

# 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  
As he reads by the light  
Of a star faraway

Holding on

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Could you be this old  
And have your life just begin

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