

# Rush, The Enemy Within

(Part I of 'Fear')

Things crawl in the darkness  
That imagination spins  
Needles at your nerve ends  
Crawl like spiders on your skin  
Pow-pow-pow-pounding in your temples  
And a surge of adrenaline  
Every muscle tense to fence the enemy within  
I'm not giving in to security under pressure  
I'm not missing out on the promise of adventure  
I'm not giving up on implausible dreams  
Experience to extremes  
Experience to extremes  
Suspicious-looking stranger  
Flashes you a dangerous grin  
Shadows across your window  
Was it only trees in the wind?  
Every breath a static charge  
A tongue that tastes like tin  
Steely-eyed outside to hide the enemy within  
I'm not giving in to security under pressure  
I'm not missing out on the promise of adventure  
I'm not giving up on implausible dreams  
Experience to extremes  
Experience to extremes  
To you - is it movement or is it action?  
It is contact or just reaction?  
And you - revolution or just resistance?  
Is it living, or just existence?  
Yeah, you - it takes a little more persistence  
To get up and go the distance  
I'm not giving in  
I'm not missing out  
I'm not giving up on implausible dreams  
Experience to extremes  
I'm not giving in to security under pressure  
I'm not missing out on the promise of adventure  
I'm not giving up on implausible dreams  
Experience to extremes  
Experience to extremes