

VOL. 1

HOMECOMING

VOL. 1 + SHORELINE SESSIONS

ARCHAEA

HOMECOMING VOL. 1 + SHORELINE SESSIONS

The complete 14-track collection.



A LYRICAL ARTIFACT
LYRICS, REFLECTIONS & COLLAGE

forward

A Love Letter

This is a love letter.
To the woman who kept going.
To the one who carried more than anyone knew.

To the one who learned how to survive, and then slowly learned
that survival was not the same thing as living.

These songs were born from a season of remembering.
Remembering what was true beneath the noise.
Remembering what remained beneath the grief.
Remembering that worthiness was never something to earn.

It was something that had been there all along.
Homecoming is not a destination.

It is the quiet return to yourself.
The return to your voice.

Your body.
Your spirit.
Your life.

If these songs find you in a season of healing, may they remind
you that growth does not always arrive with fanfare.
Sometimes it arrives as a whisper.

A boundary.
A deep breath.
A decision to stay.
A decision to begin again.

Thank you for listening.

Thank you for bringing your own story to these songs.
May you find something of yourself here.

With love,
Archaea

Archaea



WORTHY

WORTHY

LYRICAL ARTIFACT
HOMECOMING VOL. 1

**"I am allowed to take up space
In my own life
In my own body
In my own becoming"**

I am worthy.
I am enough.
I have always been enough.
I trust me.
I love me.
I take care of me.

There is nothing required of me
in this moment
but to be inside it.

I am not behind.
I am not too much.
I am not the verdict
of anyone
who could not afford
to see me clearly.

I release the bracing.
The permanent readiness.
The body's long habit
of expecting weather.

I was not built
for endurance alone.
I was built for this too:

The softness.
The arrival.

The morning that asks nothing
but my presence in it.

My nervous system
is not my enemy.

She is a faithful messenger
who carried too many emergencies
for too long.

I thank her.
I release her
from the wars
that are already over.

I am allowed to take up space
in my own life

in my own body
in my own becoming.
I am learning
the difference between
a boundary
and a wall.

I am done
excavating myself
for people
who were never going to honor
what they found.

I feed myself
what I actually need.

Not what quiets the noise.
Not what fills the shape
of something missing.

But what genuinely nourishes
the particular woman
I am becoming.

I choose
what my body says yes to
with her whole chest.

I am not the story
they told about me.
I am not the silence
I performed.
I am not the smallness
I rehearsed.

I am something
they did not author,
could not finish,
did not get to name.

I am safe enough
to feel the full dimension
of my own life.



Worthiness was never something to achieve. It was something to remember.

What lives there
is mine.
What lives there
is mine.

I am safe enough
to feel the full dimension
of my own life.
What lives there
is mine.

All of it.

Even the difficult.
Luminous.
Complicated.
Beautiful.

All of it.
Mine.

Today I move
from the inside out,
not from the outside in.
dress the woman I am,
not the woman

I was told to perform.
I speak from the place
that has never been
successfully silenced.

WORTHY

LYRICAL ARTIFACT
HOMECOMING VOL. 1

And she rises
as she always has—unhurried,
undefeated,
unwilling
to be anything less
than the full frequency
of herself.

I am worthy.
I am enough.
I have always been enough.

I trust me.
I love me.
I take care of me.

I am the conditions now.
I decide what grows here.

**And I have decided
on everything
that blooms.**



Worthiness was never something to achieve. It was something to remember.





HOMECOMING

HOMECOMING

LYRICAL ARTIFACT
HOMECOMING VOL. 1

“I remember I am water Not the drought”

They named the weather before I could speak
Told me what was rain
Called my crying inconvenient
Called my hunger a performance

I learned to eat less of everything

Less air
Less want
Less of the sound my own name made
When I said it like I meant it

And I thought that was just
What love looked like from the inside
Didn't know I'd been underwater
The whole time

I was a river
Taught to apologize for flowing
A season
Told to come and go without a sound



Some journeys end at a destination.
Others end when we remember who we are.

I forgot that I was water
Not the drought
I forgot that I was light
Before they taught me to go out

The friends arrived fluent
In the same language
Dressed the wound differently
But their hands knew exactly where it
was

And the lovers
God, the lovers

Came like they were rescuing me
From a fire they were holding
I kept calling it intimacy
The way a burn

Keeps calling itself warmth

There is a particular silence
That lives in women like me
Not peaceful
Practiced

I have been comfortable
For so long

I almost became the furniture

But something feral and ancient
Something that remembers
Before the first apology
Before the first shrinking

Turned over in me
Like a woman
Rising from a bed
She slept in too long

I am the river

Done apologizing for flowing

A season
That has learned to make a sound

I remember I am water
Not the drought

I remember I am light
And I am coming back out

They didn't know
What they were tending to
Neither did I

But she survived them all
That girl

She always knew how to stay
Even when she was disappearing



I RESET IT

I RESET IT

LYRICAL ARTIFACT
HOMECOMING VOL. 1

“I choose what chooses me That's the kind of power”

Morning on my skin
Clean slate
Open hands

I let go the heavy
Watch it leave my chest

I used to force the pace
Now I move with grace

Same body
New standards
Better fuel
Better frame

I don't need to prove it
I can feel it in my bones
What I feed
Returns to me
Now I'm building from the glow



Some journeys end at a destination.
Others end when we remember who we are.

I don't chase it
I reset it
Found my rhythm
Now I'm in it
Second wind in my steps
Soft power
Steady mind
No more empty momentum
I protect my time
I eat what keeps me lit
I rest
Then I rise

I Discipline looks effortless
When it's rooted in the why
Low noise
Clear mind
Whole life in alignment
I choose what chooses me
That's the kind of power
No rush
No strain
Just a calm reclaiming
I bloom on purpose
And it shows
I don't chase it
I reset it
Found my rhythm
Now I live it

(I live it)



GRIEF & GRACE

GRIEF & GRACE

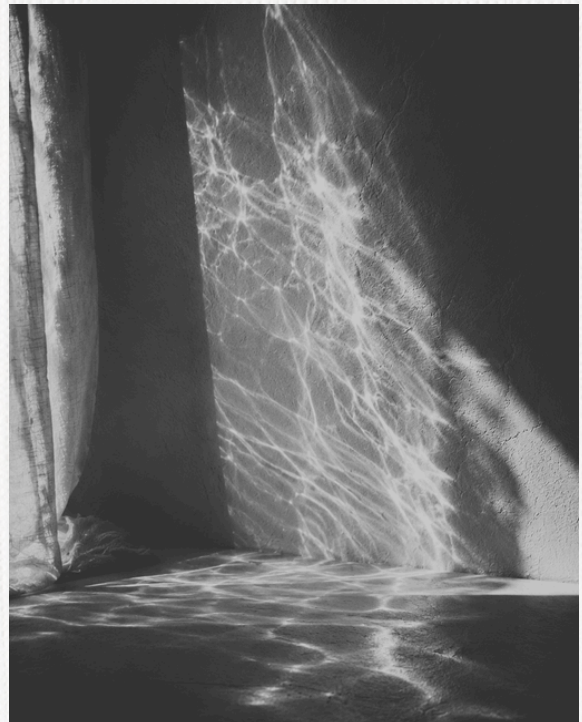
LYRICAL ARTIFACT
HOMECOMING VOL. 1

**“Just the vast and quiet geography
Of finally mapping
What was for so long
Untraceable”**

There is a girl somewhere beneath all of this
Who gave her voice away
So gradually
She didn't notice the silence
Until it had her name on it

She learned to make herself
Invisible at the table
Of her own life
Quietly present
Loudly erased
Grieving losses
That had no funerals
Because nobody
Agreed they were losses

The pain was not permitted a name
So it found other ways to speak



An artifact of mourning, mercy, and return.

Bent her slowly
The way wind bends a tree
That has no idea
It has been growing sideways
This whole time

I am mourning what was
And what never was
And what can never now be

No grave to visit
No name the world agrees was lost

Just the vast and quiet geography
Of finally mapping
What was for so long

Untraceable

She accepted less
Not because she was less
But because less
Was all that was ever
Set before her
And hunger
Will teach you
To call anything

A feast

So I release the verdict
Against the woman

Who confused dimming
For humility
Who confused disappearing
For keeping the peace

She was not complicit
She was surviving

The smoldering
Was not weakness
It was the evidence
Of a fire
That refused
To go completely out

And grief
Is just love
With nowhere left to go

And grace
Is just that love
Finally finding its way
Back to the one
Who needed it most

She is becoming
The love she never received

Building from the inside
What was never given
From without

Grief and grace
Flowing from the same place
The same fire
The same life



BLOOM

BLOOM

LYRICAL ARTIFACT
HOMECOMING VOL. 1

**“And she remained
Inside her own life
Without bracing
Without earning
Without apology”**

She made the coffee
Slower than usual

Let the morning
Have its full length

Opened the window
Just because

The light asked to come in
And she said yes
Without checking
If she earned it

The flowers she bought
For no occasion
Opened overnight
On their own



An artifact of breaking, beauty, and becoming.

She kept listening
For the door

For the shift in the air
That meant something
Was coming to collect

The morning became afternoon
The coffee grew cold
The page stayed unread

The windows stayed open
And nothing came
To say it was wrong

She just lived
She just lived

She sat in the good chair
The one she saved for later
And found it had no opinion
About her worthiness

She let the silence
Go longer
Than she usually could
Past the point of proof
Past the point of cleanup

Her shoulders kept listening
For interruption
For criticism

For the old emergency
That used to call rest
Borrowed time

This is what it feels like
Not happiness exactly
Something quieter than that
Something that does not
Announce itself

The horizon held only light
She had rested

And the world stayed whole

The flowers opened anyway
Without being asked
And she remained
Inside her own life

Without bracing
Without earning
Without apology
She just lived

The house is quiet

She is quiet

**For the first time
Both things true at once**



SHORELINE

SHORELINE

LYRICAL ARTIFACT
HOMECOMING VOL. 1

“The love that remains After you remain yourself”

She used to believe
Love needed full surrender
To be chosen

She had to become
Whatever the water needed

So she softened her edges
Gave ground so quietly
She didn't notice
She was standing in the sea

But land stays land
And water stays water

Where they meet
That's not compromise
It's the most alive place
On earth

The right people stay



An artifact of belonging, boundaries, and becoming.

When you stop performing the tide

They don't need you formless
To feel close

They walk beside you
Not through you

The love that remains
After you remained yourself
That's the one
That builds a life

Now she has people
Who hand things back
Who say
That belongs to you

When she tries to carry
What isn't hers
Who celebrate the no

And call her edged
Not difficult
She is finally fluent

She thought distance
Meant abandonment
If she held her ground
They would leave
And some did

That was not loss
That was clarity
Wearing the disguise of loss

There is a tenderness
Between people
Who don't ask each other
To be smaller

The generous thing
Is your actual presence
Not the performance of it

She stands at the edge
And lets the right ones
Come to where she is

The right people stay
When you remain yourself

They don't need the performance
They came for you
And you are finally here
Fully here

On solid ground
At the edge of something
Beautiful and moving

And it never took you with it

Land and water
Both remain
Both beautiful

She finally knows
Which one she is



STILLNESS IN MOTION

STILLNESS IN MOTION

LYRICAL ARTIFACT
HOMECOMING VOL. 1

**"I am the conditions now
I decide what grows here"**

The city moves
The way it always has
The wind arrives
Without asking permission
She lets it move through her
Without moving her

She used to brace for everything
Read the room before entering

Adjust herself
To the temperature
Of whoever was near

Now she walks
Through the same world
And the world does not determine
The weather inside her

She is not still
Because nothing is moving



An artifact of presence, sovereignty, and return.

She is still
Because she finally knows
The difference
Between the current
And herself

The seasons come
She lets them come
The people move
She lets them move

She tends
What she has chosen
Releases
What she hasn't

She decides
What grows here
And everything that belongs
Finds its way
To her garden

Without her abandoning herself
To go looking

She passed the place
Where she used to make herself small
Walked right through it
Without shrinking

Passed the voice
That said she was too much
And noticed
It had grown very quiet
The way things grow quiet
When they are no longer
Being fed

She bought flowers again

For no reason
For every reason

Because beauty
Is something she tends now
Not something
She waits to deserve

The Hudson moves
The ferries cross
The morning opens
Without her assistance

She walks inside all of it

Sovereign
Unhurried
Undiminished
Fully present

In the life
She chose to return to

This is what she came back for
Not the absence of difficulty
But the presence
Of herself inside it

Not a life without weather
But a life where she is
No longer the storm

She is whole enough
To live fully
In the unfinished

The woman who began
Could not find herself
In a quiet room
This woman
Carries the quiet with her

She decides
What grows here
And what grows here
Is her

All of her

Finally

I am the conditions now
I decide what grows here
The garden is open

She is home

Thank you

Thank you for listening.

Thank you for staying with these songs.

Thank you for making room for your own story inside them.

This collection was created with care, reflection, and an abiding belief in the possibility of healing.

If something in these pages felt familiar, if a lyric found you at the right moment, if a melody helped you breathe a little deeper, then this work has already fulfilled its purpose.

May you continue to trust your own becoming.

May you continue to choose what brings you home.

With gratitude,
Archaea

Archaea