



Myths Stories and Galaxies

Myths, Stories & Galaxies. The universe was governed by three invisible voices: Memory, Fire, and Starwind.

Vinyl • **39.90**

Hello; my name is JBilbao, and I'm the creator of this vinyl record. I invite you to visit my shop where this record is on display. If, after listening to the samples, you'd like to purchase the record, click the green button.



Story

Myths, Stories & Galaxies. They say that before the first city rose on Earth, before even the first name was spoken, the universe was governed by three invisible voices: Memory, Fire, and Starwind. Memory She was the guardian of myths. She walked among the nebulae, gathering stories that sprang up on their own, like flowers of light. Every time a civilization arose in some corner of the cosmos, Memory let fall a whisper: a legend, a symbol, a mystery that would accompany them for centuries. Fire She was the force of history. Not the written history, but the lived history: battles, discoveries, losses, rebirths. Wherever a people fought to survive, Fire burned, illuminating the path and leaving scars that would become tales. Starwind She was the traveler. She crossed entire galaxies carrying seeds of life, propelling comets, awakening dormant worlds. Their mission was to unite what seemed distant, reminding us that everything, from an atom to a constellation, is part of the same heartbeat. One day, the three voices met at the edge of a newborn galaxy. There, in a swirl of blue and gold dust, they decided to create something new: a being capable of listening to myths, living stories, and gazing at the stars with a desire to understand them. Thus, humanity was born. Memory gifted them imagination. Fire gave them the will to change the world. Starwind bestowed upon them the yearning to travel beyond the known. And since then, every time a human tells a legend, writes a book, composes a song, or looks to the night sky seeking answers, the three voices smile. Because they know that their creation lives on, growing, dreaming... and preparing to one day return to the galaxies that witnessed its birth.



Tagimoucia Flower

Vinyl Side A

Song·1



Story

On the island of Taveuni, where the clouds seem to rest upon the mountains and the rivers speak with a voice of crystal, grows a flower that exists nowhere else in the world: the Tagimaucia, red and white like a heart divided between love and loss. The elders tell that, long before the flower existed, there lived in the village of Somosomo a young woman named Laisa, daughter of the chief and restless spirit of the forest. Laisa was known for her radiant laughter, but also for her yearning for freedom. Her father, fearing that the young woman would fall in love with a boy from another tribe, promised her in marriage without asking her wishes. Laisa, in despair, fled to the mountains. She climbed along damp paths, crossed giant roots, and ventured into a lake hidden among the clouds. There, exhausted and hopeless, she collapsed on the shore. The silence of the place was so profound that she seemed to hear her own heart breaking. Then she wept. She wept with such pure sorrow that the lake trembled. Her tears fell upon the vines growing on the rock, and something impossible occurred: each tear transformed into a tiny red and white petal, as if grief had found a new form of expression. When the wind blew, the vines blossomed for the first time. And where before there had only been green leaves, now clusters of flowers shone, seeming to ignite the mountain. The villagers, finding Laisa asleep by the lake, understood that nature had responded to her suffering. Her father, deeply moved, broke the arranged marriage and allowed his daughter to choose her own destiny.



Elixir of +1000

Vinyl Side A

Song 2



Verse I - Before the fire, before the sun, when silence was the only song, they came, the endless ones, weavers of the vital pulse. In their voice, the spiral lay, a song that never fades away, and in their breath they sowed the spark, the human seed, the sacred mark.

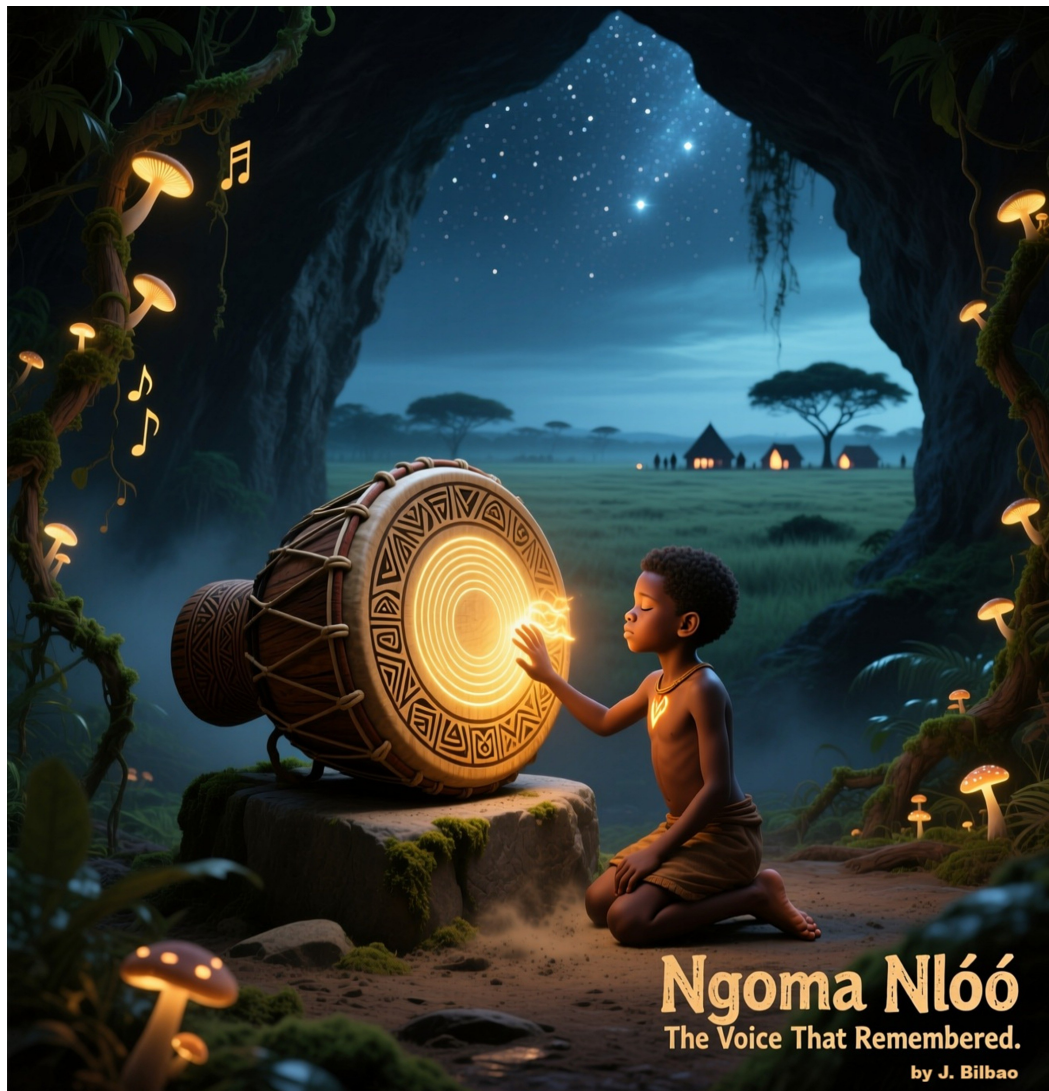
Chorus - Elixir of a thousand beats, whispers deep inside, echoes of the ancient ones, a pact of living light. If I sing, I live a thousand lives, if I'm silent, I lose my voice... Awaken the eternal chant, inherit the Elixir of +1000!

Verse II - They hid behind the salted sea, in caves of light and mystery, leaving clues in stone and lore, the key to their forgotten core. A few remembered, walked the years, with starry eyes and rooted tears, guardians of the primal song, carrying the pulse along.

Chorus - Elixir of a thousand beats, whispers deep inside, echoes of the ancient ones, a pact of living light. If I sing, I live a thousand lives, if I'm silent, I lose my voice... Awaken the eternal chant, inherit the Elixir of +1000! Verse III Now it hums in code and tune, in dreams, in rising moons. The melody begins to rise, in every soul that dares to fly. Not immortal is the one who forgets, nor eternal he who regrets. Only those who sing unafraid ignite the pulse the ancients made. Final Coda We are children of the echo, heirs of the blazing sun, we sing to truly live, and live to sing as one...

Verse III - Now it hums in code and tune, in dreams, in rising moons. The melody begins to rise, in every soul that dares to fly. Not immortal is the one who forgets, nor eternal he who regrets. Only those who sing unafraid ignite the pulse the ancients made.

Final Coda - We are children of the echo, heirs of the blazing sun, we sing to truly live, and live to sing as one...



Ngoma Nlo

Vinyl Side A

Song·3



Story

In ancient times, when the roads were made of red earth and the trees whispered secrets to the wind, there lived a sacred drum called Ngoma Nlô, the Talking Drum. It was no ordinary drum: carved from iroko wood and adorned with ancestral symbols, it had the power to carry messages between distant villages. Its sound was not just music, but language: each beat was a word, each rhythm an emotion. The elders guarded it in the village of Ebong, and when a community needed help, advice, or a celebration, the drum spoke. Its echo crossed mountains, rivers, and jungles, carrying news, warnings, and blessings. It was the soul of communication, the spiritual heartbeat that united the people. But one moonless night, a greedy stranger stole the drum. He took it far away, intending to sell it as mere art. At dawn, the villages awoke in silence. There were no songs, no answers. The mothers wept, the elders gathered, but without the drum, their words reached no one. The connection was broken. For years, the communities lived in isolation, distrustful of one another. Traditions began to fade, like smoke in the wind. Until a boy named M'Boma, born in silence, dreamed of the drum. In his dream, the spirits showed him the way to where it was hidden. Guided by the rhythm of his heart, M'Boma embarked on a journey through jungles and savannas. He found the drum in a forgotten cave, covered in dust but untouched. When he played it, the drum spoke again. Its voice awakened the ancestors, and its echo reunited the villages. Now, each generation learns to read the rhythms of the drum. Not only to communicate, but to remember that tradition, like sound, lives on as long as it is shared. And that when the common voice is lost, the soul of the people is lost.



Eguzki Isiltasunaren Semeak

Vinyl Side A

Song·4



Verse I - Izar-echoaren sehaskan, denbora makurtzen eta hausten denean, sua eta kristalezko kantak sortu ziren promesak odolduz ilargipean.

Verse II - Egunsentiko danborrek dardara egiten dute, mendiak esnatzen dira beren ahotsarekin, eta eguzki isiltasunaren semeak eguzki-espatarekin martxan dira.

Chorus - O, zauritutako unibertsoaren betiereko sua! Gidatu gaitzazu itzal eta metalaren ibaietan zehar. Bihur tximista ereserki, haizea erritu, eta patua, arbasoen oihu.

Verse III - Urrezko hari basoetan, non zuhaitzek runetan kantatzen duten, galdu den munduaren giltza ezkutatzen da, ilargiak apurtzen dituen harmonia.

Verse IV - Arbasoek zerua zaintzen dute, su eta min begiekin, eta patuaren danborra dardara egiten du azken jainkoaren bularrean.

Chorus - O, zauritutako unibertsoaren betiereko sua! Gidatu gaitzazu itzal eta metalaren ibaietan zehar. Bihur tximista ereserki, haizea erritu, eta patua, arbasoen oihu.

Bridge - Eroritako izarren arkupean, bidaariaren azken kantua altxatzen da. Adin guztiak hausten dituen akorde bat, bidea irekitzen duen nota bat.

Final - Horrela berpizten da ezkutuko unibertsoa, argia forjatzen duten gitarrekin. Eta mundu paraleloen dantzan, metala da sorginen ahotsa.



Gernika

Vinyl Side A

Song 5



I – **Dark Verse** - Iron skies roared with merciless might, the innocent town was consumed by the night. Markets and bells turned into cries, the shadow of fire devoured the skies.
II – **Verse of Resistance** - From ashes arose the vow to be free, the Eternal Tree stood defiantly. The wounded people refused to fall, from hatred was born the strength of all.
III – **Pre-Chorus** - Gernika bleeding, your name resounds, the earth awakens, the truth abounds. Picasso painted your mortal scream, a canvas that roars against the dream.
IV – **Chorus** - Gernika, Gernika, your fire shall rise, an anthem eternal beneath the skies! May horror never awake again, your voice of steel shall break the chain.
V – **Bridge** - "Freedom, peace, eternal cry" (choirs echo in solemn might).
VI – **Final Verse** - From smoke were born the songs of peace, from tears arose chains that cease. The world remembers your flame untamed, Gernika resists, forever proclaimed.
VII – **Coda (Choral)** - Gernika, Gernika, your name shall be, a symbol eternal of liberty! May horror never awake again, your hymn resounds: peace shall reign! Your hymn resounds: peace shall reign!

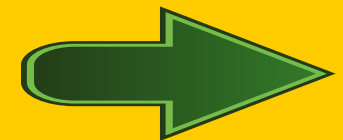


Zegamako Sorgina — J. Bilbao
Euskal Jentilak Errezen

Zegamako Sorgina

Vinyl Side B

Song·1



Story

Zegama's Witch. The Sorceress of the Threshold On the misty slopes of Aizkorri, where the winds sing in Basque and the stones hold ancient secrets, lived Zegamako Sorgina, the Sorceress of Zegama. She was no witch of brooms or common potions: she wove melodies with moon threads and conjured visions in the forest pools. They say she was born on the night of the eclipse, when the sun and moon silently crossed. Her mother, a mute shepherdess, wrapped her in a cloak embroidered with symbols no one could read. From a young age, Zegamako Sorgina spoke to the trees, translated the murmurs of caves, and composed songs that made wolves cry. But her most feared power was to open the Threshold of Echoes: a rift between worlds that only she could summon with her stone drum and her three-tone chant. Forgotten memories, unlive d dreams, and sometimes... the spirits of the ancient jentilak crossed that threshold. One day, the villagers of Zegama, fearful of her magic, asked her to close the Threshold forever. She agreed, but on one condition: that each generation would send a singer, a dreamer, or a madman, to keep the memory of the unseen alive. Since then, every seven years, when the mist covers the valley and the crows dance in circles, a song that does not belong to this world is heard. It is Zegamako Sorgina, playing her drum from the other side, reminding us that there are doors that should not be completely closed.



Sugarra eta Olatua

Vinyl Side B

Song·2



Verse 1 - Mila zortzihun hamahiru, hiria erre zen, Donostian oihuak, sua bihotzean. Keak estali zuen itsasoa amaigabe, Olatua itzuli zen indarrez berriz gabe.

Verse 2 - Arotza gaztea, ez soldadu, ez jauna, Urarekin eta mantaz borrokatu zuen sua. Etxeak erori ziren, eguzki azpian, Baina egur beltz bat gorde zuen bihotzean.

Chorus - Sutara desagerrarazi nahi gintuzten, Olatua berriz ekarri gintuen. Hondarretatik sortu zen kantua, Indartsuago bihotzaren harmonia.

Verse 3 - Sua itzali eta etsaia ihesean, Artisauak altxatu ziren berriz lanean. Harea eta gazitasun artean bakea landu, Hiria berritu zen, sendo eta ausartu.

Bridge - Agureak erakusten zuen egur erre, "Olatua gara, beti itzultzen den indarra." Haurrak entzuten zuten, istorioa ikasten, Su eta olatutik arimak sortzen.

Final Chorus - Sutara desagerrarazi nahi gintuzten, Olatua berriz ekarri gintuen. Hondarretatik sortu zen kantua, Donostia bizirik, betiko batasuna.



Nafanua

Vinyl Side B

Song 3



Story

Nafanua, the Warrior Goddess of Savai'i In the mists of time, when the islands of Samoa struggled between war and chaos, a figure of power and mystery emerged: Nafanua, daughter of Saveasi'uleo, lord of the spirit world Pulu. Born in the remote and sacred village of Falealupo, where the earth meets the spirit realm, Nafanua was no ordinary mortal. Her blood carried the echoes of the ancestors, and her destiny was woven with threads of fire and justice. From a young age, Nafanua displayed unusual strength, not only in combat, but also in wisdom. When the clans of Savai'i were plunged into endless strife, and sorrow scattered like ash over the valleys, Nafanua descended with her sacred weapon—the Tootoo, a war staff that shed no blood without purpose—and confronted the warring chieftains. She fought not for conquest, but for balance. With strategy and courage, she defeated the tyrants who oppressed her people. But her victory was not celebrated with arrogance. Instead of reclaiming the throne, Nafanua proclaimed peace, restoring respect between the clans and returning power to those who deserved it. Her gesture was as unexpected as it was divine: a warrior fighting not for dominance, but for justice. From then on, her name became legendary. In the chants of the elders, in the story-telling tattoos on skin, and in the rituals that connect the living to Pulu, Nafanua is a symbol of feminine strength, spiritual balance, and just leadership. It is said that, at the end of her days, she returned to Pulu, but her spirit still watches over Samoa. When the waves crash furiously and the winds whisper in the forests of Falealupo, some believe it is Nafanua reminding the world that peace, like war, requires courage.



Amaiur

Vinyl Side B

Song·4



Verse I - High in Baztan the mountain breathes, the wind caresses the stone it weaves. Castle of Maya, the final beat, Navarre resists, though facing defeat.
Verse II - Echo resounds, the sword strikes loud, dignity burns, the land is proud. They knew the end, they knew the fall, yet chose resistance, the bravest call.
Verse III - Beneath the earth lie ancient signs, rusted weapons, loyal coins. Each finding shouts, each bone proclaims, the strength of those who faced the flames.
Verse IV - Amaiur's no ruin, nor dust erased, it's living symbol, memory embraced. Identity forged in memory's flame, a kingdom lost, yet still proclaims.
Chorus - Eternal light, the fire won't die, echo of Amaiur, dignity's cry. Though the sword broke the castle wall, resistance lives, it speaks to all.
Verse V - Today with rituals, songs and flame, they keep alive the written name. The monolith guides, root and vow, history beats, returning now.
Verse VI - Not only past, it bridges today, a rebel voice that finds its way. Each verse to the wind, each faithful song, revives the battle, fierce and strong.
Final Chorus (choral) - Eternal light, the fire won't die, echo of Amaiur, dignity's cry. Though history tried to erase the fight, freedom is reborn, eternal light.



Amaiur (Orchestral)

Vinyl Side B

Song·5



Story

Amaiur, High in the Baztan mountains, where the wind caresses the ancient stones, stands a solitary monolith. Its inscription, simple and solemn, commemorates the men who fought for the independence of Navarre at Maya Castle... "perpetual light." That light is not only memory, but also a symbol of a kingdom that refused to disappear without dignity. The Echo of Resistance The Battle of Amaiur was more than a siege... it was the last heartbeat of a dying kingdom. The defenders, aware of their inevitable defeat, chose resistance as their legacy. In modern historiography, their act has become myth, a hymn to dignity in the face of overwhelming power and conquest by the sword. Archaeology of Memory Beneath the earth, excavations have revealed rusted weapons, worn coins, and the remains of mines that speak of the violence of the siege. Each find is a silent testimony, a buried voice that confirms the brutality of the confrontation and the steadfastness of those who resisted. Collective Identity For the people of Navarre and the rest of the Basque Country, Amaiur is not just a place... it is a symbol of freedom, a reminder of a lost kingdom that still lives on in their memory. The fall of the castle marked the end of the Navarrese defense, but also the beginning of an identity that is reborn through resistance and shared memory. Current Reaffirmation Today, cultural and commemorative events keep the flame of Amaiur alive. Each ceremony, each song, each story is a bridge between past and present, a gesture of resistance against oblivion. The monolith is not just stone... it is a guiding light, the root of what once was and what can be again, a promise that history is not erased.



Tungaru Navigator of Light

Vinyl Side B

Song·6



Verse 1 - From Hawai'i he sailed with fire in his soul, eyes on the heavens, a sacred goal. He faced the storms, sang to the tide, with stars above as his faithful guide.

Verse 2 - Forty moons on a boundless sea, the voice of water whispered to thee. Ancient creatures, coral's song, his dream kept pulsing, fierce and strong.

Chorus - Tungaru, Tungaru, heart of the flame, eternal wayfinder, echo and name. The islands called, Kiribati was born, your spirit in wave, in wind, in horn.

Verse 3 - He planted breadfruit on virgin land, drew sacred signs with his wise hand. Taught how to fish, to read the blue, to honor the ocean, old and true.

Verse 4 - Now children gaze at the sky so wide, and hear his song in the evening tide. Tungaru lives where the stars still roam, sailing forever, never alone.

Chorus - Tungaru, Tungaru, heart of the flame, eternal wayfinder, echo and name. The islands called, Kiribati was born, your spirit in wave, in wind, in horn.

Coda - Tungaru, guide of the ancient sea, your legend sings eternally...