

miciminam tipahikan ekwa wapimso
She holds time still as she looks in the portal of her essence

namoya ochi ota wiya
She is from another dimension

poskam otasimin sakitewewin
Draped in the love of her people

papeyahtak tahkosew tante ohcapanpanak kake tahkoskitaw
Gently, she steps on the ground her ancestors walked on

kicihkonam senipân tipakikan
and unveils herself in the ribbons of time

kayasih nohkomwa matisiwin
Of past lives, her kokoms lives

wêpâstan senipânak ekwa kanacitaw kamiko
She waves the ribbons and cleanses the room

pahkopew onipiwsahkitewin
As she emerges in the waters of her love

kote ekwa niciminsew ekwa kihteyimsew
There she holds herself and honours herself

kotakak ikwe imskawew kayas ohci ekwa oteh nîkân
She looks for others past and future

ekwecimat kapeytohtet sahkitewewin ohci
Bidding them to come in love

mikwac ahkam pakâsimiw ohcapanpanak
While bathing in the waters of her ancestors

epeysiywew ekwa nâkateyimisiw ekwa manâtisiwin âkwaskitinkewin
She brings them in and nurtures them in a gentle embrace

pisewak matowak ka kimowanihki
Thunder bird cries when it is raining
iskowak pehtotewahk ekwa sipweteywak
Woman they will come and they will go

pîwâpiskowiw pîwâyisis otah oci aski
A mechanical bird of this time

namoya osci ota wiya
She is not from here

kayas aspin oci
She is from the past

mamitoneyicikan epeho
Looking into the portal of her past memory, she waits

natawiso, nikamowestamewat ocapanpanak ekwa nohkomwa
nâtawihowin
Breathing healing, she carries her voice to her ancestors, to her kokom.

nikamowina epikiskwestamawat nikawiwa, ohkomwa ekwa ocapanpanwa
Every note is a voice for her mother, her grandmother ekwa capanpanak

Elizabet, wîhkomêw
Elizabeth, she calls her

pisewak matowak ka kimowanihki
Thunder bird cries when it is raining
iskowak pehtotewahk ekwa sipweteywak
Woman they will come and they will go

kincinimkonaw, kinciminkonaw, kinciminkonaw

She holds us, she holds us, she holds us

kikskimkonaw

She knows us

nehiyawewin kiciminkonaw

She holds us in her mother tongue

osam Katawasisew nikitewemaw ekwa nimaton

I bow my head to her beauty and cry

papiyahtek Nakitew ocapanpanak

In the silence of her reverie she leaves her ancestors behind

mosci nikamowin peywas onikamawin cistâwesin

Like a song bird, her voice carries throughout the corridors

akwanahowenis ohpeyew ekwa capanpanak pakamicihcîhamâwak

The veil is lifted and the ancestors are applauded

kawe ekwa ikipesehkowak tipahkikana kakinawapamonsoyahk

*And then we are brought back in time to look at the reflection of the mirrors
of our lives*

pisewak matowak ka kimowanihki

Thunder bird cries when it is raining

iskowak pehtotewahk ekwa sipweteywak

Woman they will come and they will go