

The Red knight now passed one thousand years,  
And ascends and transcends as the white knight appears;  
Of silvery armour and chivalrous might,  
Into the day of earth's right light.

The days of slaughter all gone in twain,  
Of which the dark was depth and pain;  
The shield a cross of red on white,  
To mingle with the new and shining bright.

Of measure unseen and still unbetold,  
Of days of knights and chivalry of old;  
And to the sun a cup of gold,  
And sword now sheathed with jewelled scabed hold.

The distant love of the king returns,  
Who was the God of ancient ruins;  
And through the sky so perfectly clear,  
His horse drawn chariot does appear.

A million stars lift up their hands,  
And rejoice in song across windows lands;  
For the fight was not of flesh and blood,  
But good and evil save the rainbow flood.

In the helm of salvations crown,  
The heart sheds forth a morning frown;  
But rejoice ye lost your souls in him,  
For ye the least have rest in rhyme.

Signed,

A peaceful forethought