Seven Sisters

Sword

Is the time right to find a new religion
Under the ground way down below
Into the light with fear and superstition
Stumbling around and down she goes

Oh, she wonders
How much there is to know
And how long it will take her
To reap what can be sown

Seven sisters sobbing by the shore
Longing for their lost loves whose ships sail no more
Waiting as the hours pass them by
Growing weak and weary as one by one they die

Is the time right to find a new religion
Under the ground way down below
Into the light – forget your superstition
Follow the sound on down the road

Oh, he wonders
How much there is to know
And how long will it take him
To learn it as he goes
Spring submits to summer
Summer bows to fall
Autumn's leaves lay down and die
At the winter's beck and call

Seven sisters sobbing by the shore
Longing for their lost loves whose ships sail no more
Waiting as the hours pass them by
Growing weak and weary until one by one they die

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