

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!