

Off on the search for the grail in church and castle,

Across hill and vale from past to present, like to find a parcel;

For the future is a year and a day to travel and find away,

For the presence of the peace and people to find the day.

The peace of Parsifal is a struggle in rhyme to find the time,

Where the money cost the price and the people want peace in rhyme;

The pipes are calling for the one who is going home to heaven,

Like the bells of the cathedral tower are ringing church is at eleven.

The peace of Parsifal is found in the Christian way of life,

Where Easter and Christmas are a way to remember to keep out of strife;

When everyone is in a rush and races around like there's no tomorrow,

The time from yesterday is better saved for from tomorrow we borrow.

Now the sorrow of the sordid life, from sort of sword and sort of wife,

Where mixing styles and like isles and aisles make a product life;

For the children have their winning ways to grow up strong in dizzy ways,

Of pupil's studies of times gone by, to distance of the rhyme of days.

So the peace of Parsifal is like a puzzle where parable parallels a muzzle,

With the piece to find to finish the job in the hussle and bussle;

The door bell rings to ring the buzzar like a bastard king or buzzard,

Who is the author of the grail like vulture bird in the Bible.

Oh ship ahoy the days gone by of sailors wind, rudder and wheel,

The management of the advancing years of time are real and ideal;

So find the holy grail of life of your own heart and house of mind,

For the peace of mind id piece of Parsifal put together to find the kind.

**Signed,**

**Picture the meal**