

Trans-Siberian Orchestra, What Child Is This?

What child is this
Who laid to rest
That I now find here sleeping?
Do angels keep the dreams we seek
While our hearts lie bleeding?

And could this be Christ the king
Whose every breath the angels bring?
Could this be the face of God, this child, the son I once carried?

What child is this
Who is so blessed he changes all tomorrows?
Replacing tears with reborn years
In hearts once dark and hollow

And could this be Christ the king
Whose every breath the angels bring?
Could this be the face of God, this child, the son I once carried?

In the dead of the night
As his life slips away
As he reads by the light
Of a star faraway

Holding on
Holding off
Holding out
Holding in

Could you be this old
And have your life just begin?

Reading by the light of a lost Christmas day
It begins
Reading by the light of a lost Christmas day

Tell me how many times can this story be told
After all of these years it should all sound so old
But it somehow rings true in the back of my mind
As I search for a dream that words can no longer define

Reading by the light of a lost Christmas day
And the time
Reading by the light of a lost Christmas day

And the time and the years
And the tears and the cost
And the hopes and the dreams
Of each child that is lost
And the whisper of wings
In the cold winter's air
As the snow it drifts down
And visions appear everywhere

Reading by the light of a lost Christmas day
In the air
Reading by the light of a lost Christmas day

In the dead of the night
As his life slips away
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