

# 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