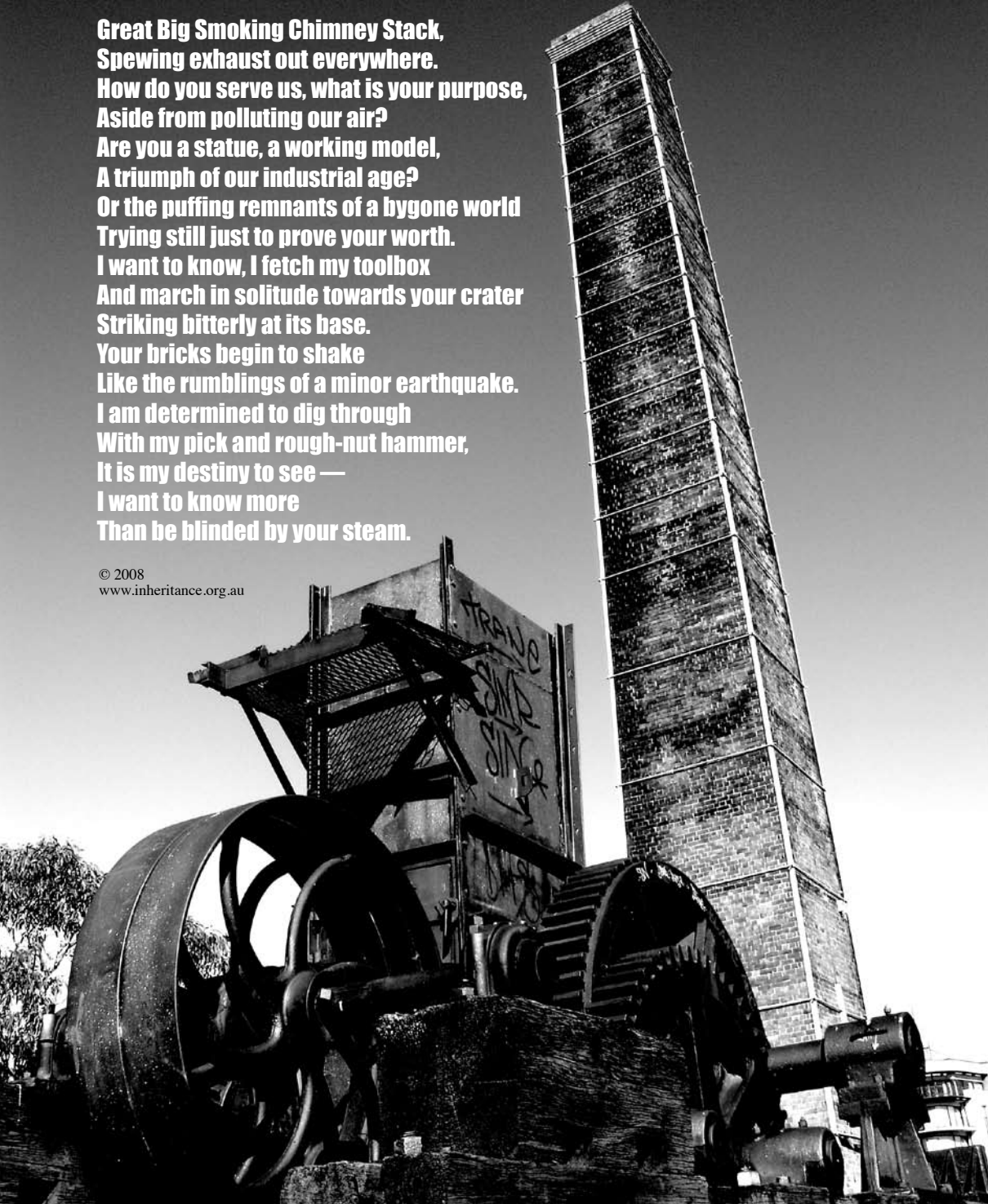


**Great Big Smoking Chimney Stack,  
Spewing exhaust out everywhere.  
How do you serve us, what is your purpose,  
Aside from polluting our air?  
Are you a statue, a working model,  
A triumph of our industrial age?  
Or the puffing remnants of a bygone world  
Trying still just to prove your worth.  
I want to know, I fetch my toolbox  
And march in solitude towards your crater  
Striking bitterly at its base.  
Your bricks begin to shake  
Like the rumblings of a minor earthquake.  
I am determined to dig through  
With my pick and rough-nut hammer,  
It is my destiny to see —  
I want to know more  
Than be blinded by your steam.**

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