

# Running Wild, Ballad Of William Kidd

[Rolf Kasperek]

He was born at the shore of Greenock in the year 1645  
Ran away at the age of fourteen, to flee from his soul-killing life  
He signed on to sail the wild-winds  
But he worked down his hands and his knees  
He stood his test on the waters, so they said he was bred to the sea

In 1697, the "Adventure..." was setting its sails  
With the letter of marque and reprisal, Kidd was prepared for his trail  
They sailed the sea with the mission, to hunt down "Tew" and "Long Ben";  
A serious riot was rising, so Kidd struck down one of his men  
And he died!

Blue-blooded men they fell from grace  
Piranhas eating their own  
They sacrificed at the altar of lies  
So fate took its course in the ballad of William Kidd

The "Adventure..." returned to her hometown, Kidd was forced to defence  
They charged him with looting and murder, his patrons and generous friends  
He'd left his crew at St. Thomas, to guard his honour from shame  
But the lords they lied like a trooper, not to lose their own heads in the game

Blue-blooded men they fell from grace  
Piranhas eating their own  
They sacrificed at the altar of lies  
So fate took its course in the ballad of William Kidd

The lords testified their unholy lies, to save their own heads from the gallows  
They sacrificed Kidd, they took him for a ride, that conspiratorial fellows

They judged him and they found him guilty of piracy on the high seas  
Betraying men of honour, you know lie and cheat as they please  
A case of judicial murder caused the death of the seafaring man  
Slanderous bunch of liars, to hell your souls will be damned

Blue-blooded men they fell from grace  
Piranhas eating their own  
They sacrificed at the altar of lies  
So fate took its portentous course. What a shame!  
In the ballad of William Kidd

[Dedicated to the memory of William Kidd]