Trickster

Mark Linn

I saw the devil again
Gave me deliverance
I saw my angel and then
I couldn't tell the difference
It was a trickster, mister
I saw my father again
He was too busy with his friends
I saw my mother and then
She asked if I knew where her daughter went
It was a trickster, mister

I know why - this is the color of divine.
I burned my fire again
I answered all my questions
I saw the liar and then
I had x-ray visions
It was a trickster, mister
Trickster mister I can resist you
Losers, weepers my brother's keepers.
I know why

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