Winter Winds

Sandy Denny

Winter winds they do blow cold,
The time of year, it is chosen.
Now the frost and fire,
And now the sea is frozen.He who sleeps he does not see
The coming of the seasons,
The filling of a stream
Without a time to reason.When she walks through evil
O'er the paths of broken illusions,
Carefully now she lives,
For she has mended her confusion.

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