

Timo Rautiainen & Trio Niskalaukaus, Lajinsa Viimeiset

poimivat joestaan lintuja
suoja-asuissaan hikoavat
visiirin sispuolen kyöneleet
lohduttomat
joki kiehuu

ongella mies onkimatta
p kalju peittmtt
tyhj katse kuin samea vesi
samantekev
tehdas seisoo

tympe tuuli oksistossa
ruosteinen pyrre jaloissa
mihin min naulaisin linnunpntn
pikkulinnun tuon viimeisen

keinusta katkennut ketju on
loppunut viimeinen leikki on
kyyryss, piilossa sikhtneet
lapset nuo lajinsa viimeiset

</lyrics>

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==English translation==

</lyrics>

picking up birds from their river
sweat inside their safety-suits
the tears inside the vizor
hopeless
the river boils

a man fishing without equipment
his bald head uncovered
empty stare like muddy water
all the same
the factorys closed

foul wind in the branches
rusty vortex around my feet
where would I hang the birdhouse
home of the last small bird

chains have been broken off the swings
the last game has been played
hiding somewhere scared
children, last of their breed