

With high rising steeples and old blocks still unturned,  
The abbeys hold the key to the truth of eternal mystery;  
Christ was the knight who was king and came back,  
But where his spirit has been is still mystery to all.

These ancient walls of plagues and statues ambling,  
Are magnified in thought of the presence of monasteries.  
Where monk and knight bounded in prayer and decay,  
With light through the windows in dazzling array.

A king lies there preserved in immortal mummification;  
As smells and bells echo in beautiful anticipation;  
Of the one who will come to lead and to guide,  
To give them their answer to what they have always longed for.

Now this Romanesque architecture is great and is grand,  
Of pillars and columns that stand straight true and right;  
Stones cut and hooned in procathedral structural,  
The abbey is manned by monks, priests and visitors.

With olive groves and vineyards growing neighbourly by,  
Fresh bread is baked with flour by wheat harvested Nye,  
Where fields or flowers grow sweet smelling near bye,  
That the fragrance and incense is refreshingly high.

So the abbey is sacred and legendarily protected,  
For the safety and protection of the hard working religiosities;  
So now the inspiration of meaning is in ancient medieval dwellings,  
Of God above on high in the hearts and minds of knights love.

Signed,

The Working Monastery.