**DON'T TREAD ON ME**

All My Good Fellow Country Men.

Say Thee Must Heed My Call.

The Time To Fight. Defend.

Say Once Again.

Has Come.

Boys. Oil You Guns.

Grab Your Ammo Pouch.

Saddle Up.

We Have Them On The Run.

We Have Turned Their Invasion Into A Route..

Now The Final Killing Time Has Come..

Those Dark Soldiers. Of The Foreign King.

What Attacked Our Land.

To Our Shores.

Seek To Invade. Conquer.

Subjugation. Bring.

With Seditious Infamy.. Say Failed To Understand.

Our Fighting Words.

Do Not Tread On Me.

For We Can Fight Them Man To Man.

Because We Have Our Guns.

We Hold This Truth Inviolate.

Try To Invade.

Take Our Freedom Away.

You Face Our Wall Of Patriot.

Death Dealing Fate.

You Know Your Day.

Of Death Be Met.

You Face Those Precious Guns.

Your Own Mort Day.

Of Done.

Finished. Over

Now Hath Come.,

You Hear Our Soul Chilling Battle Cry.

Attempt To Tread On Me.

For All Eternity.

In Cold Clay Sod Roofed Narrow Room.

Dark Crypt. Tomb.

With Root Rot Worm.

You Will Most Surely Lye.

For Should You

So Deign To Try.

You Will Most Surely Die.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 8/20/17.*

*Rabbit Creek At Dawn.*

*Copyright. C.*

*Universal Rights Reserved.*