

# Chris Walla, Two-Fifty

All hail an eminent collapse  
You can fumble for your maps  
But we're exhausted by the facts  
We still believe old Henry's dream  
An assembly line, a team  
The fire brand, the steam  
Who believes it more than we  
Pull the switch and find the fireman  
We need more than fun  
We need a plan, a solution  
We need efficiency  
We all are fractured factory lines  
Once filled with bliss and drive  
Now hope bees without a hive  
How will we survive?  
There is a room for me or you  
They just don't need us like they did when it was new  
Well, it's a lack of sheer commitment  
A lack of tightening the bound to moving on  
Let's move forward out of  
Let's move forward out of  
Let's move forward out of  
Let's move on