

Well dog and cat are fighting and the birds sign with their words,

As the country counts it's currency and earth noise and all heard;

For as people travel around the world faith extravagant gifts away,

To get a new memories experience and to learn to pay the day.

So Parsifal preludes death by the beating of time to take a breath,

And understand that life's before in the incarnation precluding death;

For the capacity to know and read and fathom what is the depth,

Is like the which hunt for the broom and under the mat is swept.

So a peculiar kind of people that prelude the death and earth,

Are forcing positive predictions from pertinent points precluding death;

For to understand the precious we must prelude the future's thought,

Of the direction we'll be taking from where we came to where we ought.

As now the vision becomes clearer as we see the best which way to go,

And the realization we'll be making is the best which why to know;

For the decisions are in the being taken from what was right to do,

And the outcome is the requirement of what was written that we knew.

Now the understanding of the pre-selection is how Parsifal preludes death,

By giving to missionary organizations that let him see passed his breath;

For me dying to the nations he takes on point of past view of life,

That he rises up above the trouble and learns to beat in all the strife.

For the courage being taken to compete and to win at any cost,

Is not the wisest choice to make but life is found and not lost;

For the competitions furious, and the quest is to find the right time,

To look up all his poetry and prelude death in the crime of rhyme.

**Signed,**

**Take another breath**