The Phantom of Black Hand Hill

Running Wild

Moonbeams touch the soil

Streak of fog surrounds the scene

The eerie wind is howling

A lantern light's the only gleamThe one-eyed owl is calling

Hands hold tight the iron-lamp

The cold is paralyzing

Ponderous steps trough misty dampThe atmosphere's tremendous

Seasoned men are choked with fear

The presence of the phantom

A strange and sublime power's nearThe figures bathed in moonlight

A black dressed shape without a face

Celestial phenomenon

And he disappeared without a traceThe phantom of Black Hand Hill

Moonlight ride, frightening thrill

The phantom of Black Hand Hill

Honored ghost, righteous will, oh yeahFootsteps on the clearing

No one dares to speak or move

They returned to kill the phantom

But no one's got the balls to proveBalls of light are flashing

An ancient tongue speaks words of truth

The fight of Armageddon?

Good or evil who will lose? The phantom of Black Hand Hill

Moonlight ride, frightening thrill

The phantom of Black Hand Hill

Honored ghost, righteous will, ohThe spot of stakes of haunted

Predestined when he was burned

For the righteous curse of vengeance

His good and honored soul returnedBlack Hand Hill's a mystery

The spot is veiled in secrecy

Revealing ancient wisdom

But blinded eyes will never see The phantom of Black Hand Hill

Moonlight ride, frightening thrill

The phantom of Black Hand Hill

Honored ghost, righteous will The phantom of Black Hand Hill

Prophecy, ancient skill

The phantom of Black Hand Hill

Seasoned soul, breaks the still, oh

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