

Tim Finn, No Thunder, No Fire, No Rain

Martin sets out from the village (called)
Katta pella kopa leh
As the blue sun rehearse a falling roll
And even the vultures still sleep
Martin's bus comes to the forest of
Katta pella kopa leh
With the engine blowing steam into the morning dust
As farmers lead cattle to grass

No thunder, no fire, no rain
With Nia ceta nova lain

Martin checks into the chemical plant of
Katta pella kopa leh
As his young bride prepares for the evening feast
And in zone three he starts the long day
Martin works with strange blue waters (called)
Niacetanovalain
As the warning bell rings critical he hit's the floor
And his young bride paints beads for the feast

Martin feels a cold wind screaming
Katta pella kopa leh
As the red sun rehearses another roll
And over the fire she stirs peas
Martin was killed in the company name
Katta pella kopa leh
As the toxin tore right through his soul
And his young bride puts flowers in her hair