'Dead in the Mist' 

Dead is upon them, and so the people will be 
Since 1976 we’ve blamed — this branch, that branch 
Now we can say with certainty: they all must go 
It doesn’t matter the color of Whaimal by which they stand 

Who can they call when their lines of defense 
heavily sided with civilians 
Dead long veiled by bold sway, entitlement, and 
shoddily docked now spot involuntarily grim 

"Hell! dear mother may, I never dreamed it would come to this" 
"Hell! I swear to be a better person, to be able to adjust and 
if you bring me through" 

You better hope the people watching on your courts, 
legislative offices and the like, and homes, believe 
In mercy 

"flaming slacks" 

lin lin, pants on fire 
labrador, labrador, truth teller later 
perjurer, perjurer, avoid leaning perpendicular 
quibbler, quibbler, courtroom quarrel 
do you ever tell it like it is?