

The privilege of Parsifal is that he gets to know who's his friends,

When he seems to be in constant trouble and has to make his own ends;

For he's not sure who he's hurting and pain is constantly on his mind,

As to where he can find the frail and where privilege will be inclined.

Now as we go and wander and meander down the page like a river,

From right to left back and out in to the sea he's wanting to be given;

For the walk of life is one of gain and if you make an effort for the pain,

And the pain is privilege to be paid so you will have paid to save the day.

Now the reign and rain are on his mind as it's a beautiful sunny day,

When winters nearly here and summer is still a very long way away;

He wants to be read and read but is writing while he is working,

And the walking and the poetry is a privilege of life to God whose worthy,

He knows the castle being built for him in heaven to one day live,

For the pain of his body and whether the mind is hers for her hurt;

He doesn't really know for he just thinks a bit of love for flirt,

And the sin is in the work for the letter of word he's privileged dirt.

And the world goes on around him and he on earth to fight and win,

And it's just the flight around it and all the birds have begun to sing;

And the money seems to matter when he's writing just to live,

As he doesn't have enough because his life to God he's get and give.

Now the privilege of Parsifal is the writing or righting in poetry,

Even though he wanders aimlessly it's down on pages in words to see;

So the privilege is kind of painful because he doesn't know who live and dies,

But wasn't to live himself and Yeshua and God are really his family lies.

**Signed,**

**I just don't know**