

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