

## 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