

In Vain

"Wayakin"

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One time the wind blew free and there
Was nothing to break the light of the sun
In a past that is now lost forever
There was a time when land was sacred
And the ancient ones were as one with it
A time when only the children of the Great Spirit
Were here. To light their fires in these places with no
boundaries
When the forests were as thick as the fur of
The winter bearland and a warrior could walk
From horizon to horizon on the backs of the buffalo
And during that time when there were only simple
ways,
I saw with my heart the conflicts to come,
And whether it was to be for good or bad,
What was certain was that there would be chance

Wayakin, summon strength and ward us from evil
Wayakin, a spirit with transformative powers
Wayakin, talisman of superhuman forces
Wayakin, the guardian spirit of the Nez Perce

We look to the bear, the owl and the eagle as our
brothers
To teach us how to live
They talk to us, we listen
The bear tells us of our strength
The owl of our wisdom
And the eagle of our freedom
It is time for us to remember

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