

Trans-Siberian Orchestra, The Christmas Attic

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 though 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
Is the same world, just tinsel 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 that 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