

## Floetry

### "Tobacco"

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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 roundheads 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 belong

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Red 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 thier  
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  
one

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Agony,  
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 home

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Blackened by the sun  
This rotten cage of Bridgetown  
Is where I now belong

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Now tomorrow chimes of ghostly crimes that haunt  
Tobacco Island (x2)

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