

# 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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