

## Seven Sisters

### The 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 now 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 until 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 us down  
Oh down below.

Oh he wonders  
how much there is to know  
and how long it will it take him  
To learn it as he goes

Autumn leaves lay down and die  
At the winters 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