

## Bones of Saints

Robert Plant

They're loading up in the ships  
They're loading up in the planes  
There's madness in the sky  
Above the bones of saints

So much of me is broken  
The servants of a lie  
Now everything is burning  
There's a fire up in the sky

And I said, no no no no no no no no no

We're up against the bench  
While all the walls fall down  
I hear the children scream  
But then the fear abound

And that's the leading question  
Where all the money comes  
I'll say who makes the bullets  
If you tell me who sells the guns

And I said, no no no no no no no no no  
No no no no no no no no no

In the Garden of Eden  
And the wheels go round and round  
The sight of an angel  
When the best fair deals come down

In the Garden of Eden  
And the wheels go round and round  
The sight of an angel  
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No no no no no no no no no  
No no no no no no no no no

No...  
No...  
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No...