**DO IT.**

Let's Just Hang John Peel

In The Morning.

We Know He Killed Them Eight.

Torched The Boat.

All The Families Fishers Are Mourning.

So Let's Get Out

Our Fancy Hauser Rope.

Hang The Fucker From The Yardarm High.

Lack Of Proof Don't Mean A Fucking Thing.

We Want To Stretch His Neck.

Watch The Fucker Die.

Choke To Death.

Can Moan.

But Can't Even Scream.

Just Dance. Twist.

Kick His Feet And Swing.

We Got A Junkie Escaped Con Troopers FBI.

To Testify.

Brainwashed A Couple More.

Fake Polygraph Says He Did It And Why.

We Are Right On Certain Sure.

He Is The Most Look Like Photo Lineup Guy.

He Ain't Got No Alibi.

Let's Just Do Him.

Take His Worthless Life.

Settle Up The Skipper.

Wife.

Kids. Crewmen. Score.

Don't Need No Fucking Evidence.

Just Use Your Fucking Common Sense.

He Ain't Got No Fucking Proof Of Innocence.

It Is Plain To See.

Motive. Means. Opportunity.

Clear To You And Me.

Fucking Guilty As Can Be.

He Did It.

We Know It.

Fuck It.

Let's Just Skip The Trial.

Blow Off His Fucking False Denials.

Let's Just Get To It.

Let's Just Do It.

Lack Of Proof Don't Mean A Fucking Thing.

We Will Hang Him High.

We Will Stretch His Neck.

Watch The Fucker Die.

Choke To Death.

Can Moan But Cannot Even Scream.

Watch Him Dance Twist. Kick And Swing.

It Is The Fucking Righteous Fine Mob Justice Thing.

PHILLIP PAUL. 12/14/16.

Rabbit Creek At The Witching Hour.

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