

## 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...