Well Parsifal had a sword to tend,
It was forged and casted by a friend;
A glimmering blade of much repute,
And he wielded it swift with no dispute.

The sword was Excalibur from the depths of the earth,
It was a sharp as a knife for all it's worth;
It came from a cross and a fiery furnace fierce,
And it would sever links and heart it would pierce.

It went into a rock and no one could draw,
And many had tired but no one could score;
All the rich became very poor,
Then along came a man call Arthur a knight.

Who drew it there at dusk one night,
He took it to Camelot and was king of the castle.

And When he died he passed it to Parsifal,

He paid for it with the past and parcel.

Signed

Into The Knight