## Brian Doerksen "The Harness"

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Will the rose in all their learning Turning brightness to day

Spur the horns of discerning Scout the world along the way

And in their firm terms of warning They return to the sea

And at the first sign of morning They beat on his disease

So they wail
As their lies warn them

Not to fail in the harness Not to fall at the shore

They are lost where the robe is Sailors on southern more

And though they wail with the bonemen Farther there somewhere inside

It doesn't show nights are warning Beggars change so you'll burn

So they go There's no way through there to show In bar ways under

Not to fail in the harness Not to rage at the shore

Not to rail in the darkness When surrounded by roar

When to know there's a river Some of them walk Some of them fall

## In the wars they (fade)

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