

## 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  
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