

Human Alchemy

[XTC](#)

An alchemy, human alchemy
We stole them from their freedom to be sold
To turn their skins of black into the skins
Of brightest gold
An alchemy, human alchemy We stoked the fires of trade with human coals
And made our purses from the flailed skins of
Purest souls
An alchemy, human alchemy Other lands became a larder full of all the good things
All we had to do was go and take
Blood the colour rain that grew our wicked harvest
Black the colour icing on our cake
An alchemy, human alchemy We stole their babes and mothers, chiefs and braves
Although we held the whip, you knew we were
The real slaves
To alchemy, human alchemy

Songwriters

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