

ECHOES OF THE PAST

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WHO ARE WE , IF WE
REMEMBERED OUR PAST?

**WILL YOU EMBRACE IT ?
OR WILL YOU RUN**

BY MIGUEL CALDERON



IN EVERY AGE, HUMANITY HAS SEARCHED FOR ANSWERS – IN THE STARS, IN THE EARTH, IN SCIENCE, IN SPIRIT, IN RELIGIONS , IN MEDITATION , YET ONE TRUTH REMAINS: SOMEWHERE ALONG OUR JOURNEY, WE FORGOT WHO WE ARE.

WE BECAME OBSESSED WITH PROGRESS AND TECHNOLOGY, BUT IN THE PROCESS, WE ABANDONED MEMORY – NOT THE MEMORY OF DAYS OR YEARS, BUT THE MEMORY OF THE SOUL. THE MEMORY OF WHERE WE

COME FROM, AND WHAT WE ARE MEANT TO BE.

ECHOES OF THE PAST IS MY RESPONSE TO THAT FORGETTING.

IT IS AN ARTISTIC PROJECT BORN FROM VISION, FROM AWAKENING, FROM AN ENCOUNTER WITH THE ANCIENT.

WE SPEAK OF PROGRESS, YET IN OUR SO-CALLED PROGRESS WE HAVE FORGOTTEN THE VERY THING THAT MAKES US WHOLE. WE ARE SURROUNDED BY INFORMATION BUT STARVED OF WISDOM. WE CHASE INNOVATION WHILE IGNORING THE ANCIENT KNOWLEDGE ALREADY WRITTEN IN OUR BONES.

THIS FORGETTING WAS NOT AN ACCIDENT. IT WAS SURVIVAL. IT WAS ADAPTATION. BUT IT CAME AT A COST. AND THE COST WAS MEMORY.

NOT MEMORY OF OUR CHILDHOOD. NOT MEMORY OF HISTORY AS WE ARE TAUGHT IT. THE MEMORY OF THE SOUL.



WELCOME HOME



THE DEEP REMEMBRANCE OF WHO WE HAVE BEEN ACROSS COUNTLESS AGES. THE VOICES OF ANCESTORS STILL ECHOING IN OUR BLOOD. THE WHISPER OF GODS WHO ONCE WALKED WITH US, NOW SPEAKING FAINTLY THROUGH DREAMS AND VISIONS.

WE ARE MORE THAN FLESH. WE ARE MORE THAN TIME. WE ARE THE ECHOES OF EVERY SOUL THAT CAME BEFORE US, THE MEMORY OF CIVILIZATIONS THAT WALKED IN LIGHT, THE WHISPERS OF GODS WHO STILL BREATHE THROUGH OUR VEINS.

SURVIVAL

“ECHOES OF THE PAST” IS THE CONFRONTATION OF A TRUTH BURIED SO DEEPLY WE’VE CONVINCED OURSELVES IT’S NOT REAL.

SOMEWHERE ALONG THE PATH OF HUMAN EVOLUTION, WE FORGOT WHO WE ARE. WE TRADED MEMORY FOR SURVIVAL, FUCKING SAD SPIRIT FOR PROGRESS, AND TRUTH FOR ILLUSION.

BUT THE ECHOES NEVER LEFT US. THEY WAITED—PATIENT, ANCIENT, ETERNAL.



HUMANITY LEARNED TO SURVIVE BY SEVERING ITS TIES TO WHAT IT COULD NOT MEASURE, WHAT IT COULD NOT BE SEEN. WE CALLED IT SUPERSTITION, MYTH, FANTASY. WE DISMISSED THE VOICES OF THE PAST AS ILLUSIONS.

IF YOU DOUBT IT, GOOD. DOUBT IS THE CRACK THAT LETS THE LIGHT IN. BUT IF YOU FEEL EVEN THE SMALLEST STIRRING INSIDE YOUR CHEST A STRANGE FAMILIARITY, A SHIVER THAT FEELS LIKE RECOGNITION – THEN YOU ALREADY KNOW THE TRUTH.

SON / SUN / ECHO

**I DID NOT GO SEARCHING FOR THEM
ANSWERS
ANSWERS FOUND ME.
IN A MOMENT BEYOND TIME, I WAS SEATED – NOT AS AN ARTIST, NOT AS MIGUEL, NOT AS MIKE , BUT AS SOMETHING OLDER. AND FROM THE SHADOWS OF ETERNITY
MMM LETS SEE,
IMAGINE ISIS, RADIANT WITH DIVINE MEMORY OR
OSIRIS, SOVEREIGN OF ETERNITY**



**I WAS CALLED BACK.
IN MY VISION, ISIS KISSED MY FOREHEAD:
“WELCOME HOME, SON. YOU HAVE REMEMBERED.”
OSIRIS EMBRACED ME:
“RISE. CLAIM YOUR PLACE IN THE CONTINUUM OF SOULS.”**

AND I UNDERSTOOD!

UNDERSTAND WHAT ?

WE ARE NOT LOST. WE ARE FUCKING ASLEEP. AND THE UNIVERSE IS WAITING FOR US TO WAKE.

ABOUT US HUMANITY

WE DO NOT NEED TO SEARCH OUTSIDE OURSELVES. THE PAST LIVES WITHIN US. THE GODS ARE NOT GONE. THEY LIVE IN EVERY BREATH, IN EVERY ACT OF CREATION, IN EVERY AWAKENING HEART. THIS ARE THE ECHOES OF THE PAST: A PROJECT, A VISION, A RETURN. NOT JUST MINE—OURS.

WE ARE THE ECHOES. WE ARE THE MEMORY. WE AWAKEN NOW.

WHY NOW?

BECAUSE THE WORLD IS CRACKING. BECAUSE PROGRESS WITHOUT MEMORY IS EMPTINESS. BECAUSE DISTRACTION HAS LULLED US INTO FORGETTING, AND FORGETTING HAS LEFT US HOLLOW. WE SCROLL ENDLESSLY. WE CONSUME ENDLESSLY. YET LATE AT NIGHT, IN THE QUIET, THE SAME QUESTION HAUNTS US: IS THIS ALL THERE IS? THE ANSWER IS NO. THERE IS MORE. THERE HAS ALWAYS BEEN MORE.

WE ARE ECHOES OF THE DIVINE, ECHOES OF THE ETERNAL, ECHOES OF THE PAST.



ECHOES OF THE PAST IS NOT MY STORY ALONE. IT IS A CALL TO YOU , WHO FEELS THE TUG OF SOMETHING OLDER THAN WORDS.

IT IS ART, YES.

BUT MORE THAN ART, IT IS A MIRROR. A REMINDER. A RETURN.



WE CANNOT CHANGE THE WORLD STAYING THE SAME

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