

Wizards in Winter

Trans-Siberian Orchestra

And so it was in front of this hotel
Our angel did finally arrive
And standing at one corner was a young man
Who caught the angel's eye

He had a small group of children
Gathered round him there
Who all were quietly listening
Which for children is quite rare

He was telling them christmas tales
And each one brought more children near
Where they nestled round him on those steps
So each word they could clearly hear

He then told them a christmas story
About how all men are brothers
And when that story had ended
The children clamored for another

"where does christmas go
When its day is through?
Where does christmas go," they asked,
"and what does christmas do?"

Now children have such simple requests
Their wishes are so small
That the young man saw no reason why
He could not grant them all

They liked his stories so much
They begged him not to let it end
So he told them about the wizards of winter
Whose winter ball they must attend

How these wizards decorated their whole world
With icicles, frost and snow
And how with the dreams of this night beneath it
It all would magically start to glow

And the snow seemed to obey the young man's every gesture
In the cold December's air
And as for the wizards' imperial ball
Well, they were already there

[instrumental]