Black Hand Inn

Running Wild

A scarred and rakish sea dog, mysterious opacity
Walks the grove, the phantom's home
Cuts down firs where men would flee
Wooden beams and mortal, the timber shack is taking shape
The tavern's baptized "Black Hand Inn"
A blackened hand shines on the plateWelcome to the tavern in the grove
Where ancient spirits live and roveThe tavern has been opened, the owner is Mr. John Xenia
A rumor says, he has second sight
A chance to prove restrains their fear
Night by night revealing, stares into his crystal ball
Telling tales of past and future
When man was made and man will fallWelcome to the tavern in the grove
Where ancient spirits live and roveThe moon is rising high foreboding what the night will bring
The crystal-ball reveals the hidden truth at the "Black Hand Inn"The priest is getting furious from the Godless tales he told
Steps right in made a cross
Condemn the sea dog and says he's bold
John says, "You're a liar! Long ago I was burned by priests
See my black hand, yes I'll reveal
That you're the devil and you're the beast!"Welcome to the tavern in the grove
Where ancient spirits live and roveThe moon is rising high foreboding what the night will bring
The crystal-ball reveals the hidden truth at the "Black Hand Inn"Welcome to the tavern in the grove
Where ancient spirits live and roveThe moon is rising high, foreboding what the night will bring
The crystal-ball reveals the hidden truth at the "Black Hand Inn"Their power's built by lies and flying high on evils wing
The dark side was exposed by the old sea dog at the "Black Hand Inn"

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