

What Child Is This?

Trans-Siberian Orchestra

The old man stood there thinking
While staring in that old toy shop
With its carousel still turning round
In front of a music box clock
For what good's a clock without a chime
A useless thing that just keeps time
Recording moments that come and leave
But this clock's chimes struck midnight
Upon a lost christmas eve
And when the final chime had spoken
And the twelfth bell had finally rung
The indecision in the father was broken
He now knew what had to be done
So he got into a yellow cab
And prayed that it might lead
Through all this snow and streetlight glow
To a past he might retrieve
When the taxi dropped him off
At the boarding house hotel
It was a rundown building
With a musty, rundown smell
And he asked for his son
From the hotel's night desk clerk
Who said his son was not there
He was not back from work
When the father said that was impossible
The clerk replied, "i'm not here to debate
But he works at the hospital, just down the block
If you want you can sit here and wait
But he never returns till real late"
Then the father tried asking another question
But the clerk went back to watching his tv
Which was also playing, "how the grinch stole christmas"
And the father mused, "this movie has no sympathy,
Well, at least not when it comes down to me"
Once outside he saw the hospital's entrance
And went to information by the front door
Who confirmed that his son had a job there
And worked up on the seventh floor
So he took the elevator up to that floor
Which was marked "maternity"
And the man knew in his heart that this was a mistake
For his son working here could not be
But the nurse on duty reconfirmed that he did
And since her rounds were about to begin
If he would like to follow her
She would gladly take the father to him
So he followed her to a large dark room
That to him seemed unusually empty
Except for several incubators glowing on the right
Each with a trembling baby
These infants were all extremely frail
And obviously in incredible pain
And this sight cut deep into that father's soul
And he asked the nurse, please, to explain
"these children were born to mothers
Who were addicted to crack cocaine"

And these children are born in complete withdrawal
For that drug is still deep in their veins
We can give them no other drugs to ease their withdrawals
Since they are born premature and quite frail
And any form of pain killer
Could easily cause their small hearts to fail"
"and what does my son do here?"
The father asked, "he is not a patient, i assume"
The nurse did not say a single word
But nodded to the far left corner of the room
And there the father saw his son
Who looked like himself when he was a younger man
Rocking back and forth in a rocking chair
A trembling infant held in his hands
And in his arms the child did not cry
But slept to silent lullabies
And his son rocked that newborn back and forth
Until finally, a dream was caught
But still at his rocking, his son faithfully kept
Till that poor child's trembling had also, finally, left
Then the nurse whispered softly
Into the father's ear
Something that a blind man could see
But the father needed to hear
Whispered to him in this room
Filled with mankind's misbegotten
Something that the father had known once
But somehow had forgotten
She said, "it is this way with each of us
We all need to be held, at least twice
Once upon the day that we are born
And once more when we leave this life
Your son has been coming to this place
Since as long as i've been working here
He's never missed a single day
In nearly twenty years
He always arrives promptly on time
But a time card he does not keep
For he never leaves this maternity room
Until every last child is asleep"
Then the nurse noticed the father
Trying to choke back the things he now felt
So mentioning she had to continue her rounds
She quietly excused herself
So he was now alone in the darkness
Between the past and future caught
Not knowing what to do
As his mind flooded with so many thoughts
Some beauty comes too early
While its moment never waits
And some beauty is always there
But never seen, till it's too late
Look! there is a moment
It has just slipped away
And so we lose our lives
In such ordinary ways
Where do we get our dreams from?
Where do we get our faith?
Is it something that we are born with
Or is it something for which we must wait?
The mist of things we once believed
The childhood truths for which we grieve
And in our lives could we have missed

Those that in the dark, the angels kiss
What child is this
Who laid to rest
That i now find here sleeping?
Do angels keep the dreams we seek
While our hearts lie bleeding?
Could this be christ the king
Whose every breath the angels bring?
Could this be the face of god, this child, the son i once carried?
What child is this
Who is so blessed he changes all tomorrows?
Replacing tears with reborn years
In hearts once dark and hollow
Could this be christ the king
Whose every breath the angels bring?
Could this be the face of god, this child, the son i once carried?
In the dead of the night
As his life slips away
As he reads by the light
Of a star faraway
Holding on
Holding off
Holding out
Holding in
Could you be this old
And have your life just begin?
Reading by the light of a lost christmas day
It begins
Reading by the light of a lost christmas day
Tell me how many times can this story be told
After all of these years it should all sound so old
But it somehow rings true in the back of my mind
As i search for a dream that words can no longer define
Reading by the light of a lost christmas day
And the time
Reading by the light of a lost christmas day
And the time and the years
And the tears and the cost
And the hopes and the dreams
Of each child that is lost
And the whisper of wings
In the cold winter's air
As the snow it comes down
And visions appear everywhere
Reading by the light of a lost christmas day
In the air
Reading by the light of a lost christmas day
In the dead of the night
As his life slips away
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