

The Weapon (Part II of Fear)

Rush

Words by neil peart, music by geddy lee and alex lifeson We've got nothing to fear --- but fear itself?

Not pain or failure, not fatal tragedy?

Not the faulty units in this mad machinery?

Not the broken contacts in emotional chemistry? With an iron fist in a velvet glove

We are sheltered under the gun

In the glory game on the power train

Thy kingdom's will be done And the things that we fear

Are a weapon to be held against us... He's not afraid of your judgement

He knows of horrors worse than your hell

He's a little bit afraid of dying ---

But he's a lot more afraid of your lying And the things that he fears

Are a weapon to be held against him... Can any part of life --- be larger than life?

Even love must be limited by time

And those who push us down that they might climb ---

Is any killer worth more than his crime? Like a steely blade in a silken sheath

We don't see what they're made of

They shout about love, but when push comes to shove

They live for the things they're afraid of And the knowledge that they fear

Is a weapon to be used against them...

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