

## Dungeons for Eyes

Richard Thompson

He's smiling at me  
The man with the blood on his hands  
The man with the snakes in his shoes  
Am I supposed to love him?  
He's smiling at me  
The hero who chained up the dogs  
Mephistopheles shorn of his tail  
Am I supposed to love him?  
Am I supposed to shake his hand?

Souls whisper to me  
Souls torn from bodies  
Souls lost and wandering  
Smile that smile  
But eyes don't lie  
It's black in there, and bloody  
Dungeons for eyes

He's got that smell  
The musty old smell of a priest  
The damp and mold of neglect  
The smell of fresh earth dug over  
But how we forgive  
Old rivalries half-forgot  
We smile as best as we can  
But I can't let it go  
But I can't let it go  
I can't forgive you, I can't forgive me

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