Yallah

Page & Plant

Rendest rachib, rhud rhip zelp
Borachs un fun dehl noach, shochen zoapOh oh, oh yeah
Ah ah, oh yeahAnd your city will fall
And your corn won't grow
To the silence from the temple
Hear the truth explodeIt is written in the dust
It is whispered in the wind
From the wisdom of the fathers
Where the word beginsAh ah, oh yeah
Oh oh, oh yeahIn the kingdom of gold
And the stolen chance
You can join the celebration
See the children danceAnd the bells will ring
And the crowds will roar
And the sand in the glass
Can pour no moreYallah, yallah, yallah, yallah
Yallah, yallah, yallah, yallahOh oh, oh yeah
Oh oh, oh yeahThe rivers will freeze
And the hosts descend
Through the fires and the storms
To the bitter endAnd the treasures and the gifts
And the words and truths
Will be cast to the heavens
With Oomrah fruitAh ah, oh yeah
Oh oh, oh yeahAnd your city will fall
And your corn won't grow
To the silence from the temple
Hear the truth explodeIt is written in the dust
It is whispered in the wind
From the wisdom of the fathers
Where the word begins

Songwriters
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