

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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