

In the periodic test of time where questions are answered in rhyme,

And people cheat with their deceit of how to prime the crime;

Parsifal has trouble to get it right when he always seem to get it wrong,

Perhaps some way he can learn to write will light ad lengthen day along.

Now the problem with this lonesome man whose solitude seems lacking,

It's introverted extroversion is personality missing while people are tracking;

Now the answer to this verse and poem seems something quite eluding,

For how can Parsifal par a fallacy when he will have to be wrong and losing.

Then everything seems to go so well as he endeavors with the answer,

For the question of perhaps to par a fallacy is equal to the chances;

As on it goes from now and then to time beyond the limit,

And the only thing he can get wrong is how much is really in it.

While the best he's done for so very long, is only how much fun,

For there's hell to raise to trail blaze and he's on a quest as one;

Now if he's himself and you're yourself the answer is quite simple,

For everything he's said and done is really quite very sinful.

Well the only stupid thing he's really done is to go his own way,

For when it's said and done for everyone you know it's the end of the day;

And if that is so and really true you can have a pie for dinner,

For this humble guy is in his own eye is a perfect sinner winner.

So perhaps Parsifal has really pared a fallacy and ma and pa content,

And he's a wearisome soul with an empty bowl continually on his feet;

Now hand it to him with pen I write you might find him true and kind,

For he's himself really actually that he pars a fallacy in his own mind.

Signed,

Perhaps risen or sinking