

We Are Assassins

Dan Bull

Let me tell the story of Ezio Auditore
Adolescent, rowdy, brawny
Exceptionally hella horny
He's the sort of lout
That's surely doubtless purely out for glory
But something out of the ordinary
Happened to make his tale more gory
When a man's family is taken away
Anguish and hatred can make him change his aims
In the space of a day
He went from causing heartbreak
To causing heartbreak
Literally
Requiescat in pace

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We work in the dark
To serve the light
(We are Assassins)
Facilitate the fate
Of those who deserve to die
(We are Assassins)
Committed to the Creed
To which we have submitted
(We are Assassins)
Nothing is true
Everything is permitted

See your death throes
When I broke your brains like an egg yolk
And throw them on the wall
Like I'm painting a fresco
Techno retro
So let's go get those codex notes
Is the next bloke better than me?
Yep
Nope
He's lacking intelligence
While I'm actively elegant
Rapidly getting ever more Machiavellian
Even though my armour's a thin sheet like pyjamas
It'd simply need an army to lynch me
With half an inch each of yarn
I would nimbly fight my way out of the bondage
It's kinky
And since he's the father of ingenuity
Leonardo DaVinci's partly responsible
For the hard to believe half of your eulogy
So let me take this opportunity
To fluently and lucidly
Produce a piece of music
For the Creed to keep in unity
Now do please excuse me
I need some promiscuity
It's been too long for me
Like two mins since I've seen some nudity

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Pimping out the villa
Until it's as big as a Basilica
Villagers bringing in bigger income
In unlimited integers
Injurious extrajudicial inquisitor
Instant criminal conviction distributor
There isn't a bit of room in this system for prisoners
I whip out the scimitar
And administer a sinister signature finisher
So you're dead in the middle of the original Italy
From city to city
I'm an invisible visitor
My mission is to sit and listen
As the conspiracy thickens
I'm within your perimeter
But without parameters
My rapping is advanced a bit
Past iambic pentameter
Fricking amateurs
There's an Assassin in the Vatican
Attacking from the battlements
A man with an axe in his back?
It has to be an accident
A bloody baptism
Standing in for the sacrament
That randomly recurs
Until it's happened to the last of them

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