

The policy of Parsifal seems to be procedure and failure,

He aims high for the heavens but leaves a trait to nail you;

So the parallel thinking is one of why he as one wants one thing,

Because Christ was heavenly and he sinks to the hell of sin.

He must win at nearly any cost but always loses what he has got,

He lives and loves his miserable self only to sit upon a shelf;

But life is good to those who see the scene of what he's done and where he's been,

For what's he's seen he tries to keep to awake from slumber and return to sleep.

You see he aims to be king one day but has no idea of key or way,

So where he seems to lay his head he must worry to be not dead;

For what he has done he is not proud of all the things he led,

But must follow closely to everything all the people have said.

Now there comes a time in the politics of life for Parsifal's policy,

Which is to think of himself whatever cost or price of poetry;

For life is strange on the way to the top and the journey is long,

Which he seems to find himself walking forever in a direction wrong.

So concerned about things himself whether their clean or cleaning self,

For in his mind he thinks it's beautiful to look on her so ever dutiful;

He can't wait to touch or see himself in her mind or castle shelf,

For the holy grail is the very thing which will point to God the right thing.

Now rumor has it that policy is a brilliant thing for him to know,

And how he progresses and where, what and why to learn to grow;

For in these words of rules and regulations Parsifal finds no means,

But must obey the path and search until he finds the right scenes.

Signed,

Proposing.