

# Tobacco

## Snus

Off to hell we must sail for the shores of sweet Barbados  
Where the sugar cane grows taller than the God we once believed in  
The butcher and his crown raped the land we used to sleep in  
Now tomorrow chimes of ghostly crimes that haunt Tobacco Island'Twas 1659 forgotten now for sure  
They dragged us from our homeland wit' their musket and their gun  
Cromwell and his round heads battered all we knew  
Shackled hopes of freedom, we're now but stolen goods  
Dark is the horizon, blackened from the sun  
This rotten cage of Bridgetown is where I now belongOff to hell we must sail for the shores of sweet Barbados  
Where the sugar cane grows taller than the God we once believed in  
The butcher and his crown raped the land we used to sleep in  
Now tomorrow chimes of ghostly crimes that haunt Tobacco IslandRed leg down a peg blistered burns the soul  
The floggings they're a plenty but reasons there are none  
Our backs belong to landlords where branded is their name  
Paid for with ten shillings cheap labor never breaks  
The silver moon is shinin', cools the copper blood  
Where the livin' meet the dead and together dance as oneOff to hell we must sail for the shores of sweet  
Barbados  
Where the sugar cane grows taller than the God we once believed in  
The butcher and his crown raped the land we used to sleep in  
Now tomorrow chimes of ghostly crimes that haunt Tobacco IslandAgony, will you cleanse this misery?  
For it's never again I'll breathe the air of home  
From this sandy edge  
The rolling sea breaks my revenge  
With each whisper a thousand waves I hear roar  
I'm coming homeDark is the horizon  
Blackened by the sun  
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Is where I now belongOff to hell we must sail for the shores of sweet Barbados  
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