

# Rush, The Weapon

We've got nothing to fear...but fear itself?  
Not pain, not 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 judgment  
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...