

# The Pagan Winter

Sear Bliss

Awesome power  
Emptiness  
Loneliness  
Spiritual journey  
On the edge of the horizon.  
The moon projects dream images.

Frozen mourning calls  
On the eve of the pagan winter

On a November night  
Dreamworld, in the frozen  
Reflection of the sea.  
Internal powers draw me in  
Inside my own self.  
Paralysed voices  
In a virtual reality.

Frozen mourning calls  
On the eve of the pagan winter