

Who Is This Child

Trans-Siberian Orchestra

WHO IS THIS CHILD
THAT I'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE
WHO IS THIS CHILD
THAT I'VE NOT SEEN TILL THIS DAY
WHO DARES TO FALL ASLEEP
OUTSIDE MY DOOR
IF WE SHOULD WAIT AWHILE
I'M SURE SHE'LL GO AWAY
TO BE INVOLVED WITH THIS
WOULD SURELY NOT BE WISE
FOR IN THE FINAL WORD
SHE MEANS NOTHING TO ME
I LEARNED THE TRICK IS
THAT WE JUST AVOID HER EYES
AND THE QUESTION
WHAT SHE MEANS TO ...
WHAT IS THIS LIFE
THERE WILL BE OTHER LIVES
SOON TO ARRIVE
SURELY SOME WILL SURVIVE
SHE IS BUT ONE
AND THERE ARE MANY MORE
EACH THE SAME AS ANY OTHER
WHO IS THIS CHILD
WHAT DOES SHE MEAN TO ME
I CLOSE MY EYES
AND STILL HER FACE I SEE
SHE IS BUT ONE
HER KIND IS EVERYWHERE
CAN'T YOU SEE THERE'S NO WAY I SHOULD CARE
I NEED A MOMENT NOW
I HAVE TO CLEAR MY MIND
THERE IS A LIMIT LORD
JUST TO BEING KIND
THERE IS NO WAY IN LIFE
THAT EACH CHILD CAN BE SAVED
SHOULD I BE LOOKING WITH REGRET
AT EVERY GRAVE
THERE ARE NO GUARANTEES
IN LIFE SHE SHOULD BE WARNED
I'M NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR
THIS CHILD BEING BORN
I'M NOT RESPONSIBLE
IN ANY KIND OF WAY
FOR EVERY CHILD THAT LIFE CAN GATHER
WHAT IS THIS LIFE
THERE WILL BE OTHER LIVES
SOON TO ARRIVE
SURELY SOME WILL SURVIVE
SHE IS BUT ONE
AND THERE ARE MANY MORE
COULD THIS ONE LIFE REALLY MATTER
WHO IS THIS CHILD
WHAT DOES SHE MEAN TO ME
I CLOSE MY EYES
AND STILL HER FACE I SEE
SHE IS BUT ONE

HER KIND IS EVERYWHERE
CAN'T YOU SEE THERE'S NO WAY I SHOULD CARE
CAN YOU SEE IT IN THE NIGHT
CAN YOU FEEL THAT IT'S OUT THERE
IT'S THE ARCING OF A LIFE
AND IT'S HANGING IN THE AIR
THOUGH I TRY TO CLOSE MY EYES
AND PRETEND THAT I DON'T KNOW
IN MY HEART
I JUST CAN'T LET IT GO
THERE HAS TO BE ANOTHER WAY FOR ME
A WAY THAT LEADS FROM THIS INSANITY
A WAY THAT LEADS FROM MY DESTRUCTION IN THIS WAY
CAN YOU SEE IT IN THE NIGHT
CAN YOU FEEL THAT IT'S OUT THERE
IT'S THE ARCING OF A LIFE
AND IT'S HANGING IN THE AIR
THOUGH I TRY TO CLOSE MY EYES
AND PRETEND THAT I DON'T KNOW
IN MY HEART
I JUST CAN'T LET IT GO

[When he asks Fate what is to happen next, she gently tells him that it is time for him to rest, for tonight he will dream a new dream within the gates of paradise. And as the words weave their way into his soul, Beethoven lies down on the couch near his piano and begins a new dream.]