

## The Plot

Did big business surely ride,  
On the admirals fleeting tide?  
Did the generals hide in fear,  
When decisions were made clear?  
But for one lone sleuth  
Who challenged the truth  
One lonely brave  
Against all the knaves  
Seeking justice, finding pain  
Nearly succumbing under the strain  
Bringing new light onto the shadows  
Causing many to fall, sure to the gallows  
Hearing many shots scattered  
When his poor brains where shattered  
Then the eyes from the soul  
Told of the grassy knoll  
Preset then was the stage  
For his taking down with rage  
Was the hand taking the oath shaken  
While his body was stealthy taken?  
Did the nation put aside  
A deed it chose to hide?  
In trying to deceive  
The thread of betrayal put to weave  
"Four score and seven years ago"  
This orator felt the deadly blow  
O Lord he dreamed of Camelot  
We find instead, a Caesar's plot

Mary L Faller @ Jan. 1992