Thunder Without Rain

Brainstorm

It's like a thunder without rain,
And like a week without Sunday,
Oh, like a book without last page,
You want to buy a happy faith.

A storm without rain,
Without any destruction.
It's a good old game,
Million pleasures, but no satisfaction.

Storm takes your desires,
And all expectations.
It would happen anyway,
It's the only way to lose your frustration.

It's like a thunder without rain,
And like a week without Sunday,
Oh, like a book without last page,
You want to buy a happy faith.
And you can feel without a touch,
And you can hear without sleepers.
Of course, you'll see without TV,
And we will run without sneakers.

Red, red sky,
And Atlants are swimming by.
The same mistakes,
Different time and different place.

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And Atlants are swimming by.
The same mistakes,
Different time and different place.

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And like a week without Sunday,
Oh, like a book without last page,
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And we will run without sneakers.

One song is over,
Another one in .
The more you know, the more you know,
You try to forget.
Yeah, heaven and earth,
There will be no winners.
As we all are slaves,
And we are, we are sad sinners.

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