

Frank Hayes, Eban Post

Eban Post was pale as a ghost but his eyes were black and cold
He'd done with pity and he'd done with love for Eban Post was old
Two-hundred years he'd milked men's fears then picked them to the bone
Saying death is dark and Hell is deep and the devil takes care of his own
Death is dark and Hell is deep and the devil takes care of his own

The three men on the mountain cried, "We vow to see you dead."
But Eban Post through it only laughed. He cackled and he said,
"Two-hundred men have sworn my end yet here I stand alone!
For death is dark and Hell is deep and the devil takes care of his own."
Death is dark and Hell is deep and the devil takes care of his own

Then out of the sky came a deathly cry and a shadow rushing down
And it smashed the men and it plucked old Eban Post from off the ground
And he jeered with glee at the dying three and he answered every moan,
"Death is dark and Hell is deep and the devil takes care of his own"
Death is dark and Hell is deep and the devil takes care of his own

Old Eban Post cackled at the wrecks of the men below
And he laughed again but stopped for then he felt the bird let go
And he gave a cry but the bird let fly and dashed him to the stone
For death is dark and Hell is deep and the devil takes care of his own
Death is dark and Hell is deep and the devil takes care of his own

And the devil will acclaim his own