Way back in the winter the winter of ’59. Twelve men died way before their time. They went down into the mine like any other day. Nobody knew they would meet god that way.

Boss man said to dig under the winding river. The miners didn’t question him not a single wine or whimper. Tunneling underground they couldn’t gage where they were. 6 feet more they would’ve hit the river floor.

Down in the mine. Down in the mine. The devil was awaiting for them down in the mine.

Popping and a rumbling now the miners all stood still. Something didn’t feel right this ain’t no drill. Water it poured in the mine just like a waterfall. The miners all scrambled as water broke through the walls.

Back up above the men started to come out. There were still some down there there wasn’t any doubt. The river it sucked down and down like a whirlpool. The owners had gone and broken a sacred rule.

Down in the mine. Down in the mine. The devil was awaiting for them down in the mine.

Some men were trapped but they soon found the light. Now twelve men were left behind they couldn’t put up a fight. The state they got involved to pump the water out. They needed to quickly find an alternate route.

The mines they all flooded they could not be saved. Dumped boxcars and cement to fill in the cave. Men went unpunished for their heinous crimes. The devil he would deal with them in due time.

Down in the mine. Down in the mine. The devil was awaiting for them down in the mine.

It was the final nail in the coffin for the industry. Like the miners that lost their lives its just a memory. Two memorials now stand deep in the winter snow as the mighty Susquehanna just flows and flows.