

No Thunder No Fire No Rain

Tim Finn

Martin sets out from the village
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

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