

Running Wild, Black Hand Inn

A scarred and rakish seadog, mysterious opacity
Walks the grove, the phantom's home
Cuts down firs where men would flee
Wooden beams and mortar, the timber shack is taking shape
The tavern's baptized "Black Hand Inn";
A blackened hand shines on the plate

Welcome to the tavern in the grove
Where ancient spirits live and rove

The tavern has been opened, the owner is Mr. John Xenir
A rumour says he has second sight
A chance to prove restrains their fear
Night by night revealing, stares into his crystal-ball
Telling tales of past and future
When man was made and man will fall

Welcome to the tavern in the grove
Where ancient spirits live and rove

The moon is rising high foreboding what the night will bring
The crystal-ball reveals the hidden truth at the "Black Hand Inn";

The priest is getting furious from the "godless" tales he told
Steps right in, made a cross
Condemns the seadog and says he's bold
John says "You're a liar! Long ago I was burned by priests
See my black hand, yes I'll reveal
That you're the devil and you're the beast!"

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The moon is rising high foreboding what the night will bring
The crystal-ball reveals the hidden truth at the "Black Hand Inn";
Their power's built by lies and flying high on evil's wing
The dark side was exposed by the old seadog at the "Black Hand Inn";