

Paradigma, Witch Hunt

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
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, prejudice and fear
Walk hand in hand