

Runner Runner

"White Masque"

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Cracking the whip, horses running fast
The 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, throats running dry
The sharp biting chill is freezing their breath
But the tottering coach is beating it's path
Invincible blaze
White masked face
Depriving the scourge
Dreadful mirage
Blazing the wrath with the union of the "white Masque"
The lords and the marquises they're just running
scared
Mysterious force, phantoms of the dark night
Hunting the evil that hides in it's lair
A dark and capped silhouette's in the haze
A 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
Invincible blaze
White masked face
Depriving the scourge
Dreadful mirage
Blazing the wrath with the union of the "white Masque"
The lords and the marquises they're just running
scared
Mysterious force, phantoms of the dark night
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