

Sisters of the Moon

Fleetwood Mac

Intense silence
As she walked in the room
Her black robes trailing
Sister of the moon
And a black widow spider makes
More sound than she
And black moons in those eyes of hers
Made more sense to me
Heavy persuasion
It was hard to breathe
She was dark at the top of the stairs
And she called to me
And so I followed
As friends often do
I cared not for love, nor money
I think she knew
Well, the people they still love her
And still they are the most cruel
She asked me
Be my sister, sister, sister of the moon
Some call her sister of the moon
Some say illusions are her game
They like to wrap her in velvet
Does anyone, ooo... know her name

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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