

**Pablo Montero****"Yallah"**

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Rendest rachib, rhud rhip zelp

Borachs un fun dehl noach, shochen zoap

Oh oh, oh yeah

Ah ah, 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 ah, oh yeah

Oh oh, 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 oh, oh yeah  
Oh oh, oh yeah  
The rivers will freeze  
And the hosts descend  
Through 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 ah, oh yeah  
Oh oh, 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

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