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Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

Witch Hunt

Par Rush

Album : Moving Pictures (HDTRacks)

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-oh-oh

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 too dangerous

In our theaters and bookstore shelves

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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