

First it was the white knight to take him on,

Though the melee was short and the red knight won;

They fought to death over their damsel maid,

And through his heart went the red knight's blade.

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Second was the green knight, who thought he knew,

A way to beat Parsifal but, "he" the red knight slew;

For when their swords exchanged their blows,

The green knight's greed, he trims, to dispose.

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Third was the black knight an opponent of live long days,

Who tried to win at any cost with his deceitful ways?

But Parsifal the red knight stood there standing tall,

And he impaled him there against a cold stone wall.

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Forth was the blue knight from moonlit skies,

Whose ways of chivalry were as cold as his eyes?

The red knight now was a real man to beat,

And he drew his sword and then there was another defeat.

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Fifth was the yellow knight a chicken at heart,

Who thought he was clever and strong and smart;

Well this was no contest and was not even a match,

As this yellow bellied fool, yoke could not of hatch.

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So sixth was the red knight left unscathed and unbeaten?

Now all five knights lay dead with the victor's heart beating;

As Parsifal the red knight turned to claim what was his,

And was rewarded and honoured by the damsel maiden's kiss.

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Signed,

No more challengers.