

Jonathan Low

Vampire Weekend

Last born of the clan
First one to be free
Lived inside a house
Beneath the hanging treeLoved them deadly nights
That chilled him to the bone
Words were cried at night
In unforgiving tonesBlood of his men
Was gone beneath snow
He picked up his knife and his bow
Killer of Jonathan Low
Violence from without
And anger from within
Crawling through the fields
Informing next to kinThey all turned their backs
But they all knew his name
And if he could return
They'd probably do the sameBlood of his friends
Was gone beneath snow
For all that I know, he died
Killer of Jonathan Low
The blood of his friends
Was gone beneath snow
For all that I know, he died
Killer of Jonathan Low

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