

# XTC, Human Alchemy

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 colour rain that grew our wicked harvest  
Black the colour icing on our cake  
An alchemy, human alchemy

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