

HOSHINARI BROOD

KYO YAMIKUMO



BEHIND THE NAME

闇雲 響

HOSHINARI BROOD & KYO YAMIKUMO

BEHIND THE NAME

ART ROCK NOIR

Hoshinari Brood is not a band with a history you need to know.
It is a stance. A sound. A feeling that can't be explained – but that you recognise the moment it hits you.

Cosmic, without being science fiction. Strange, without being distant. Timeless, without sounding out of time.

THE SOUND

Dark and heavy. Rhythms that drag instead of drive – as if every bar had to push against something. A Moog that growls instead of booming. A Prophet-6 simmering in the low registers, analogue and unstable. Over it, guitars that take their space: singing solos with tone and intent.

The harmony stays foreign. Japanese pentatonics – hirajoshi, in-sen – and the dissonance that comes of a western rock guitar meeting eastern scales.
And a koto where it belongs: not as exotica, but as load-bearing texture.

The voice is often uncomfortably close.
And then the other songs. The song-like ones. The ones that have a melody and want nothing else. That is noir too: not every dark story needs complexity. Some need only a voice and chords that never resolve.

THE VOICE

On BEHIND THE NAME, KYO YAMIKUMO tells her life story – one that begins before her life and reaches into the present.

The contrast lives inside her own voice: between a breathed, airy almost-nothing and the hard expulsion of single words. Between closeness and refusal, within a single line. And then, unannounced, ornaments nobody saw coming – virtuosic, but never for their own sake. She doesn't show what she can do. She uses it.
She sings in English, but not like someone who owns the language. Accent, elisions, a wilful stress: an idiom you can place on a map of Japan. Mid-word the sound tips into something else and back again. She treats English as an art language – and that is exactly what makes her voice unmistakable. You understand her, and at the same time you hear that she comes from somewhere else.

The lyrics never finish a story. They set down images and leave them standing. Anyone looking for a resolution won't find one. Anyone who recognises themselves doesn't need one.



THE LINE-UP

KYO YAMIKUMO – vocals, guitar, koto
RHETT VALE – guitar
REN ISOL – keys, synthesis
KEAL THORNE – drums

WHAT THE BAND IS

Hoshinari Brood is a studio project. There are no tour dates and no four people you could meet at an airport.
KYO, RHETT, REN and KEAL are characters – designed, outfitted, given instruments and a voice.

The music is made using generative AI. Curated, discarded, rebuilt, discarded again, until the sound is right. This is no secret and no apology – it is a way of making records, the way a four-track was a way of making records.

The rest is music. It works or it doesn't – as always.

BEHIND THE NAME (PROLOG)

Before the light, before the sound
before a hand had held me down
there was a hush that had my shape
a breath the dark had yet to name

I was nothing you could hold
just a warmth beneath the cold
a small and unfamiliar thing
the first faint pulse of everything

Behind the name I am tonight
there is a girl without a light
she does not know she will be mine
she waits behind the name

I remember you before
you were the face that I would wear
a quiet drum, a folded door
a life I hadn't chosen yet

Count the steps you cannot see
every one of them was me
before the mirror, before the wound
before the room, before the room

Behind the name I am tonight
there is a girl without a light
she does not know she will be mine
she waits behind the name

So stay, and I will show you how
the nothing turned into the now
the dark that learned to say my name —
it starts behind the name





THE SMALL DRUM (WOMB - HEARTBEAT BEFORE THE NAME)

In the dark behind the name
a small drum begins

No light has ever reached this far,
no edge, no line, no form;
I am the water, I am the warm,
the red before the storm.

Before I had a mouth to speak,
before the cold could win,
before the light could cut me loose—
the dark I floated in.

Cell by cell the body comes,
a thread of bone, a flood;
I gather in the tideless deep,
half a breath, half blood.

In the dark behind the name
a small drum begins,
it beats the thing I am not yet,
it beats me from within.

Then through the deep a string is plucked,
a golden, drowning tone;
it is not blood, it is not me,
it is not mine to own.

It bends and blurs across the dark,
it finds me where I lie—
the first of all the world outside
to reach me through the tide.

Now the walls have learned my weight,
now the deep begins to press;
the golden tone still calls me on,
a name I cannot guess.

Hold me in the quiet red
before the drum's a scream,
before the water breaks its hold,
before I break the seam.

In the dark behind the name
the small drum swells and swells—
louder now, and louder still,
almost blood, almost bone.

THE FIRST WOUND (KYO BIRTH RITE)

Before the light was given name,
I lay within the warm and tame,
The walls of thee did breathe and swell,
A living dark — my first, my fell.

The pulse beneath me, deep and slow,
A god whose face I could not know,
I drank the tide, I breathed the hum,
And called it world, and called it home.

Then the walls began to press,
Warm became a slow distress,
The rhythm broke its ancient vow —
The holy must be reckoned now.

I was wrung through the world's desire,
Flesh through flesh — a grinding choir,
Passage narrow, slick with flame,
Torn from the dark that bore my name.

Do what thou wilt — so came the law,
Written in blood and nerve and raw,
The rite was carved into the bone:
To be born is to be thrown.

Then came the cold — a blade of white,
A wound of light where once was night,
I opened that which had no name:
The lungs, the scream, the ancient flame.

The air was strange and cut like glass,
It scraped the throat — no mercy — past,
And all the world stood vast and loud,
A nameless god without a shroud.

I was not made — I was expelled,
Not born, but by a will compelled,
That moved before my will began,
That burns in star and bone and man.

And yet within the blinding white,
One thread of warmth — the ember's light,
As if the dark had sent ahead
One sign, so I would not dread.

So let the wound become the rite.
Let every birth be sacrifice.
I hath passed through the first abyss —
And I shall not fear the night.





THE SOFTER WORLD (CHILDHOOD SONG)

Small hands in a bigger hand,
a lamp against the cold.
Mother hums a melody
older than the world is old.

The blanket smells of morning bread,
the floorboards know my name.
Father says the dark outside
was never meant to stay.

They tell me and they tell me that the world is soft,
they tell me it is slow and kind.
They tell me and they tell me and I nod and I smile,
but there's a thing I think I know.

A knock that wasn't at the door,
a hush behind their eyes.
The window keeps a colder light
than the one they call the sky.

They pull the curtain, kiss my head,
they say it's only rain.
But rain does not stand still like that,
and rain does not have a name.

They tell me and they tell me that the night is kind,
they tell me it is low and warm.
They tell me and they tell me and I nod and I smile,
but there's a thing I think I know.

So I hold it like a stone that they cannot see,
too small for them to name.
I let them keep the softer world
and keep the rest in me.

So sleep now, little light, the door is locked tight,
the star still burns above.
I close my eyes and let them think
the world is only love.



THAT'S HOW IT GOES (A TEENAGE DREAM)

Freely adapted from "*Ideal und Wirklichkeit*" by Kurt Tucholsky

In the dark, in a bed too small to matter,
you draft the life you're absolutely owed.
The ceiling hums. It only makes it sadder
the better version waiting down the road.
You paint it huge and golden, slowly burning,
the summer that will finally set you free

You always want the bright and endless thing,
and what shows up is small and out of tune.
That's how it goes.

He'd walk in like the movies, tall, deliberate,
a head above the rest, and warm, and mine.
The one who shows up leaves you on read, then wonders
why you went cold. Turns up short. Says he's fine.
You dress it up in everything you're learning,
you swear this time the world will finally see

You always want the bright and endless thing,
and what shows up is small and out of tune.
That's how it goes.

You mean to wake at six and be somebody,
the girl who runs at dawn and never stops.
You mean to. Almost. Nearly. Sort of. Probably.
The alarm goes off. The whole plan drops.
We dreamed, back when being young was a sentence,
of getting out, of being someone new
and here's the joke: there's no one else to be.

You always want the bright and endless thing.
And what shows up is you.
That's how it goes.

So let the strings bend. You don't.
The bright and endless thing was never real.
Small and out of tune — that one is yours.
Learn it, or spend your life apologizing for it.
That's how it goes.





YEARNING (鄉愁)

Something in the walls tonight
A cold I cannot place
A door I never opened
Left an ache without a face
Behind my ribs a low tide pulls
Toward a light that is not there
I reach into the empty dark
And close my hand on air
No name for what I miss
No shape, no shore, no sound
Only the weight of it
Dragging me to ground

鄉愁 — a hunger with no bread
鄉愁 — a home I never had
The colder the distance
The brighter it burns
A pull toward a place
That never returns

The dust falls slow as failing stars
Across the kitchen floor
I hold a cup gone cold as stone
And want, and want, and want more
Something old inside the blood
Remembers what it lost
A country with no map or name
And I would pay the cost
No name for what I miss
No shape, no shore, no sound
Only the weight of it
Dragging me to ground

鄉愁 — a hunger with no bread
鄉愁 — a home I never had
The colder the distance
The brighter it burns
A pull toward a place
That never returns

Take the ache. Keep the ache.
It is the only proof
That somewhere far behind the cold
There was a truth
I will not name it. I will not let it go.
I carry it. I carry it.
It is all I know.

鄉愁 — the light that will not land
鄉愁 — the reaching, not the hand
The colder the distance
The brighter it burns
A pull toward a place
That never returns

A pull toward a place
That never returns
That never returns
Never returns

THE FIRST LIGHT (SMALL SUN)

I grew up loved, but kept, but small,
a gentle house, a careful wall.
That warmth was given, safe and mild,
the careful warmth around a child.

But this was not the warmth of home,
not sheltered, given, safe and known —
a heat I chose, a heat I fed,
that woke behind my ribs and spread.

So this is warmth, so this is fire,
so this is what they call desire.
I held it close, I called it mine —
my first, my bright, my burning line.

I didn't know that light goes thin,
I only felt the heat within.
So this is love, I told the dark,
and let it burn against my heart.

We made a summer out of days,
a private sun, a golden haze.
I thought that this was how it stays —
that heat like ours could never fade.

I learned your hands, I learned your name,
I learned the shape of my own flame.
I thought I'd found the thing they meant.
I didn't know it could be spent.

So this is warmth, so this is fire,
so this is what they call desire.
I held it close, I called it mine —
my first, my bright, my burning line.

It didn't break. It didn't tear.
No slamming door, no one to blame.
The fire only lost its air
and cooled to something I can't name.

I woke one day and it was thin,
the warmth no longer holding on —
so soft I couldn't tell you when
the first light of my life was gone.

So that was warmth. So that was fire.
Now I know the feel of it — desire.
It burned right down, it left no scar,
just ash that told me what you were.

I keep the ember, small and cold,
the first I ever chose to hold.
It didn't stay. It wasn't meant.
But now I know the thing it meant.





漂流 (DRIFT)

I gave myself to the pull of the tide,
one more harbor I never meant to keep.
Faces like water, warm on one side,
gone with the morning, lost in the deep.

漂流 — and the shoreline lets me go,
漂流 — where the nameless rivers flow.

Hands that were gentle the length of a night,
lips that said "stay" when they meant "not for long."
I wore my soft edges like armor, like light,
learned to be leaving before I belong.

And I drift, and I drift,
through the salt and the neon and rain,
every arm was a harbor,
every harbor the same.
And I drift, and I drift,
till the water has worn me thin —
no one to arrive at,
no way back in.

I smiled like a stranger, I took like a thief,
gave them my softness and buried my name.
The breakable girl made her breaking a sheath,
a small quiet blade in the frame.

漂流 — and the years become a sea,
漂流 — and I lose the shape of me.

And I drift, and I drift,
through the salt and the neon and rain,
every arm was a harbor,
every harbor the same.
And I drift, and I drift,
till the water has worn me thin —
no one to arrive at,
no way back in.

Then far in the dark, a light that does not move,
not a wave, not a wanting, not another to lose.
A stillness that waits where the water runs slow
and the tide, for the first time,
forgets where to go.

And I stop.
And I stop.
And the drifting lets go.

THREADBOUND (CARPET TIBET)

Freely adapted from "*Ein alter Tibetteppich*" by Else Lasker-Schüler

Your soul, the soul that loves my own,
is woven through mine in the carpet-Tibet.

Ray upon ray, these colors in love,
stars that wooed each other, sky-long.

Our feet come to rest on the precious weave,
a thousand upon thousand knots wide.

Your soul, the soul that loves my own,
is woven through mine in the carpet-Tibet.

Sweet son of the lama on a musk-flower throne,
how long has your mouth been kissing mine,
and cheek to cheek through bright-knotted time?

How long has your mouth been kissing mine,
and cheek to cheek through bright-knotted time?





THE BUDDHIST (亀裂)

Freely adapted from "The Buddhist" by Aleister Crowley (Ananda Vijja)

There never was a face as fair as yours,
a heart as true, a love as pure and keen.
I built my whole religion on that shore,
knelt to a light I thought I'd worship more
than any god that heaven ever weaned.
But something in the stillness struck the hour,
a verdict falling sharp as a thrown dart —
I loved you; tell me, could it ever satisfy
the hunger of my heart?

No, not in you, in vows, or hope is hidden
the cure that heals the wreckage that I am;
I've learned too well how all that's kept or given
alike reveals no pearl beneath the midden,
no key to break the lock, no balm, no dam.
There is no escape from the eternal round,
no rescue in the fire, no truce, no art —
there is no line I've cast that's ever found
the bottom of my heart.

No dawn breaks here; no light of yours can enter
this black I built from loving you too well.
It feeds itself — my own undoing's center,
turns every gentle thing into a splinter,
drives what was kind of me alone to Hell.
This is no private wound I bear apart —
the whole world's rotten, torn down to its part,
and every dying star holds, at its heart,
the horror of my heart.

THE HORROR OF MY HEART.

CUI BONO (WAR)

War
say the word, don't dress it up
not a storm, not a flood, not a thing that just occurs
a room, a table, a pen, a hand
somebody chose this, somebody wanted this

A body in a plastic sheet, one boot on, one boot gone
flies at the edge of a school yard in the sun
a dog that will not leave a pile of stone
a hand still wearing the ring it married in

I never ran, I never hid, I watch it from a chair
and that is exactly why I will not stop

War
who is it for
cui bono, who is warm tonight
War
who gets rich the week the water runs out
somebody signs it, somebody sells it, somebody sleeps
War
who is it for

They call it defence, they call it a response
they call it stability, they call it the hard call
shares went up the day the first roof came down
nobody in that building lost a son

Count the trucks, count the crates, count the freight
count the flags they fold and hand to someone's wife
count the coffins by the meter, count the mothers by the hour
count the money, only the money has a name

War
who is it for
cui bono, who is warm tonight
war
who gets rich the week the water runs out
somebody signs it, somebody sells it, somebody sleeps
War
who is it for

It is not madness, madness is a kind excuse
it is not fate, it is not the will of God
it is greed with a flag stitched over it
it is a man who will never smell the smoke
it is working exactly like they built it
nothing here is broken, nothing here went wrong

War
who is it for
who is warm tonight
War
who is it for

Nobody answers
nobody answers
the ones who ordered it are having lunch
nobody answers

nobody answers





答 (THE ANSWER)

The kettle boils. The town is still on fire.
The water doesn't know. It just runs clear.
A child sleeps through the sirens in the yard —
that's how fast a world gets used to fear.

They plant the fear before they take your sons.
They wrap it in a flag so it feels like love.
They hand you a name for the man on the hill.
The name is the first thing they load.

Not with my hands,
not with my name,
not with the bread I break,
not with the child I raised.
So we say no.

Somebody drives the trucks. Somebody welds.
Somebody signs the paper before dawn.
Nothing they own can move until we move it,
hands in our pockets, and it stalls on its own.

Not with my hands,
not with my name,
not with the bread I break,
not with the child I raised,
and not with my silence.
So we say no.
So we say no.

The boy on the other hill has your own shaking mouth.
The same word sits behind his teeth.
His mother counts the days the way yours does.
We were never each other's war — only each other's excuse.

They need a million yeses to begin.
They have never once begun without us.
Take back the yes.
Take back the yes.

Nobody answered then.
Nobody answered then.
We answer now.
We answer now.

Not with my hands,
not with my name,
not with the bread I break,
not with the child I raised,
and not with my silence,
and not with one more year.
So we say no.
So we say no.

And peace will be a plain thing when it comes:
a kettle, a folded shirt, a light left on,
nothing to fold and hand to someone's wife,
nothing to count in coffins,
nothing left to sell.
And the answer is us.

Not with my hands,
not with my name,
not with the bread I break,
not with the child I raised,
and not with my silence,
and not with one more year.
So we say no.
So we say no.
So we say no.

EPILOG (SENZA TEMPO)

I come the whole way back to here,
past the name, past the door.
Nothing waiting, nothing owed,
just the small drum once more.

No name now. No answer.
No one asking what it cost.
Just the beat. Just the beat.
Just the ...





BEHIND THE NAME (I)

闇雲 響