

The people and Parsifal is interesting and new as he knew it,

For King Arthur and his knights of the round table were kind of a disaster;

For being a squire to Lancelot, when Sir Galahad had his own idea,

Is kind of lay back like a socialite to him morbid and drear.

There people in his life he thinks are jealous and enviously concerned,

But really it's all in his own mind about how people seem observed;

For in his head he thinks that people are not bad but troubled,

Because he thinks they will give him money then his things are doubled.

Now to rattle off a million reasons why Parsifal didn't seem to need,

People who would point him in the right direction then turn and greed;

For he, like them to him is obsessed with themselves all the time,

And he can't understand where the from or where they go in rhyme.

It's a logical interaction to see and know and meet some people,

But Parsifal so full of concern for himself he won't turn to a steeple;

For God might have the answers and there's always a question in his head,

Of why is he alive and living and how he can stop from being dead.

For when you're seeking fame and glory and beautiful things to love,

There's always someone else aware of the wring way to push and shove;

Now the best things he can expect from people is something in return,

Which is something he looks very hard to find and doesn't know how to earn.

Now the fisher king has the answer, he's the one with the holy grail,

Who can cure him from his very self and show him how to stop to fail;

For if he drinks of the cup of life, then what kind of drink is it,

For alcohol is the dreaded love but the water is the eternal life.

Singed,

Power and Passion