

When you're a fool all of your life and you want to be king,

You have to wise up and not be stupid so to be a clever thing;

For the poverty of Parsifal is one of denial and charity,

For the weight of the earth and the grail are like elasticity.

When an electrician storm while target those who greed need,

And the switch and the change are like read, heed and lead;

For the deeds of the castle are a humble lock and key,

And you have to humble yourself and look to Christ and not me.

Now God has control and reign to the high heavens and pit of hell,

Where the meek and the gentle bow down to him to learn well,

And he'll teach and provide and guide along to the right path,

Where winning and losing is coming and returning to the bath.

Now the original idea of the life lost fallen down in sin,

Is the answer and question to just how and who will win;

For the reason and logic are a blessing and curse to understand,

When the purpose and promise are like the knowledge of each hand.

And the beauty appears in the wins and the rain to pursue,

The hope and the trust in God you're poverty is still true;

For the nice things in life are still really as precious as gold,

But remember it well that eternal life is like God being old.

So now what is this really all about, can you tell of your poverty,

Can you shed light on the word with a world of willful reality;

And salvation is the gift that God offers if you only will ask,

And the statement of faith is well trodden and completely taken to task.

**Signed,**

**We'll fight them on the beaches**