

## THE SIC TYRANUS, PLUTO GATE

O tampus sleazy!	O mores stick-ee!
Gee, that stealthy cutie, he	sure make Mickey sick-ee!
You'll screw up the whole picture,	Mr. I steal and lie for <i>my</i> country!
Stop the cameras! This mouse can't	act! Stop the sound! Cut the crap!
Gosh, Walt, if only You were here.	I can't seem to get the stars in gear.
Have you sworn with forked tongue	top-secret operative, Covert Mouse?
O say, wuz you ever in Zinzinnatus	engaged in the Zelf-Zervice, louse?
All bright points of light, a favor,	gee, do us, man, woman, animus,
O at the shredder, Horatius!	Gee! Suck a Coors! Lighten up!
Gosh! Where do you come	from, Field Marshall Brat?
Eat your Milk Duds, Nikes, Titans, Good and Plenties! And shut up!	
Stop acting the cleaner than clean, fake choir boy rat!	
Shut up! Sit down! Stop licking, we the people's ear waxes!	
Where'd you get the nerve to filch our hard-earned democratic taxes?	
You better watch out or you'll end up alcibiading Adolph's darker axis!	
Thank Walt, no weirdo, in the fuhrer's sphincter designed, Loony Toon	
Cartooned, lumpent scheme dream mean, synthetic fool paidea will ever	
Stop this grand old Silly Symphony's libertas! O Walt! Unlock the dark!	
Shock all vicious liberty locks! Weird ambitions mock! Clean their clocks!	
Snap unto hang up their limp id jocks! All fake god super defenders shlock!	
Shoot Your real time, silver whig, truth flashing, wild mice down the Second	
Rate, half-baked vanilla patriotic wind to re-compose the Goofy mind.	

Stars shine bright on shatter light as star hacks squeak cheap goodness: Thee.The.The. That's thanks for inviting me to your stealth of liberty party, Donald.