

Along the road of life and death,
Where men of old draw last breath;
A squatter and a hermit rise,
To take the pilgrimage of prize.

It's a narrow winding lonely trail,
That leads them to the long lost grail;
The path that was so hard to find,
Within their heart, within their mind.

Of medieval days gone by,
Of which the most of gallant men tried;
They draw the same and sober conclusion,
A parallel of the lost love illusion.

It's a matter of time and eternal things,
Of which the God of Moses brings;
The law of all of ancient days,
Now fading out of time in haze.

Imagine all you could of this,
The young fair maiden, her subtle kiss;
They work so hard to earn God's grace,
But their efforts are lost without a trace.

But in the end they find it all,
The cure for illness, the parallel;
I guess real magic does not really die,
As in eternal life there's no need to try.

Signed,

The Lord himself