

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
The people, they love her
And still they are the most cruel

She asked me
Be my sister, sister of the moon
Some call her sister of the moon
Some say illusions are her game
Wrap her in velvet

Does anyone, ah, know her name
So we make our choices
When there is no choice
And we listen to their voices
Ignoring our own voice

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