

God made the earth and sent down his son,

That all people here should live eternally as one;

He died and he rose and he went back to heaven,

And now at this point it's nineteen ninety seven.

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There was a table prepared for his disciples to dine,

And the truth was he'd suffer for your sins and mine;

The cup was passed round and all did partake,

As he predicted one would deny and one would forsake.

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The cup was the Grail and was the holy most thing,

For it carried his blood so that life it could bring;

So salvation is ours thanks to the cross on the hill,

For it was God's first design that all knew his will.

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The Grail went to England in a new period of time,

And it was lost in the dark ages by people for crime;

Kings and knights sought it but alas didn't find,

And sits there now waiting for someone perfectly kind.

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It's eight hundred years since the Grail was last seen,

Now only God knows where it is and where it has been;

There was romances and crusades and quests for its right,

To be held high and holy in the truth and the light.

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You may well ask what am I to do with it all,

Though I am the one who will find it and call;

For when it's discovered and found to be true,

Christ will have a new name to live again and through.

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Signed,

Watching and waiting.