

# XTC

## "Human Alchemy"

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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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