

Schizophrenic state of mine it hurts like hell to think,

How Parsifal with all his care has a prayer for himself to drink;

From the holy grail he asks himself is God really out there,

It's lost inside his head unkind of the pain for the link and where.

Wandering thoughts of days gone by from road to road path trod,

For who can tell him where to find without offering a prayer to God;

Loves crazy ways of beautiful peace is worth the healing prayer,

For who can know the care of God without a prayer coming up for air.

Oh brilliant mind of God he asks fill me with your gracious love,

For I am lost in deep despair, go to offer up a prayer to God above;

Who will help and heal the hearth that twisted mind, drink did impart,

What will the eternal waters flow a drink of life to flow the heart.

Now who will know the answer dear, of sweet life of deer idea,

And who will see it all so clear through the eyes of God so clear;

So Parsifal in prayer to God goes to his knees for renewed soul,

And also asks for the hand of she of who will wife be for the goal.

And duty comes and duty cares of things to do and beauty bares,

For who will off up a prayer for him right down the lane of heirs;

As Christ was king and God the great to win the war and interrelate,

The battle of the mind was sharp but harp the prayer for the internal hate.

Wonton creative and wretched soul the battle is for the holy soul,

The sole guest to find the grail the prayer, the promise, he will not fail;

But laugh again you wonton men fill you're drink of ink and blood,

For the line goes down from within the pen of all the pigs in mud.

Signed,

God Breathing Air