

Celtic Woman, The Moon's A Harsh Mistress

And then the darkness fell
The moon's a harsh mistress
It's hard to love her well
I fell out of her eyes
I fell out of her heart
I fell down on my face, yes I did
And I tripped and I missed my star
And I fell and fell alone
The moon's a harsh mistress
The sky is made of stone
The moon's a harsh mistress
She's hard to call your own