

# Sisters Of The Moon (Remastered LP Version)

## 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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