Evil Spirit

Running Wild

A wrinkled gnome sat on the yard
On this sailing vessel he was the guard
He may brought safety, or he may brought dread
If he was treated well, or if he was treated badGuardian, evil spirit
Tormentor, evil spiritHe watched the blade and his anger grew
'Cause for his own wealth he skinned hard their crew
Money and fame were his conviction
Violence and force were his religionGuardian, evil spirit
Tormentor, evil spiritThe reef appeared too fast for him
He tried to duck but wind refreshed
The yard came down, the gnome was gone
The blade was dead, justice had wonGuardian, evil spirit
Tormentor, evil spirit

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