

Trans-Siberian Orchestra, The Wisdom Of Snow

(NARRATION)

Now why this man's soul was bleeding
The angel had to understand
So invisible, he stood by him
And then gently touched his hand

Which caused the man to stand there still
Despite the winter's cold
And while he stood there in that trance
The angel read his soul

It seemed the man was not always like
The man he had become
And that angel wondered how that change had happened
And when it had begun

The man had been born to a kind and religious family
And raised in the midwest
And all throughout his childhood
This man, clearly, had been blessed

He grew up believing, among other things
Man was made in the image of god
He went to school, observed all rules
While working very hard

He had always tried to help others
Excelled at nearly every task
And when he'd graduated high school
Of course, he was the first one in his class

And in his eighteenth summer
When it was time for him to leave
He had offers from several colleges
All of them ivy league

And at college in all his studies
He always received straight "a"s
And when he tried his hand in theater
He got the lead in the senior play

It appeared to nearly everyone
There was no talent that he lacked
And for three years on the football team
He was, the star quarterback

And there he also met the girl
Who did become his wife
With her, his world was now complete
He had the perfect life

When they had graduated college
They were wed in a ceremony quite grand
Then they moved to new york
In a dream they seemed caught
Where all had been perfectly planned

She decorated their park avenue apartment
In a 1920's art-deco style
And six months after they had moved in
She told him, they would soon be having a child

And after their first ultrasound

He knew they were having a son
Their lives could not have been better
And they had only just begun

Together they arrived early at the hospital
On the delivery date
The father was taking no chances
And did not want to risk being late

But while waiting outside the delivery room
He could tell that something was going wrong
For too many doctors were rushing in
With none coming out for too long

When her own doctor finally came out
With several nurses at his side
He said that his wife had started hemorrhaging
And despite their best efforts, she died

Then in an effort to console him
A nurse gave him his newborn to hold
But from the way the child felt limp in his arms
He knew there was still more bad news to be told

The doctor then gave the prognosis
As gently as anyone could
But before he could finish explaining
The father only too well understood

The child had been cut off from oxygen
For minutes, which is far too long
The damage was now irreversible
His brain permanently malformed

He'd never hold a job,
Learn to read or ever talk

And it would be a miracle
If the child even learned how to walk

And with those words the father felt
His entire world falling apart
And he stumbled for the words to express
The tearing inside of his heart

He cried out, why did god have to take her
While she was still so young
And then as if to cut him deeper
Leave this thing here as his son

"please explain to me god's wisdom
How could he decide
To take from me my precious wife
While leaving this alive

There is no reason for this life
Why does he even exist
And if he had never been born
There is no way he'd have ever been missed

If man is made in god's image
Then something here is surely amiss
For there is nothing of god
Nothing of god

Nothing of god
Nothing of god
Nothing of god in this"

And then he asked for the child
To be placed in a state run home
And after he had signed the papers
He walked into that night alone

And in this world he found unkind
He built a wall around his mind
And every year he'd add new parts
Until it had also enclosed his heart

He kept his job and paid his debts
As he slowly became a silhouette
Of a man walking among the tombs
While living his life within his wounds

He distanced himself from all his friends
Even his sisters and brothers
And as time it went by, he developed his eyes
So they could only see the flaws in others

With this final glimpse, the angel stepped away
And the man shook himself out of his trance
Then continued his walk back towards his home
And few would have given his soul half of a chance

And the angel himself felt helpless
As he watched that old man there
So he did what even humans do
And he quickly said a prayer

And as the prayer flew to his lord
The angel did decide
To carefully follow the old man
And stay closely by his side

For on this night can one deny
The gift of a more sympathetic eye
To cast upon our fellow man
And on this night to understand

The frailty of childhood dreams
Like fireflies over summer streams
And if one dared to remove time's veil
Could one retrace those childhood trails?

But whispers in the winter's wind
Told of rescued dreams, forgiven sins
And who among us shall be deemed
To rescue some forgotten dream?

So on this night of christmas eve
As once again the spirits weave
Its snowswept dreams and colored lights
With bits of magic into each life

And as the snow comes gently down
Its soul intent to reach the ground
To cover scars the world still feels
Perhaps to give them time to heal

For as men invest in money

And professors in what they know
God invests in mercy
Like winter invests in snow

(THE WISDOM OF SNOW)
~Instrumental~