

Page & Plant, Yallah

Rendest rachib, rhud rhip zelp
borachs un fun dehl noach, shochen zoap

Oh ohhhhh, oh yeah
Ah ahhhhh, oh yeah

And your city will fall
And your corn won't grow
To the silence from the temple
Hear the truth explode
It is written in the dust
It is whispered in the wind
From the wisdom of the fathers
Where the word begins

Ah ahhhhh, oh yeah
Oh ohhhhh, oh yeah

In the kingdom of gold
And the stolen chance
You can join the celebration
See the children dance
And the bells will ring
And the crowds will roar
And the sand in the glass
Can pour no more

Yallah, yallah, yallah, yallah,
Yallah, yallah, yallah, yallah

Oh ohhhhh, oh yeah
Oh ohhhhh, oh yeah

The rivers will freeze
And the hosts descend
Thru the fires and the storms
To the bitter end
And the treasures and the gifts
And the words and truths
Will be cast to the heavens
With Oomrah fruit

Ah ahhhhh, oh yeah
Oh ohhhhh, oh yeah

And your city will fall
And your corn won't grow
To the silence from the temple
Hear the truth explode
It is written in the dust
It is whispered in the wind
From the wisdom of the fathers
Where the word begins