

## Rush

# "Witch Hunt Part Iii Of 'fear'"

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Words by neil peart, music by geddy lee and alex lifeson

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  
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 best

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  
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 ourselves

Quick to judge  
Quick to anger  
Slow to understand

Ignorance and prejudice  
And fear  
Walk hand in hand

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