

Hail Mary full of grace,
Deliver us from this terrible place,
There is no mail, there is no news
And no-one solves my Gambas blues.

We keep the faith, we hold the light,
Please get us out of this terrible plight.
My events don't fire, my handlers fold
silently, no errors told.

We hold the 'Forge in reverence
and look each hour in expectation
of clues, and even Tobi's sense
but yet there seems to be stagnation.

Mary, we do implore
that you knock upon their door,
kick their a*s*, make them move
and hopefully then things improve.