

# 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 gleam  
The one-eyed owl is calling  
Hands hold tight the iron-lamp  
The cold is paralyzing  
Ponderous steps through misty damp  
The atmosphere's tremendous  
Seasoned men are choked with fear  
The presence of the phantom  
A strange and sublime power's near  
The figures bathed in moonlight  
A black dressed shape without a face  
Celestial phenomenon  
And he disappeared without a trace  
The phantom of Black Hand Hill  
Moonlight ride, frightening thrill  
The phantom of Black Hand Hill  
Honored ghost, righteous will, oh yeah  
Footsteps on the clearing  
No one dares to speak or move  
They returned to kill the phantom  
But no one's got the balls to prove  
Balls 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, oh  
The spot of stakes of haunted  
Predestined when he was burned  
For the righteous curse of vengeance  
His good and honored soul returned  
Black 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