

Each Man Kills The Thing He Loves

Gavin Friday

Each man kills the thing he loves, by each let this be heard. some do it with a bitter look, some with a flattering word. the coward does it with a kiss, the brave man with a sword. some kill th

Ove when they are young, some when they are old. some strangle with the hands of lust, some with the hands of gold. the kindest use a knife because, the dead so soon grow cold. some love to o lit

Some too long, some buy and other sell. some do the deed with so many tears, and some without a sigh. for each man kills the thing he loves, yet each man does not die.