

Eve/Mama

Ain't it Good

And for now we're done with fearing.
We might be the final generation.
In a dawn that's newborn fresh
Open wide the floating creche
And deliver every precious specimen!
Ain't it good?
Ain't it good now?
Ain't it good to see the sun again, my Lord?
After all the nights we stood smelling rain and gopher wood...
Ain't it good to see the sun again!