

Plodding along as he tramps and walks looking ahead,

To where the road is going and just how far along he's led;

It's a long and winding road to a path that's going somewhere,

So the procedure of the journey is the course he must know where.

And the winding twisting river which flows from left to right,

Lets him proceed with the writing as the words under right;

Sp you have to understand the type of writing that is right,

For the write of the procedure is the type of right to be right.

Now the thing that needs to be knowing is the bridge he must cross,

For the kingdom is to the right and the bridge behind no loss;

But the war keeps going on and the procedure is to vanish,

When all the words are water and life grows like furniture varnish.

The trick is to find the perfect peace of mind to cherish,

When the treat is far too hard and material things seem to perish;

Now the procedure of Parsifal has come a long way to a certain point,

When all the roads lead to Rome and you have to know a different joint.

For the procedure of Parsifal is the way to the end and means,

To get to the bottom of the page and clarification cleans;

So the picture become clearer and visible to naked eye,

That the thoughts that he's possessing and a reason to fly.

For the time has come to follow to the place of the holy grail,

But for the moment we need to read and write to we may not fail;

For Parsifal and I are on ein the same on an infinite sort of place,

And the heavenly realms are higher and he must remember his name.

Signed,

Hands off head