

Gavin Friday & The Man Seezer "Each Man Kills The Thing He Loves"

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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 too 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.

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