

Trans-Siberian Orchestra, Who Is This Child

Who Is this child
That I've never seen before
Who Is this child
That I've not seen till this day

Who dares to fall asleep
Outside my door
If we should wait awhile
I'm sure she'll go away

To be involved with this
Would surely not be wise
For in the final word
She means nothing to me

I learned the trick is
That we just avoid her eyes
And the question
What she means to...

What is this life
There will be other lives
Soon to arrive
Surely some will survive
She is but one
And there are many more
Each the same as any other

Who is this child
What does she mean to me
I close my eyes
And still her face I see
She is but one
Her kind is everywhere
Can't you see there's no way I should care

I need a moment now
I have to clear my mind
Is there a limit, Lord
Just to being kind

There is no way in life
That each child can be saved
Should I be looking with regret
At every grave

There are no guarantees
In life she should be warned
I'm not responsible for
This child being born

I'm not responsible
In any kind of way
For every child that life can gather

What is this life
There will be other lives
Soon to arrive
Surely some will survive

She is but one
And there are many more
Could this one life really matter

Who is this child
What does she mean to me
I close my eyes
And still her face I see
She is but one
Her kind is everywhere
Can't you see there's no way I should care

Can you see it in the night
Can you feel that it's out there
It's the arcing of a life
And it's hanging in the air

Though I try to close my eyes
And pretend that I don't know
In my heart
I just can't let it go

There has to be another way for me
A way that leads from this insanity
A way that leads from my destruction as I say

Can you see it in the night
Can you feel that it's out there
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