

Whirlwind

Running Wild

Thundering foam the hits the keel, like powder blazed by flints

,

The figure-head is riding high with his face right to the wind

The hull that creaks in every joint is hammering the sea

Determined it will ride the main, it will last eternally

It rips the wild and stormy sea like a heavy charge of pride

Book and eye are moved by storm, the ropes are holding tight

The rudder's beating left and right, the ship in seesaw motion

The proudness of a majesty is banning all devotion

Like a whirlwind, rushing over the sea

Like a whirlwind, blowing fast, blowing free

Like a whirlwind, a raving storm in the night

Like a whirlwind, going mad, going wild

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