

## **Mike Mineo**

# **"Truth Plagues Plato"**

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A killer loves his prey like the prey love their lord,  
Destined to be cannibals they're hungry for more  
And they ignore the facts surrounding them to keep  
them in the norm,

But this is what they wanted when they whispered to  
the floor,  
This is what they know when nothing could be known,

Truth plagues Plato like a poet with words,  
Statements made that were already heard,  
And the history we're filtered through makes us think  
backwards,

But this is what we wanted when we whispered to the  
floor,  
This is who we are when we don't know anymore,

What's the story to reveal when the forgery is gone?  
A million story moments that forever will move on,  
If time will allow, Then I some how,  
Am born in this thought,

But this is what I wanted when I whispered to the floor,  
This is what I knew when nothing could be known,

Conspiracies of alien ancestors,  
Come to the mind like a game for the bored,  
And the catch of your reaction upon here reads the  
answer,

But this is what you wanted when you whispered to the  
floor,  
This is what you knew when nothing could be known,  
This is what you wanted,  
This is what you wanted

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