

Witch Hunt (Part III of Fear)

Rush

Words by neil peart, music by geddy lee and alex lifesonThe night is black

Without a moon

The air is thick, and stillThe vigilantes gather on

The lonely torchlit hillFeatures distorted in the flickering light

The 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 bestThe righteous rise

With burning eyes

Of hatred and ill-willMadmen fed on fear and lies

To beat, and burn, and killThey say there are strangers, who threaten us

In our immigrants and infidels

They say there is strangeness, too dangerous

In our theatres and bookstore shelves

That those who know what's best for us ---

Must rise and save us from ourselvesQuick to judge

Quick to anger

Slow to understandIgnorance and prejudice

And fear

Walk hand in hand

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