city of lights
This evening awakens
The dreams that it might
The winter it conjures
The moment is seized
The snow gently covers the ground
Christmas Eve

Merry Christmas
Merry Christmas
Merry Christmas
Merry Christmas

Christmas
Christmas
Christmas
Christmas

Through this night
The dream still wanders
As it was meant to be
And every year this night grows fonder

Of children and circumstance
Caught in this childhood dance
As the world turns around
Keeping dreams on the ground

Windows of frosted ice

Prisming candlelight
And somehow we
Start to believe

In the night and the dream
As it cuts through the noise
With the whisper of snow
As it starts to deploy

In the depths of a night
That's about to begin
With the feeling of snow
As it melts on your skin

And it covers the land
With a dream so intense
That it returns us all
To a child's innocence

And then what you'd thought lost
And could never retrieve
Is suddenly there to be found
On Christmas Eve
On Christmas Eve
On christmas...