

Sisters Of The Moon (Remix) - 2015 Remastered

Fleetwood Mac

Intense silence
As she walked in the room
Her black robes trailing
Sister of the moonAnd a black widow spider makes
More sound than she
And black moons in those eyes of hers
Made more sense to meHeavy persuasion
It was hard to breathe
She was dark at the top of the stairs
And she called to meAnd so I followed as friends often do
I cared not for love nor money
And I think she knew
Well, the people, they love her
And still they are the most cruelShe 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, ooh, know her name?

Songwriters
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