



## High Stakes

The stakes were high in the wild west,  
Where guns settled petty strife;  
When the proud men drew and the bullets flew,  
At the risk of the gunman's life.

If he lost he died, if he won he lost  
For he added to all his sin,  
The dreadful guilt of the blood he'd spilt,  
Just to prove what a man he'd been.

An instinctive fear that the Lord is near  
Is a motive for doing right;  
But where flagrant pride has been glorified  
The Devil controls men's plight.

*Bud Morris*

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