White Masque

Running Wild

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 sightHard pounding hooves, the mud's flying high
Deep panting, throats running dry
The sharp biting chill is freezing their breath
But the tottering coach is beating it's pathInvincible blaze
White masked face
Depriving the scourge
Dreadful mirageBlazing the wrath with, the union of the "white masque"
The lord's and marquises, their just running feared
Mysterious force, phantoms of the dark night
Hunting the evil that hides in it's lairA 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 gotInvincible blaze
White masked face
Depriving the scourge
Dreadful mirageBlazing the wrath with, the union of the "white masque"
The lord's and marquises, their just running feared
Mysterious force, phantoms of the dark night
Hunting the evil that hides in it's lair

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