Instead

CHINTITO

The FOX is wailing in the tube-lit night
The sky can no longer be called bright
Fading hastily too is the fright
Instead there is plucky disdain

The RATS are scurrying back to their hole
The loyal can no longer climb up the pole
Becoming vague too is the goal
Instead there is greener grass

The CROWS are yelling their vain guts out
The silent can no longer express their doubt
Increasing too is the loudness of a lout
Instead there is soft murmur

The OGRES are prancing in the creamy cage
The baffled can no longer express their rage
Diluting too is the demand of the age
Instead there is youth aware

The SNAKES for long been slithering on concrete
The elected can no longer claim pristine grit
Disappearing too is image bit by bit
Instead there is compassion

The PIGS are showing their human face again
The minors need no longer stoop to the main
Sitting pretty and pink too is the villain
Instead there is a roughened seraph