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
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
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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