

Trans-Siberian Orchestra, O' Come All Ye Faithful

(NARRATION)

Looking at his son across the room
He feared to cross that divide
But how long could he stay in this dark
That allows us all to hide

Is there a wrong so great in life
That it undoes every good we've ever done
Is there an act so good it would undo all our wrongs
Every single one?

And in putting his whole
Life into this gesture
Would failing make it
Any lesser?

Then through the window he thought he saw
In the falling snow so near
The outline of his son's mother's face
But then it disappeared

It was only there for a second
And a second's not long, but yet
It was enough to cause that man
To take that very first step

And that step was followed by another
In that room still lit so dim
And before he realized how far he had gone
His son was directly in front of him

Then the father noticed on the windowsill
An old photo that he long ago had seen
It was a picture of him and his wife
When they were both about nineteen

It was leaning against a folder
That said "property of the deceased"
And underneath was his wife's name
And the date it had been released

It was obviously her personal possessions

That had been given to his son
Because since he had left them all behind
The child was the only one

His son must have always kept it with him
For the folder was weathered and torn
And he must have gazed at that picture countless times
For it was also all tattered and worn

Then his son noticed him standing there
And from his task looked up
And then looked at the picture beside him
And that one look, was enough

He recognized it was his father
That was now standing there
And gave him a smile of pure love and forgiveness
And of the past, he did not care

He did not care where he had been
The whys, the wheres, the hows
He only cared that his father was there
Standing by him now

Then the father turned and walked across the room
Which by now had lost its distance
And went to the nearest incubator
And picked up a trembling infant

And with the child within his arms
He returned to his son
And all the pain within his soul
At that moment was undone

And he sat in the rocking chair beside him
With the life he had retrieved
And side-by-side together
They rocked all through that christmas eve

(O' COME ALL YE FAITHFUL)

~Instrumental~