

# Witch Hunt

Rush

The night is black, without a moon  
The air is thick and still  
The vigilantes gather on  
The lonely torchlit hill  
Features 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 best  
Oh  
The righteous rise  
With burning eyes  
Of hatred and ill-will  
Madmen fed on fear and lies  
To beat and burn and kill  
They 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

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