

# Trans-Siberian Orchestra, An Angel's Share

Deep inside this Christmas Eve  
Watching as the hours leave  
Gently drifting in the air  
Shadows of an angel's share

Christmas lights  
On Christmas nights  
With peace for every man  
Stable scenes  
And evergreens  
With snow still glistening

Angels grace  
This humble place  
With hopes of our salvation  
Christmas cards  
And snow filled yards  
And children wondering

Rejoice  
All awaken  
Rejoice  
Quickly hasten  
Rejoice  
For the newborn king

Rejoice  
For the vision  
Rejoice  
He has given  
Hear the choirs as they sing

Scrooge returns  
To once more learn  
That Christmas ghosts conspire

To redeem  
His soul it seems  
But still he hesitates

To believe  
He's not deceived  
Until this night inspires  
Him to find  
That at this time  
It never is too late

Rejoice  
All awaken  
Rejoice  
Quickly hasten  
Rejoice  
For the newborn king

Rejoice  
For the vision  
Rejoice  
He has given  
Hear the choirs as they sing  
And sing  
And sing  
And sign and sing and sing

Winter dreams

Her endless scenes  
In endless combinations  
To embrace  
This world of faith  
This world that we now see

Every year  
It returns here  
With all its variations  
And as the day

It fades away  
And we once more find that...

Once again the promise kept  
One by one the angels slept  
So we leave this night in peace  
And the world in gentle sleep

"When she finished the last letter  
From that little stack  
She put each one in its envelope  
And carefully put them back

Then she sat and thought quite carefully  
About all she had learned  
Realizing that her belief in this night  
Had completely returned

For if all these grownups she had read  
Had in this night believed  
It could not be possible  
That they had all been deceived

And she marveled how every letter  
Was signed with a different name  
That in the end it seemed that all  
Their wishes were the same

That the light that reached our lives  
From that distant Christmas star  
Would make us, if not perfect  
Then perhaps better than who we are

And suddenly she noticed  
That there was a present there  
He must have come and left it  
When she had gone down the stairs

Then she realized as for that chimney  
She needn't have worried after all  
For Christmas she had found this night  
Could not be stopped by walls

Could not be stopped by distance  
Could not be stopped by time  
And if one lived a thousand years  
It would still be there to find

Now some will say that all these gifts  
Were left by her father or her mother  
But I for one, will always suspect  
It could have been another

And before she went back down the stairs

With her fading candlelight  
She found some paper and wrote down  
All that had occurred that night

And sometime on some distant night  
We really can't say when  
Someone will read that letter  
And this night will live again

And so our story's over  
And the child returned to bed  
To dream about this magic night  
And where it all had led

And the Angel who had heard her thoughts  
About what she had learned  
Now realized that his job was done  
And it was time he should return

And taking back all he had brought  
He returned just in time  
To appear before his Lord  
And tell him what he had left behind  
There were two souls reunited  
On a snow blessed Christmas Eve  
And sleeping safely in her bed  
Was the child who still believed

And once again the Lord smiled down  
From his heavenly throne  
And took the Angel into his heart  
And whispered, welcome home

And may you also hear those words  
All through your life  
But may you hear them most of all  
On every Christmas night

Merry Christmas!

POST SCRIPT

And the most magical thing  
About this night we will now reiterate  
That no matter where you are in life  
It never is too late"