

# Masters Of The Dark Arts

La Coka Nostra

We the Masters Of The Dark Arts, passengers smashed up in the car parts  
Glass sticking into the last ticking of hard hearts  
This is a massacre, it's the underground of passages  
Fiercest of the animals that run around in Africa  
Bastard kids of Lazarus, the laughter of the scavengers  
Painted on the ceilings of the chapels of the savages  
There's nothing left that could embarrass us  
We conquered the jungle, built a kingdom and destroyed your whole establishm  
ent  
Just the idea the unseen is insane  
The whole world seen through one dream from one king  
The pace walked from a gun duel with a ten chant  
The art of war, not a Sun Tzu but a Rembrandt  
There isn't many who pursue what we do  
We bear fruit from the Tree of Life and feed it though the root of evil  
For thousands of years power polluted people  
Now our trusted brand stands amidst the madness bringing you the sequel

Masters of the Dark Arts, the masters of puppets  
We on another planet, not even NASA could touch us  
Masters of the darkest reaches of reality  
Enter the gallery and witness organized anarchy

Master of the Dark Arts, masters of universal law  
Pray for peace but indisputable at war  
Masters of the darkest hours of our time  
Masters of our destiny, we the masters of our lives

Masters of the Dark Arts, blasting firearms bark  
Assassins dive in the high tide and find sharks  
Paths designed to glide by like cyanide darts  
And climb cataracts the size of the sky to blind gods  
And give lightning bolts to frightening cults  
Thermonuclear assault bought and sold amongst sheisty folks  
Popes, Ayatollahs, and Shamans, ogres and goblins, cobras and moccasins  
Soldiers rub soldiers with congressmen  
Saudi Arabians on Twitter  
Skull and Bones on Google and Facebook  
Face off, get your face took  
Illuminati want my mind, soul, and my body  
Secret societies got me creeping with the shotty  
La Coka Nostra like Peter Gotti that got an evil army that feast like zombie  
s  
A high priest as Ozzy, clap my enemy's forehead with tattoo swazis  
We kamikaze like Carmine Lupertazzi

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