**SONG OF THE AR.**

Sweet Swift Sure. Deadly.

Pure. Instrument Of Death.

No Conscience.

Of All Morality Bereft.

Kills What. Who.

It is Pointed At.

Say All Be Warned. Flesh Rent. Torn . Hearts Stopped.

Minds.

Blocked.

Fini. Last Gasps.

Beats. Breaths.

Does It Matter.

More Or Less.

How Many Dead.

How Many Left.

What Be The Motive.

Say Who Cares To Guess.

Thirty Round Clips.

Taped Back To Back.

Twenty More In A Black Gunney Sack.

Just Another Random Hate Creed Attack.

Blood On The Floor.

Brains. Guts. Gore.

Hope To Kill A Dozen

Dozen Dozen More.

Not Keeping Score.

Just Playing.

Dancing.

Shooting.

Blasting.

Three Round Bursts.

Sating Blood Thirst.

With My Old AR.

Alas. Alack.

A Tragic Fact.

Fish In A Barrel.

Took All Their Guns.

Not Anyone.

To Defend Themselves.

Helpless.

Weaponless.

They Can't Shoot Back.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 6/14/17.*

*Rabbit Creek At Dawn. On The Shooting Of The Republican Congressional Ball Team.*

*Copyright C.*

*Universal Rights Reserved.*