

## The Ghost

Running Wild

Born in England, religious raised  
A hazy dream the world to face  
Indifferent to joy and pain, no measuring  
Never ending games  
Ride, only ride on the wings of the desert storm (and your)  
Pride, burning pride, its hunger's fed when yourself is gone  
He tired to join the army then  
He was denied, they had too much men  
He studied then the ancient times  
Digging up relics and signs  
Karkamish was where it all began  
He joined on armies' service then  
The Suez-Channel was to banned  
The ghost, the gallant rider on the edge of the desert storm  
A miracle written in the sand, the desert plans for eternity  
Feisal was the only chance  
To join the tribes to cross Turkish plans  
Aqaba was the mighty key  
To end the siege to make them free  
"I will go if you will go to cross the deadly plains"  
"I am here, the world to show what you are able to face"  
The sand is grinding the face  
Dust is clouding their trace  
The sun burns out their mind  
Slowly, like the sand rules the time  
Wing of dark, vultures fly  
The wind, the last battle cry  
'Aqaba'  
He lived his life of tragedy without a home  
No place to flee  
Distracted soul caught in its face, from the start  
Without a chance  
He tried to free Arabia from its siege  
But he'd gone to far  
He paid his price on the desert plains  
He'd lost his soul, he'd lost his trace  
The ghost the gallant soldier,  
A splitted soul game with the wind  
His mind was bound to the western world  
His heart belongs to the desert plains eternally!