

CerAmony

"Last Great Men"

Visit "[Last Great Men](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Chorus sung in Cree)

Grandfather I want to walk where you have walked
Grandfather I want to see where you hunted
Grandmother I want to sleep where you made a home
Grandmother I want to know how to live my life

(Verse: Cree)

Grandfathers and Ancestors I will speak briefly so lend
me your ear I will tell you of the talk about the Youth
that isn't the truth That we don't care about the Cree
culture
That we don't care about the hunt That we don't care
about the Cree values And that we don't care about the
Cree way of life We are sent down south to get an
education With the expectance that we will help our
communities And become fighters and protect the
Cree land But it's being destroyed before we can come
home Where will we be able to hunt so that we can be
the true Cree that we were meant to be

(Verse: English)

Everything that we as a Cree people are today
Is in the hands of a generation that is passing away
All of our legends, our stories and traditional ways
Are threatened by the arrival of the modern day
What will we then become when we've lost touch with
our roots
When the last of our great rivers has a fatal
rendezvous
And the trees that once spoke are silenced once and
for all When the spirits that led us here bear witness to
our great fall
How will we define ourselves to our children and
grandchildren If the legends of greatness become
stories of loss and regrets If ceremonies become a
thing of the past The dreams we try to hold onto will not
last But the day will come for the drums to be played
The songs of our elders will be sung and their
memories will stay strong
And speak to us in dreams showing us the way to
believe
So we will have a chance to be like them

As the descendants of the last great men

(Chorus Cree)

(Verse: English)

*Nuhkuu I thought I heard you say that the time has
come For you to pack your things and make your way
back home To the land of the Cree, journey back to the
place where the heart runs free Where the sun sets on
a pure horizon, where the rain falls on the land
providing Where the trees talk to the children passing,
where the spirits walk you'll be arriving And I'm left
standing by a river once strong I can see its bones but
the strength's all gone So I'm forced upon my own
reflection But I can't see myself in the contamination
Could this be what I've become, the still memory of a
once proud grandson I want to go where you're going
too but I'm stuck here trying to figure out the truth

*Nuumshu I now turn to you I can see the trail but I can't
find you I can feel the tears but I refuse to cry, I can
feel the fear but I'm going to keep trying To keep up
with you and stay right behind, this just can't be where
I'm meant to die If I could just remember everything
that you spoke to me Then maybe I would have just a
little more hope in me Eastbound, with the last of my
faith I can see your spirit in the sun's first grace

*N'danshkuushiimch I see you now when I look to the
north, west, east and south I think I understand why
you went back home now Making the trail that I'm going
to find somehow And I know that we'll meet again
because I'm the grandson of the last great men

(Chorus Cree)

Visit [CerAmony](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.