

Cretans Always Lie

Peter Hammill

It's impossible to trace these words in carbon paper trail for just as Zeno's arrow flies the snake is eating its tail.

And in contradictory style the soldier and the steer attend around the mark of the five hundred all in charge of a friend.

"The Cretans always lie" claims the Cretan. The Cretans always lie.

A kiss the gift from hell light, the poison pillow, dear... and as we gag on it translation smacks of something like

"Cretans always lie" claims the Cretan; "Of Cretan stock am I, am I Cretan?"

Why don't we hook this old short circuit to the value of Pi?

"Cretans always lie" claims the Cretan; "Of Cretan stock am I, (so) am I Cretan?" And Zeno's arrow flies, through the ether.

Come on... let's see how the paradox flies.