

Cousteau

"Pact With Lucifer"

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The farmer'd lost most all he had.
His crop had failed, his stock went bad.
He cursed his fate, wife and son.
Vowed to sell his soul for dollar one.
In disbelief he'd uttered such words.
He'd hoped and prayed that no one had heard.
With the smell of sulfur and a flash of light
Appeared a demon in the dead of night.
The plan was for the farmer to sign
His name in blood upon the line.
They'd meet again to seal the sign,
In 1840, in seven year's time.
Time!
The farmer prospered, did do well.
Good fortune was his story to tell.
Still he pursued the path he feared.
The time was short, the dark day neared.
The seven years had passed away,
Now it was the judgement day.
In memory of the words he said,
Lucifer appear in a flash of red.
It's the day I said I'd come for you,
And now it's time to pay your due.
I'm here to claim the soul I've won
To seal the bargain and take your son!

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