

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"