

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 color of the rain that grew our wicked harvest
Black, the color icing on our cake
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 color of the rain that grew our wicked harvest
Black, the color icing on our cake
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
Alchemy, human alchemy
An alchemy, human alchemy
Alchemy, human alchemy
Alchemy, human alchemy
Human, human alchemy

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