

# Running Wild, Riding The Storm

Breaking the waves, a ride on the wild raging sea  
Playing with fortune, oh, what a lust to be free  
Flashlights and thunder, the prattering rain on the hull  
From a stormy horizon we get our course  
The cry of freedom

Face in the wind, we ride the storm  
We'll stay our course whatever will come  
Wandering souls in the sea of the damned  
Death or glory, oh, oh, we're riding the storm

Cracks in the planks, the rigging moves upwards and down  
Staggering masts, the pounding splash of the prow  
The wind in our sails, our flag flies high on the top  
From a stormy horizon we get our course  
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