

The philosophy of Parsifal goes along the road a lot like this,

If you fill up the ship for me it will all be yours and his;

But the philosophy of life is a lot like the philosophy of Parsifal.

That if you buy what you like all you can have is peace is paradise.

It's a beautiful thing this philosophy of life unto which is Parsifal,

Who sought and rode on his path of life for meaning and solemn parallel;

In sad estate he was took to task to find the grail unto which to ask,

They he would be king of the castle unto all the things kept in a flask.

The philosophy of Parsifal is a simple thing for joy and happiness to him bring,

That each and everyone would own what's desired and he his head a sane thing;

For time and time again they say what is the which in which is the way,

That you and I might find the road of eternal life each and every day.

And now how goes it? Do you understand intelligence enough with pen in hand,

For every single passerby has asked where and what or how and why the land;

But listen carefully to what I say for yours is not to wonder why,

But seek and look to pursue it to find the very way for you.

For the philosophy of Parsifal is a direction seeking self attention,

Which gets him nowhere to know and grow and finally kindly mention;

For lost is he within his heart for from where his time and trouble start,

But know for sure and understand the philosophy of Parsifal is smart.

So silly little girls like men like he who roam ancient road aimlessly,

And don't know where to belong to live and die and travel long;

But now the philosophy of Parsifal is one in which he must try ad fly,

To heaven where angels sing their song of solemn gifts to live right by.

Signed,

Bought and Paid