

The day Christ died he left a cup,
A cup called the Holy Grail;
Although on a cross he was put up,
He was God incarnate the perfect male.

So what of this cup and the search for its eternal glory,
Should we now pass by and neglect this tale;
For finding a way to end the story,
Is in search for the Holy Grail.

For her was a man-made who had no child,
So she will now carry on his name;
The god of love so meet and mild,
Was born to a virgin with no shame.

So the quest begins for young and old,
Not for the fragile or frail;
For in this cup you'll find what's gold,
Eternal life found in the Holy Grail.

For the blood of Christ is precious you see,
And paid for our sins on the cross;
He humbled himself till death for me,
The man who would suffer no loss.

So in this plight of love and honour,
The grail is yet to be found;
So mother earth now holds and waits on her,
The cup can be bought from the ground.