

Casting Crowns

"Suffocating Thugs"

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The sect of thugs was Kali servant
They were ordered to destroy
All that Vishnu created

Vishnu the God of creation was crafty
From all drop of extinguished blood
He created new lives again and again

Thereupon Kali gave an order to her servants:
"You must kill Vishnu's men without bloodshed"

The thugs were used the twisted kerchief
To kill their selected enemies

Troops of thugs traced their victims
They committed murder just in secret

After the rites of sacrifice
The thugs buried their enemies
By holy pick-axes
Which were given to the loop-throwers
By the priest of Kali

Thuggery, nooses on the necks
Kerchiefs saturated with oil
No escape from this murder sect
They were the Phansigars of India

Suffocating thugs
Killed in the name of Kali
Buried thousands of bodies
By their holy tools

Thugs killed without fear
They were violent and dangerous
Strangers and Vishnu's men
They killed without sense

Thugs the masters of suffocation
Thugs the servants of devastation

The thugs put one's head in the noose
Loop of rope with a slipknot
That becomes tighter
When the rope is pulled

The members of this sect
Were neat people
In everyday life

Thugs sworn the oath to the priest of Kali
They kept a secret through generations
But there were traitors
And the sect of thugs was liquidated

Kali the Goddess of devastation
Had a strong sect
There was like a war
Between good and evil

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