

# 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 LowViolence 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 LowThe blood of his friends  
Was gone beneath snow  
For all that I know, he died  
Killer of Jonathan Low

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