

## Gathering "Anachrone Circles"

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It's in the air, and it shines like rain.  
I think you didn't notice, it's coming back again.  
Listen very closely, you might hear the sound.  
It's getting deeper, spinning around.  
The green-eyed lady of the lowlands, sitting in a silver  
chair.  
She gave me some postcards, orange in her hair.  
She turns iron into silver, plastic into gold.  
About these Celtic rings, no story has been told.  
It's all about inspiration, empty pages in a book  
You are changing colour every time I look  
A perfect circle is created by a different tool  
Some food at the station, yes, that's cool  
Anachrone circles in the sky,  
You may catch them if you try.  
Meet me at the demasqu? and make my day

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