

Sacha Sacket "The Trickster"

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Father's a man like any man
He's knitting his yarn till it's gone.
Like a schoolgirl in a playground,
Bakes her mud pies, fills teacups with lies.
Son is a man like any man
Don't matter who he takes to bed.
Didn't fly his mistress to Iran
So the genes must be working for him.

But I am the tempest
I am Achilles' heel
I am the trickster
That derives this old hero down into a zero.

A ghost of a man can haunt any man
Snatch and your Don Juan will scream
It's like wine brought to furious conclusion
When the glass had more time to breathe.

But I am the tempest
I am Achilles' heel
I am the trickster
That derives this old hero down into a zero.

Gonna be a poster man as fast as he can
As fast as he can convince me.
But I'm a grain of sand
There's nowhere to land
So lay off the hypocrisy.
I just wanna inhale your last dying breath
But sometimes I'm scared that your already dead.
I know I can find your green eyes
Your green eyes in me.

And I am the tempest
I am Achilles' heel
I am the trickster
That derives this old hero down into a zero.

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