

The Trickster

Highlord

I've got one foot in Heaven and my head lost in Hell
Too many stories in my head, the kind you can't easily
tell

I've got too many bad habits, I have got too many
faults

Born under the sign of the Capricorn, bastard son of a
fish and a goat

Always heading for more than I can take
And I can never have enough of these feelings

And even if I changed my name
My eyes would remain the same

All hail (The Trickster)
He comes (He comes)
He messes (Your life up)
And then he's gone
All hail the Trickster
For he's the one who comes

He messes everybody's lives up
And then he's gone

I am the son of a gun, I am the son of a son
Who could never look it in the eye and face the damage
he has done
I strive with the world to stay pure at heart, as I
should have always been
So I say another prayer and I take another sip, to keep
on with this dream within a dream

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I dance under the moonlight at the end of the longest
days
My stomping on the ground becomes the music and the
dance itself
My mouth can swallow everything, never been sober in my
life
The dance brings people new life, while the rhythm
dampens their thighs
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