

Jonathan Low

Vampire Weekend

Last born of the clan
First one to be free
Lived inside a house
Beneath the hanging tree
Loved them deadly nights
That chilled him to the bone
Words were cried at night
In unforgiving tones

Blood 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 of kin
They all turned their backs but they all knew his name
And if he could return they'd probably do the same

Blood 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