

# The Privateer

## Running Wild

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  
Iron balls are flying  
Tearing all the planks apart  
His allseeing 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 a 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  
His allseeing spy-glass is aiming at the sea  
No mariner has the slightest chance to flee  
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