

# 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 reamed 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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