

Running Wild, The Ghost

[T.E. Lawrence]

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 tried to join the army then
He was denied, they had too much men
He studied then the ancient times
Digging up relics and signs

[Pre...]

Karkemish was where it all began
He joined an armies' service then
The Suez-Channel was to defend

[Pre...]

The ghost, the gallant rider on the edge of the desert storm
A miracle written in the sand, the desert plains 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

[Pre & Chorus...]

"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 trace
From the start without a chance

He tried to free Arabia from its siege
But he'd gone too far
He paid his price on the desert plains
He'd lost his soul, he'd lost his trace

[Pre & Chorus...]

The ghost the gallant soldier,
A splitted soul gone with the wind
His mind was bound to the western world
His heart belongs to the desert plains eternally!