

# Running Wild, Freewind Rider

The howling wildwind blows, eternal freedom calls  
Its soul is running free from care  
Its spirit's wild and free flowing in the wind  
The taste of freedom's in the air

The hooves are pounding fast, kicking up the dust  
Horse breath is panting really hard  
The black horse rears up, its mane is flying high  
Braveness and truth is in its heart

Call of the wild, soul's running free  
Call of the heart, desire to flee

Freewind rider, its mane is waving in the wind  
Freewind rider, no chains could hold it down again  
Yes, it comes alive, riding the badlands without end  
Freewind rider, its soul is flowing in the wind

Freedom and solitude are flowing through its heart  
To free its soul from binding chains  
The stallion's running fast right into the sun  
The blood is pumping in its veins

Call of the wild, soul's running free  
Call of the heart, desire to flee

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Freewind rider, no chains could hold it down again  
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Freewind rider, its soul is flowing in the wind

Mother earth and father wind  
Its spirit's running free  
If chains would hold it, it would die  
Where ever it may be

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