Witch Hunt

Rush

The night is black without a moon
The air is thick and still
The vigilantes gather on
The lonely, torchlit hillFeatures distorted, in the flickering light
Faces are twisted and grotesque
Silent and stern in the sweltering night
Mob moves like demons possessedQuiet in conscience, calm in their right
Confident their ways are bestThe righteous rise with burning eyes
Of hatred and ill-will
Madmen fed on fear and lies
To beat and burn and killThey say there are strangers who threaten us
Our immigrants and infidels
They say there is strangeness too dangerous
In our theaters and bookstore shelvesThose who know what's best for us
Must rise and save us from ourselvesQuick to judge, quick to anger
Slow to understand
Ignorance and prejudice
And fear walk hand in hand

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