

Charlus, The Opium Farmer

He lived in a cottage close to the sea
He raised his family on profits from the poppies perfumed
On the mountain beyond
Every day he awoke with the dawn
He set to the fields,
blood on his hands
and the stones,
his Fathers bore-
My light, my love, my only Son
Just give me your life
Then one night by candlelight
He kissed the Koran
Then his wife
and made for the road
to Palestine-
He met the people he needed to meet
There were cells in Hamburg
Berlin
Belize
If He'll fly
the friendly skies
Glory is not
For Free
Take them by surprise
Opium
gonna get real high
Opium
Cut the flower with the knife
Mohamed never felt so good
Catch a bus in Jerusalem
Gonna strap that shit around his waist
Gonna buy his way into martyrdom
Yeah martyrdom
Yeah martyrdom
Yeah martyrdom
My light, my love, my only son
Glory is not for free
Your life for mine
Hallelujah
Hallelujah
Hallelujah