

Running Wild, The Privateer

The privateer is watching,
the moon provides the only light
Roaring winds are blowing,
a flag appears out of the night
Guns are spitting fire,
the cannonball tears up the rail
The vessel's changing course,
the thunderstorm blows up the sail

A furious fight is raging, red-hot cannon's shooting hard
Ironballs are flying, tearing all the planks apart

His all seeing spy-glass is aiming at the sea
No mariner has the slightest chance to flee
His crystal-ball's revealing where he has to steer
He fights the covered evil without fear

Oh, the privateer

The sea-dog's reaimed in legends,
it said he had the second sight
His assignment must be holy,
he fought the fight with power and pride
The key to ancient wisdom,
the power to have seen the truth
He'll return to holy ground,
where his tortured soul had died in youth

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