

Chamunda Temple Stampede (Instrumental)

Tourniquet

Darshan goddess, kneel at her throne
3:45 AM, no way they could have known
Ancient holy site, we pay our homage here
And to your honor we will solemnly adhere
Crushed under the feet, of countless rushing devotees
Lungs gasping for breath, while standing in the massive queue
Follow the crowd, the thousands avowed, to the
temple gates, single file, to the deity within
Follow the crowd, the thousands avowed, to the temple gates, single file, 'til the panic soon sets in
Final body count of 148, hardly a drop of blood was seen on the gate
No way to escape the crushing human tide
When the crowd beckons you it's up to you to decide
Find your own path out - you'll find out what you're all about
Crushed under the feet, of countless rushing devotees
Lungs gasping for breath, while standing in the massive queue
Follow the crowd, the thousands avowed, to the
temple gates, single file, to the deity within
Follow the crowd, your own life avowed, to the bitter fall, single file, 'til the soul inside is sold
Chamunda
Temple Stampede

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