Deceitful I, hiding from the rest

Putting minds in wander, leaving them this test

Playing the trick that can’t be solved

Through the thoughts of people that revolved

Around them, jealous is the beholder

Tricking them into being colder

That’s my job, oh deceitful I

You can’t find me, don’t even try

I’m invisible to the eye, can’t be seen

You almost wonder what it will mean

Trickster is I, or am I not?

The mere tangle of your very own thought

Do I exist, within your mind?

Insanity of the twisted kind

Trickster, trickster, I will be

The trait you do not see inside of me

Trickster, trickster, I’m not even real

Or am I? What do you feel?