

Robert Plant "Yallah"

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And your city will fall
And your corn won't grow
Thru the silence from the temple
Hear the truth explode
It is written in the dust
So it is whispered in the wind
From the wisdom of the fathers
Where the word begins
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 crowd will roar
And the sand in the glass
Will pour no more
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
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Thru the silence from the temple
Hear the truth explode
It is written in the dust
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