

Back in the days when man's home was his castle,
And there was a black knight on a quest by the name of Parsifal;
There were knights along the way who fought for the grail,
But they were all conquered by the black knight in mail.

He rode in black armour with black bearded horse,
With his sword and his shield as he sought out his course;
Now never again will anyone match his feat,
For he was someone to model on not someone to beat.

As the years rolled on by and many had fallen,
By the strength in his arms and the names that he'd called on;
He went out to die with his maiden of sin,
But God held him up for he was to win.

You see now he returns in this spirit renewed,
As the ghost of our saviours in his life still shrewd;
For he is the answer to a two thousand year quest,
As to tie the black night and Earths long lost best.

So now as he sits on the throne raised so high,
His heart will go out to those who go by;
For none will be missed who've held out this long,
And judgement will come to those who done wrong.

But fear not you people who know Parsifal's cry,
For he'll live quite long and in space will he die;
Now then comes a time when our world will end,
But the black knight who's Parsifal will seek to transcend.

Signed

Long Live The King