

# Christmas Canon Rock

Trans-Siberian Orchestra

Now all that had occurred here this night  
The angel had clearly seen  
Not unlike an old fashioned movie  
Upon a silvered screen  
That borders on the edge of a  
Forgotten childhood dream  
And from all that he had witnessed  
He thought his answer he had found  
And once more unfolded his wings  
And left earth's solid ground  
With every sweep of those wings  
Across time and space he soared  
Until he found himself standing  
Back in heaven, before his lord  
And he told his lord the name of the father's son  
But then he hesitated  
Like a child in school unsure of his answer  
But the lord, he patiently waited  
Then the angel added the names  
Of the parishioners at the church  
The musicians, the storyteller  
The operator and the hospital nurse  
Eventually there was hardly a person  
That the angel had missed  
And then at the very end he placed  
The father's name, also on that list  
That anyone could reflect his lord's son  
Was now the angel's view  
All it took was to follow the simple word's of his son  
"to do unto others, as you would have others do unto you"  
Then the lord smiled at his angel  
And said, "you have done more than your task  
It's a gift that eyes rarely have  
That can see further than they are asked."  
And so this night is ending  
So close to where it did start  
As the angel slept deep that night  
Within his lord's own heart  
For hope never dies  
At worst it only sleeps  
And all we surrender  
Christmas safely keeps  
Through the cold winter nights  
Of the longest decembers  
Till here by starlight  
We begin to remember  
That in the very end  
The message christmas is sending  
Is that it is never too late  
To change any life's ending  
So christmas eve had come and past  
But not so christmas day  
And thus it is, we add a final act  
Onto our yearly play  
A taxicab pulled up to the grand hotel,  
That morning somewhere around eight  
And the father with his son got out

And asked the driver, to please wait  
Then the father asked the clerk if he could speak  
To the couple in room twelve twenty-four  
Adding he did not know the couple's name  
But had met their child the night before  
The clerk answered most politely  
That he would like to fulfill his wish  
But the room number twelve twenty-four  
In this hotel, did not exist  
The father then described the little girl  
Her age and dress as well  
But the clerk said there had been no children there at all that week  
Was he sure he had the right hotel?  
So the father started wondering  
If in the cold winter's air  
He had somehow imagined the entire event  
But then he realized, he didn't care  
The only thing that mattered  
When all was said and done  
Was that he was reunited  
With his one and only son  
And when they got back into their cab  
He heard a ripping sound  
As the contents of his wife's folder  
Spilled out onto the ground  
As he rushed to pick it all up  
He grabbed the picture first  
Of him and his wife at the age nineteen  
Long before she had given birth  
And on the back he saw a poem he had written to her  
Years before they had wed  
When they were young, their lives just begun  
And here is what it said,  
"if a single tear fell from your eyes into the ocean  
And then washed up on some far and distant shore  
I would still recognize that teardrop  
For in the end that tear would still be yours"  
And then he saw another picture  
That he had never seen before  
Of a little girl in a russian styled coat  
Standing with her parents, in front of their store  
The little girl he saw there  
He now knew was a childhood picture of his wife  
But it was also a picture of the little girl  
He had just met on the previous night  
And he realized that those who love  
Death cannot divide  
It only provides an extra soul  
To watch over us from the other side  
And together they returned  
Back to the father's home  
And shared the best christmas  
That either of them had ever known  
And somewhere across eternity  
Which in distance cannot be measured  
The mother looked down upon them both  
And their happiness she treasured  
And later on late that night  
When her son was drifting off to sleep  
A tear once more rolled from her eyes  
And trailed across her cheek  
But this one was a tear of joy  
That she could not keep inside

And this time she followed it through eternity  
Across the great divide  
Till it landed by another joyful tear  
That her husband had just wept  
And there unseen she joined him  
In the silent vigil that he kept  
For we are all born mortal  
Like stars and candlelight  
And all that really matters  
Is what we do before we fall asleep each night  
This night  
We pray  
Our lives will show  
This dream he had  
Each child  
Still knows  
We are waiting  
We have not forgotten  
On this night  
On this night  
On this night  
On this very christmas night