

Of a world of air and grace comes the presence of Parsifal,

Which is a beautiful atmosphere of peace and heaven called paradise;

And this place to live and save to have is the area of his glory,

Where the presence of God is not hell but well to tell the living story.

So I n this magnificent redemption from foolishness to realm of wisdom,

There is divine inspiration and the future has a very positive vision;

And the time is here to write and rhyme to live to prime away lime,

Where crime is dealt with and punished for exacting within the line.

So the mind is fit to work and tell to establish the heart to dwell,

Where the world turns eternally and only the roses to smell;

And the creativeness of matter is life lived for the love of God.

As the gambling becomes lucky when you put faith what's not odd.

All the grandeur and magnificence is a fantastic magnification,

And the establishment is a firth foundation of ramification;

When the rams fall evenly with the sun ray and things are sweet,

And there's miles of steps taken to be left behind from the feet.

As the city sits calmly and the ferry boat takes a long ride,

And the music is soft and low and the dinner to right abide;

Then he looks into her eyes and asks the daring question,

Will you marry me and spend the rest of your life as suggestion.

Then in the house of God where the temple exudes holiness,

And the fortune is made in capital to expand the booming business;

For the drive from river to lake across bridge to enjoy and make,

Is simply the best design in life for the word on earth to take.

Signed,

God's Glory