

Through years long gone by and in an ancient medieval era,
The legend holds true of the grail and the knighthood;
In abbeys that were won by the saints and the knights,
Who rode around vales and valleys and crossed mountain delights.

Now the knight's temple is the place of the holy most relics,
Where the grail was lost and stored on legendry quests and tournaments;
Truth still has it that the grail is still there,
Where underground pools and caverns are mysteriously perilous.

Many a knight fought and went to that legendry place,
Where the knight's temple was order to the knights of the day;
There lie the kings and knights in silent selection,
A reflection of what they did and live on in perfection.

Now the round table of knights still gather in memory,
Where people are prone to remember their valiant victories;
It's kind of eerie and strange in a haunting projector,
That the mind of the knights is still fighting on in victory.

In ancient cryptic words of inscribed hieroglyphics,
The words are a clue to the location of this artefact;
As if the symbols represent the answer to everything,
The grail holds the clue to the truth of eternity.

And in this long lost abbey of the knights temple place,
Is the heart of the tale and the story of the grail;
The quest still remains who will claim this as ancestry,
As Parsifal returns to seek knowledge and ownership.

Signed,

Lost in heart and mind.