

Well Yeshua married Genevieve, in Bavaria,

Amidst all the white swans and beautiful area;

The King was fishing on the lake as mystery has it,

And the wedding bells told that story of what was fit.

Parsifal you fool, you put God to the test,

And they went sailing off onto and into their quest;

The canon ball hit him and at exactly 23 lay dead,

The mastered was master killed by a ball of lead.

Buried at sea near Cupica off Columbia,

The love that was so great left Genevieve in hysteria;

For the history books to write now or right so it seems,

And Middle Age romances are now family dreams.

John the Baptist was Peter and God gave him a dunk,

In the pool at Bath when the devil got drunk;

The Aboriginal they picked up came along on the way,

And was hung on the cross for a whole single day.

Gods in the crypt at the Basilica in Rome,

Who lets people see him and then calls them home;

He was the builder of all the Baroque and the Gothic,

And discovered the whole world when sailing around it.

So the love must be harder and God is the rock,

Who is clothed in righteousness with keys to the lock;

The heavens cry out to all those who sin,

Your going to hell and there you won't win.

**Signed,**

**The Passion of 130 years.**