

The fabric and the fabrication is like for materials and things,

That have to be made by peoples hand or work on machine what brings;

Money to the people's heart is the price that Parsifal must pay,

For cash and liquidity in a capitalist world cast all the time of day.

It's worth a mention for the work to get done for things in moderation,

While the earth turns around hour by hour their minutes in the modern nation;

Now this goes back to yesterday when the city was first built,

And all the sin and progress seems flushed away with all the guilt.

Now heaven and hell has a price which cost the gift or loss of love,

When God looked down from all he'd done from up high there above;

All the work of everything was as a hard as a pound of nails,

When all else wants to for it's thing the old product has it's fails.

Like the rope was held behind his back whether to be hung or tied,

And the canon ball was fired at once before there was time to be tried;

For the judge himself was guilty of something he didn't do wrong,

And the one who dies was innocent for the years were far too long.

Aye I say my eye is hurt from pain took to stain the window,

And Parsifal price was twice as nice when light came from the window,

For the grass and grave on her lonely life was worth a single coin,

As the holy grail in which he sought was a star of the car enjoying.

Now the answers this and question twisted for each and every mark,

As a hundred percent is hard to get and you have to be very smart;

Well time goes on and years have sailed for the ill and ale alike,

And the ale is now the rain and water for the reign she must smooth sale.

Signed,

Paid In Full