

Tricksters Jig by Clare Lauren Kelly, After KONGOS 'I'm Only Joking'

Shake your head and beat the drums

Pretend to be friends it doesn't matter we're all alone in the end

Waving about like pretty little wrapping paper lost to the wind

Feel the rushing rivers of sound bound throughout your body

Energy frozen then smashed free, splinters of spirit litter the ground

Why do I do what I do under the bright black moon

The drums, loud and proud, boom as doom approaches the whirling tornado of limbs

A thief clothed in shadows and mischief stealing their way in the pitch black night

Hidden away in the corner on display for all but the sight blessed to see

Hide rationality, whirl and twirl around you go following the blows of the drum

Trembling to the tune why do I do what I do

Looking like lunatics under the full moon it seems you need a fix

Moon shining silver mud flowing like a river thick as blood

Rhythmically convulsing while the drums soldier on

Mark the pace keep it going, on and on round the pond of the fond

Steady hands keeping time unrelentingly beating the face of the drum

Electric energy standing hair on end, bringing you to wits end, trapped happily

An eternal carousel, drums sound bum a bum a bum, around leading the hounds

Where does the fleeting road lead through the ceaseless fictitious forest

Only the Trickster knows, laughter echoing through the rafters of the master in plaster

Sun shining bright ink black sludge surrounding hope

Follow the Trickster, take a leap to the deep afraid to lose control

You've wasted time you've wasted breath, something you'll come to regret

Afraid to lose control, anger locked away and remembered forever and never

Far away never delay the steady beating of the drums

Stuck there in your head profound, forever and ever swirling round and drowned

You need to move, a well known abstruse groove, lose yourself tonight

Gracefully jerking arms and legs, lurching through the night find paradise lurking not in kegs

Tricksters rule high and mighty shatter the imposed peace

The Tricksters slick jig rigged, provoking the joking crow king jester to jerk and smirk