

Parsifal is on a quest to find the holy grail,  
Not sure what it involves or what it entails;  
But he rides out across hill and valley and plain,  
In search of this thing for life it contains.

On a quest for the truth and right to hold high,  
This cup of that held Christ's blood in spirit and light;  
It could be in a grave or cave or castle,  
But he has to find meaning and knowledge in wisdom first,

You see he has to prove himself worthy of this artefact to have,  
But showing courage and intelligence in seeking what is lost;  
The course is a narrow one of meandering life,  
The road and the walk of travelling sharp.

Now he comes across the fisher king who says he has the cup,  
The holy grail of Israel and at last the search is up;  
He looks to the heavens that leads to the sky,  
And sees the fisher king's castle away up there on high.

They climb the mountain together to get to the top,  
And enter in to the throne room, where he keeps the cup;  
Parsifal drinks from the grail and eternal life is empowered,  
With wisdom truth and knowledge that it did impart.

The quest now over and the search for meaning now true.  
The knight becomes king and the fisher king dies;  
Parsifal now king of the castle and sits to drink from the cup,  
Each day with his queen by his side and rules with greatness

Signed,

The quest is ended.