

Mott The Hoople

"Assassin"

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Die now, no more time
I am death. The hand is mine
Great honour comes to thee
Tonight in my reach
Assassin, Assassin, Assassin, Assassin
Your years all dust, speak my name.
Assassin, Assassin, Assassin, Assassin
We shall see, as before, you are marked, my heart is
pure
Great honour falls to me. I come tonight, the hand is
mine
Assassin, Assassin, Assassin, Assassin
Your years all dust, speak my name.
Assassin, Assassin, Assassin, Assassin
Assassin, Assassin, Assassin, Assassin
Desert be thy grave
Thy life be mine to take or save
Mine eye upon thee
I taste thy death
I am assassin
Look well, see my face, I am death, I will not wait.
Great armies shall bow to me. I come tonight, the hand
is mine
Assassin, Assassin, Assassin, Assassin
Your years all dust, speak my name.
Assassin, Assassin, Assassin, Assassin
Assassin, Assassin, Assassin, Assassin
Desert be thy grave
Thy life be mine to take or save
Mine eye upon thee
I taste thy death
I am assassin
And many be thy sins
Thy life be forfeit, the heart within, should flinch now
dog
and freeze thy spine, I want thy life, the hand is mine
Now blood, is satisfied
I ride by night, to make thee die
My hand upon thee, my heart is pure
I am assassin
I smiled, I dreamed thy fear

My arm is long to reach thee here
All men shall tremble, their houses fall
I am assassin

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