

# Running Wild, White Masque

Cracking the whip, horses running fast  
The hard groaning wheels, the deep ruts they cast  
The coach is rushing through the haze of the night  
Darkness everywhere and no "White Masque" in sight

Hard pounding hooves, the mud's flying high  
Deep panting breath, throats running dry  
The sharp biting chill is freezing their breath  
But the tottering coach is beating its path

Invincible blaze  
White masked face  
Depriving the scourge  
Dreadful mirage

Blazing the wrath with the union of the "White Masque";  
The lords and marquises, they're just running scared  
Mysterious force, phantoms of the dark night  
Hunting the evil that hides in it's lair

A dark and caped silhouette's in the haze  
A covered phenomenon with a mask on his face  
Pistol and sword, the coach has to stop  
The marquis knows well, that he'll lose what he's got

Invincible blaze  
White masked face  
Depriving the scourge  
Dreadful mirage

Blazing the wrath with the union of the "White Masque";  
The lords and marquises, they're just running scared  
Mysterious force, phantoms of the dark night  
Hunting the evil that hides in it's lair