

Running Wild, Powder & Iron

Thunder shakes the wooden hull, the rigging breaks like glass
The cannons fire consistently, their enemy to blast
Pirate vessel's changing course, the Navy's giving chase
The tactic of entangling is the gauntlet in their face

Powderkegs and ironballs, thunder cracks the rail
Splintered masts and tattered ropes, the fire eats the sail
The lion-heart's the only way to overcome the fight
Back to back no fear at all, the pirates're standing tight

Lightning strikes, smokescreen bites, a wall of fire is on the horizon
Fading breath, too much death, too much blood and too much pain

Powder & iron, gun down the flag
In rapid succession the thunder will crack
Powder & iron, the fire will blow
The devil is waiting to take their souls away

The privateers are in a plight, cornered by the fleet
The mariners are trying hard, their gallow-poles to feed
The pirate vessel's sailing fast, firing around
The naval-ship is on the loose, sinking to the ground

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