

Ballade C.3.3

Mike Patton

Yet each man kills the things he loves
But to 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 their loved 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 too little, some too long
Some sell and others buy
Some do a deed with money tears
Some without a sigh
For each man kills the thing he loves

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