

Looking back on what's gone and been and what has actually happened,

And what will be and what will exactly happen will mean happiness;

For the prologue of Parsifal is about the fairy tale ending,

When Parsifal finds the grail and the illness is in the mending.

He now knows where it is but it is a matter of time to find,

To play out the game and ascertain assurance of peace of mind;

For many during devil have sought to take and steal to keep,

But the meaning of the thing is not money but life and sleep.

You see it's the point of the exercise as to who can keep the faith,

No going to a point of insanity and enduring hell and earth;

So take your time my reader as I take my perfect time,

For if you think you are the smart one you need the code of rhyme.

For poetry is the passion that has lead him all day long,

Across vale and for distant mountain for the place that it belongs;

For I'm the twinkling of an eye Christ will come to judge the dead,

And it's those whose hearts were living for him must of used their head.

Now I know it's a beautiful treasure, this suffering cup of pain,

And it's not for the light hearted with mind inside their brain;

But the prologue and the party and the celebration for the find,

Must answer schizophrenia origin where creations origins mind.

Well the time will come my friends when you all will see and view,

And you'll know that it is done and finished when everything is true;

For the battle and the fight is not for desert rats to kill,

But the honest assessment of what freedom is almighty will.

**Signed,**

**Done for Now**