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
The mob moves like demons possessed
Quiet in conscience, calm in their right
Confident their ways are bestOh
Oh
The 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 to danger us
In our theaters and bookstore shelves
That those who know what's best for us
Must rise and save us from ourselves

Songwriters
NEIL ELWOOD PEART, GARY LEE WEINRIB, ALEX ZIVOJINOVICHPublished by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., OLE MM, OLE MEDIA MANAGEMENT LP, Peermusic Publishing Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/