

Mother

Low

When you became my mother, there was time
You thought I'd be a daughter, but didn't mind
And as the world began to measure, and define
We had time
We had time

You gave me light and language, and a name
You held me to the fire, to the flame
Now if I could tell the future, all the same
Why would I
We have time

Deep beneath the surface of the earth
So many bodies waiting for the word
When every child and mother will return
Forever
We'll have time