

There was a French philosopher who lived away in Paris,

Whose name was Actuetus who was actually an acture harass;

He drank cups of coffee at cafes sitting along the scene all day,

And predicted that the grail would be found in his own right very way.

Now Parsifal was the knight to do the job as a good Samaritan would,

Return its head of stone to the spires alters for Australia is should;

It was buried between Austria and Germany in a little town called Fussen,

And it's owner and creator was the very one who was extremely fussy.

You see this fisher king was Peter, the saint who became the sinner by denying,

And Parsifal left home to visit him via Paris through Switzerland trying;

He was the king of the castle but Parsifal was tied up with the Eifel Tower,

And the queen had the reign and power and really just had to know hover.

Now the schizophrenic state of mind of wandering around in Paris in love,

Where he drew his strength from passion and romance and his God above;

And it was beautiful and lovely and he dreamed his dream of being king,

While everyone else got drunk of wine and beer and spirits that's the thing.

Sailing down scene and seeing Notre Dame our lady in all grace,

While everyone was competing in the games along with the whole human race;

It was an Olympic effort since the dawn of time in old Athens,

When Sydney, Beijing and London were looking for the Rio Redeemer after.

So it came into his head that Christ was born in New York from faith,

Who was going to be victorious with liberty for the 2020 games to face;

So Parsifal is stuck in Paris with two girls determining the old parable,

Of how he'd dig the grave he knew to return the stone for key parallel.

**Signed,**

**Ancient City**