

Abattoirs Of Love

Sol Invictus

I put my back against an oak
Thinking it was some trusty tree
But first it bent and then it broke
And so did my false love, to me
I put my hand into a bush
Thinking some sweetest flower to find
I pricked my finger to the bone
Leaving the sweetest flower behind
Oh, meeting is a pleasure
And parting is a grief
But an unconstant lover is worse than any thief
A thief would all but rob you
And take all that you had saved
But an unconstant lover will bring you to the grave
The grave it will decay you
And turn you into dust
There's not one in a thousand that you can trust
They'll kiss you and they'll court you
And tell to you more lies
As the hairs upon your head laugh
Or the stars in the skies
Come all you young lovers
A warning take by me
Don't place your affection on a green willow tree
For the leaves, they will wither
The branches will decay
And all your poor love will soon fall away

We hung upon a hook, cut me to the bone
Froze me with a kiss, laid upon your throne
In the abattoirs of love
In the abattoirs of love
You're in the serpent's jaws, love chains you to the floor
Like fools you climbed so high, it's further then to fall
In the abattoirs of love
Love's a game for fools, for fools
Love's a game for fools...