Tuatha De Danann, The Wheel

Coming with the whistle of the wind theres a leaf dancing in the air Floating, rounding, shining, laughing it comes changing colours and tearing in front of me

Suddenly it turns into a wild being That sits on the ground - So quietly Looking at me... it rises... So the creature starts to tell me this:

Sometimes when you think everything's gone No lights, reason, love or hope Everything lost its sense you feel down, want to leave it all...

Life is an old wheel You must learn it soon Wheel of transformations... Everything goes and has their own purpose...

Sometimes in, but sometimes out - never stand and still... New horizons, thats the mysterious wheel Cycles, roundings, time, birth, death chances to try again Thats a secret - Everything is turning

Welcome to this play my friend - most call it life You have many ways to pick - but try choose the right. Whats right?

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Night - is the sleep of the sun Death of our light king next day he rises again - The wheel completes its whole process What is alive must die - what dies must be harvested What is Harvested must be seeded - The seeded must Rebirth Secrets of the Wheel...

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