





ANCESTRAL ECHOES IN FUTURE BEATS

In the ethereal realm of **PAPAYA TROPICAL**'s dream,
An improbable convergence, a mystical stream.
Birthed clandestine tapestry, ancestral and bold,
Whispers through Europe's veins, stories untold.

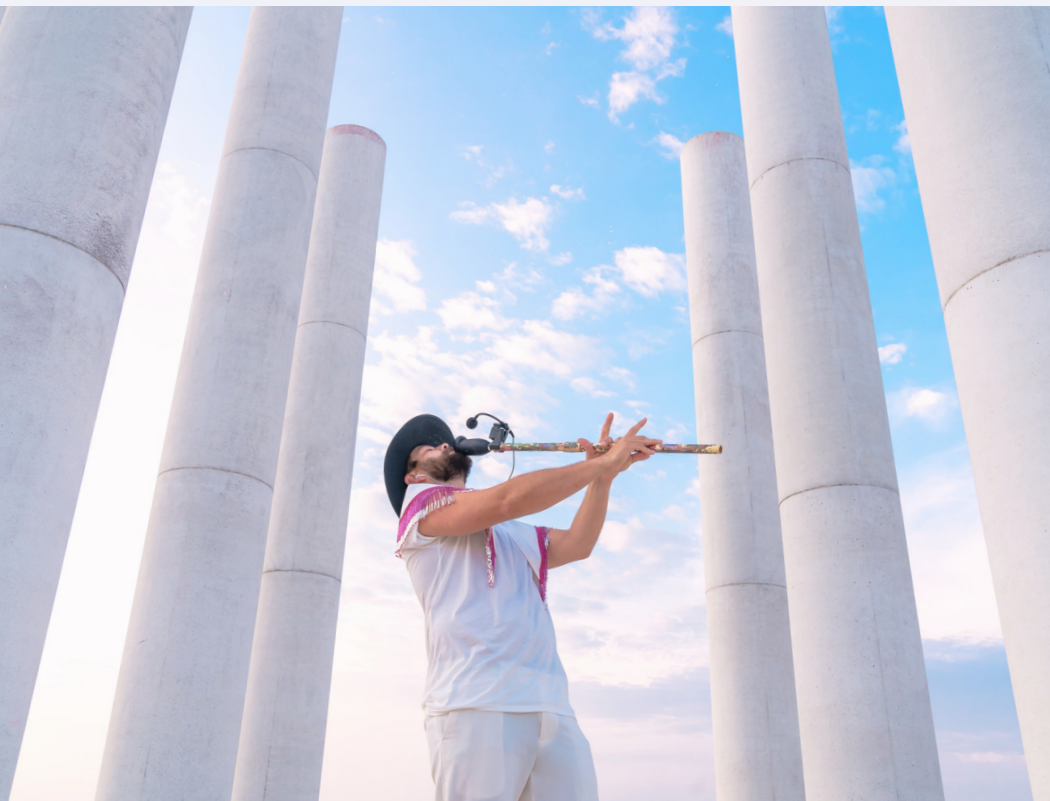
Jehisson Santacruz, a force in the night,
Enigmatic gaitero, a serendipitous light.
Maestro of the arts, transcending the norm,
His heart beats for all, a melodious storm.

Zapapaya, an alchemist in sonic guise,
Weaving electronic spells, under moonlit skies.
Pulsating beats, in a ritual dance,
Sonic realms he creates, a magical trance.

Genesis led by the Gaita Colombiana's call,
A mystical flute, wax-headed, standing tall.
Transcendent echoes, through time they resound,
In **ANCESTORS FUTURISM**, a rhythm unbound.

Together they waltz, in Colombian embrace,
Traditional strains, electronic grace.
Dancing through lanes, where old meets new,
A duo united, in rhythms they strew.

Ywiku, son of Heights,
son of Stars, son of the Sky.
Constellation of spiritual melodies,
weaver of narratives
in the dance of notes.
Guardian of nature and human rights,
transcending earthly bounds,
breathing justice through his Kuisi,
seeking wisdom through its sound.
Wanderer of space and time,
he walks the path of what has been
and what is to come,
like ancestral echoes in future winds.



Shivaldamán, She,
the voice of the earth,
the message to the entire ecosystem
in the Gaita wind,
the mother dancing : "Shivaldamán",
the voice of the plants.
A song from the earth's bowels,
awakens the ancestral wisdom of
those who have used nature,
and its musicality to heal the mind,
body, and spirit.

Agua, She, at first,
She was just the Sea.
Everything was dark.
There was no sun, no moon,
no people, no animals, no plants.
Only the Sea was everywhere.
The sea was the Mother.
She was water and water everywhere.
And She was a river, a lagoon, a brook,
the sea, and so She was everywhere.



Anuwes, spirits,
mother and father of the earth.
Nourishment, spirits, rivers, stones,
and mountains.
Dancing creators who whisper
the verb on the peaks, guardians of
secrets, witnesses of creation, the soul
of yesteryear breathes traditional
fabrics of times woven in this song.
We cheerful singers of these verses,
fine tune the symphony of this danced
prayer.

Tigre en Aluna,

the Spirit of the forest took a strand
of the moon and intertwined it with
the shadow of the foliage.

From this dance emerged the tiger,
covered in a cloak of golden rays and
spots of darkness.

The feline left trails of magic
with its prints and stripes,
a balance between light and shadow,
a mystical gift that continues to guard
the poetry of nature.

Its roar resonates like an ancestral
spell.



Gualchován, the Mother
existed only in Aluna in the lowest
world, in the depths, alone.
She was the mother of everything that
exists and thus did it in nine worlds.
And from the Sea was born the Earth,
and from Thought the Idea,
and from the Idea the solid Space,
and Time sought the Verb,
and the Verb sought the Truth,
and the Truth was called Poetry.

Aluna, Thought, Memory,
Memory and Thought...
Song of roots,
universal origin of the here and now,
With drums, Aluna rises
and celebrates the beats
of these ancient rhythms.
Rhythm and essence,
echoes of maraca, the heartbeat
of this Sentient-Thought.
Aluna, Thought, Memory,
You-I,
Memory and Thought.



All Music Composed and Produced by
PAPAYA TROPICAL

Gualchován Vocals by Pao Barreto,
Mimaa, Tamayo & PAPAYA TROPICAL

Mix & Master by Harbey Marin

Artwork by @camilopalacioart

Style by Alena Rose

Videos by @click.in_ ,
@greenmanmovie , @allikeytyler

Al Mamo Apolinar Izquierdo, guía de la Sierra Nevada de Santa Marta, gracias por tus palabras,
por sembrar sabiduría en cada jornada, por tu abundancia, paciencia y amor sin medidas.

Pueblos originarios de la Abya Yala, nuestro corazón arraigado.

Bailen esta meditación musical : tu viaje encantado



To Mamo Apolinar Izquierdo, guide of the Sierra Nevada de Santa Marta, Thank you for your words,
for sowing wisdom in every journey, for your abundance, patience, and immeasurable love.

Native peoples of Abya Yala, our rooted heart.

Dance to this musical meditation: your enchanted journey.



**YWIKU
SHIVALDAMÁN
AGUA
ANUWES
TIGRE EN ALUNA
GUALCHOVÁN
ALUNA**