

Field Music

"Lady Of The Silver Wheel"

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High in the Castle of Glass,
A Silver Wheel turns in the night,
Slender hands guide a thread,
Keeping it true, keeping it tight,
As it spins, fate it begins,
To opens it's eyes,
Lady of the Moon, of the Stars,
In the Spiral Castle I hear you sing.

Chorus

Lady of the Silver Wheel,
Lady of the Silver Wheel,
Arianrhod, Lady of Changes you spin the Web of Life.

Gather up every thread,
Weave them together, join them as one,
The spindle begins to turn,

A soul's new journey has begun
On the Earth, with every birth,
So the web that joins together all life
Is as one, daughter and son,
Animal, human, old and young.

Autumn begins to fall,
And the Moon wanes and seasons grow cold.
We all hear the Raven's call,
Some while young, others grow old,
Oh she sings, the last chorus begins,
With a voice as gentle as Winter's Lace,
A new thread through the wheel it is fed,
Woe to those who see her face.

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