

# 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

&quot;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&quot;

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~