

## British Assassin

Dan Bull

Over Oceans Civilisations behold.  
The UK taking control.  
A naval nation of old.  
Built on a foundation of coal.  
That was taken and sold.  
So they could pave it with gold.  
To make the altars that they failed  
to use to pray for the souls.  
Who Excavated and rolled  
Trains into stations to mould.  
The global stage where they where playing a role.  
For those who'd would later withhold.  
Them from the tale it was told.  
to fate the brave and the bold.  
So they could claim it was sold.  
Instead they lay in deprivation and cold,  
Poor sanitation and mold.  
Without a savior to follow.  
It's not like they can enrol.  
Rebel or make an assault.  
HALT!  
Enter Evie Fry and Jacob revolt.

I am a british assassin.  
Rather proficient in fashion.  
Look in the mirror, Yeah.  
The image is dashing.  
I'm sending a Templar to hell,  
on every single ring of Big Ben's Bell.  
I am a british assassin.  
Me and my sister are cashing  
In on the cities riches,  
And it's flipping cracking.  
I send a templar onto the grave,  
For every soot stained cobble from which london is paved

This is a major event,  
So you best pay Jacob attention.  
In an age of innovation, invention,  
Evie and me are the train and the engine.  
Slicing straight through tension,  
with a hidden blade too the tendon.  
How clear can I state my intention?  
Fed up of Gentry living rent free,  
While peasants pay an arm and a leg for entry.  
Don't send for a detective,  
Let me make this Elementary:  
I'm That Assassin other chaps try and pretend to be,  
My enemy's enemy's potentially a friend to me.  
From Ezio to Edward Kenway through to Henry Green,  
Killing is our business,  
and in business, we're immensley keen.  
Roughing up these gangs,  
Although there's nothing in my hands.  
But a couple of brass knuckles,  
And a Kukri that I swang.

From the stricken slums of Southwark,  
To the suckers in the strand.  
Suddenly snuck into a cab,  
And I'm just another chap.  
Strutting, Striding over Whitechapel,  
Landing in Lambeth with ease.  
Bite the apple of Eden,  
And plant the seed in London's streets.  
Come and reap the fruits of our labour,  
And bite the hand that feeds.  
We're the gang Anglia needs,  
The Assassin's Creed.  
We study war to run like water through the ruddy order.  
Tending to every Templar starting with that bugger,  
Bloody Nora.  
I make her Blighters face my blade and die,  
veins are sliced.  
Baptised by the rain at night,  
They wish they were safe and dry.  
So crack open a case of wine,  
Grab your glass and raise it high.  
Take your time to say goodbye,  
Yours faithfully, Jacob Fry.

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There's little more goryier thing than living in Victorian England