

## Then He Killed Her

Sol Invictus

I saw a maiden by the river side  
Waiting for her lover to come a-riding by  
She dressed her hair with a golden comb  
Love, it seemed, had gained the throne

And then he killed her  
Struck once, then twice  
And then he killed her  
With his knife

From stately mansion to the lowest slum  
Love and death beat their drums  
Lovers touch and lovers sigh  
Lovers part and lovers cry

And then he killed her  
Struck once, then twice  
And then he killed her  
With his knife  
How easily love's vine does wilt  
How easily love's vine is spilt