

White Masque

Running Wild

Cracking the whip, horses running fast
Hard groaning wheels, the deep ruts they cast
The coach is rushing through the haze of the night
Darkness everywhere and no white masque in sight
Hard pounding hooves, the mud's flying high
Deep panting [Incomprehensible], throats running dry
The sharp biting chill is freezing their breath
The tottering coach is beating its path
Invincible blaze
White masked face
Depriving the scourge
Dreadful mirage
Blazing the wrath with the union of the white masque
Lord's and marquises, they're just running scared
Mysterious force, phantoms of the dark night
Hunting the evil that hides in its lair, yeah
The dark and caped silhouette's in the haze
Covered phenomenon with a mask on his face
Pistol and sword, the coach has to stop
The marquis knows well, that he'll lose what he's got
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