

NEW RELEASE

RHYME - GOLDSTAR: Unfinished monologues born from dreams



You found me inside the glass ship, Washed up, Hair tangled.  
I spotted you from the stars,  
When I was looking down upon you as your wandering was wondering.  
I had no time, no idea.  
I was Utsuro Bune.  
He was a MURDERER, at the head of the feast.  
And the Night Holder of the Colder Kind struck me, calling from below the stage.  
It was then written, a short poem by an amateur.  
Something I grew up without, followed my soul and made me remember.  
For my Maiden Name was forever changed.  
Yet, tradition would always exist.

GOLDSTAR has washed up in a glass ship on the shore between Japan and the Wild West. Originating from the planet Saturn. It contains the 2nd release: 'Unfinished monologues born from dreams' crafted by poet producer RHYME.

What's consistently unique and true to the GOLDSTAR project is how RHYME layers real life sounds from around her in Japan into the songwriting playing with Lo/Hi-fi purposeful amateurity.

You can hear:

- Sounds of TOKYO crossing beeps
- Japanese UFO video rips
- 5pm megaphone alarm during recordings
- Background leaking headphone noise
- Timed and un-timed monitor feedbacks
- Traffic and clicks recording from inside Tokyo apartments.

She finds the perfect balance of bedroom and high end studio sounds, both showing her highly professional mixing skills and productions but sliding in the real side of her to bring it down to earth. Literally this music feels like out of planetary religious callings.

The songwriting theme is based around Utsuro Bune (a Japanese folklore story about a mysterious foreign girl who washes up on the shore. It has recordings in 3 main texts in history but more recently being argued that it was a potentially real extraterrestrial event that took place in the 1800's on the east coast of Japan) It also ties in time with Marie Antoinette and renaissance pleasures that capture classical and string sounds, experimental glitching beats, extra special arrangements doused in big bass and stoner guitars she programmed.

The music is linked together by lyrical genetics that possess themes of family, relationship, self realization, philosophy and the stars.

GOLDSTAR is an art-piece but also glimpse of the future of singer-songwriting at it's finest.

*Artwork re-created by HVNS  
Mastered by Shinichi Osawa*

日本と西部劇の間にある海岸に、ガラスの船で流れ着いたGOLDSTAR。原産地は土星。2ndリリースを収録。詩人プロデューサーRHYMEによる「夢から生まれた未完成のモノローグ」

GOLDSTARプロジェクトの一貫した特徴は、RHYMEが日本で実際に耳にした音を、Lo/Hi-Fiを駆使したアマチュアリズムで曲作りに取り込んでいることです。

聴いてみてください。

東京の交差点で鳴る音日本のUFOビデオのリッピング。

レコーディング中の午後5時のメガホンのアラーム音。

ヘッドフォンから漏れるバックグラウンドノイズ。タイミングを合わせた、または合わせないモニターのフィードバック、東京のマンション内からの交通音やクリック音などの録音。

ベッドルームとハイエンドなスタジオサウンドの絶妙なバランス、プロフェッショナルなミキシングスキルとプロダクションを見せつつ、彼女のリアルな一面もスライドさせて、地に足の着いた作品に仕上げている。文字通り、この音楽は惑星からの宗教的な呼びかけのように感じられる。

曲作りのテーマは「うつろ舟」（海岸に流れ着いた謎の外国人少女を描いた日本の民話）である。また、マリーアントワネットやルネッサンス期の快樂と結びつき、クラシックやストリングスの音、実験的なグリッチビート、野太いベースとストナーギターを使った特別なアレンジメントを彼女がプログラムしていません。

音楽は、家族、人間関係、自己実現、哲学、星をテーマにした叙情的な要素を指摘に結びつけています。

GOLDSTARは芸術作品であると同時に、シンガーソングライティングの最高峰の未来を垣間見ることがができる。

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[試聴はこちら \(国内向けストリーミング配信\)](#)

[Listen on Japanese streaming services](#)

**No Time No Idea (虚舟)**

私を覚えていますか  
 遥かな昔  
 私はここに来ました  
 ええ、  
 それは  
 私だった  
 グラスの船に乗って  
 あなたたちは  
 私を決して忘れないでしょう  
 うむ  
 私の伝説が戻って来ました  
 虚舟

I'm alone  
 Oh if you say I'm far from home  
 And you know I'm still thinking bout  
 When I told you I'm not around I  
 I'm a taking heed inside the trip  
 No ship ain't gonna make me leave  
 Leave  
 Running fast  
 Leave  
 Do you wish you could return up to the sky  
 The minute of  
 Oh I'm not the worst  
 I'm not the last  
 Running fast

I'm alone  
 Foreign country  
 Not my home  
 With no time  
 Tick tock  
 And no idea  
 Do you wish my dear I would return up to the sky  
 Hiiiiiiighhhh  
 I'm high, pass it around  
 When you're in the crossroads  
 In the moment and you hustle  
 And the movement that you feeling  
 Making obstacles appealing  
 Go on venture  
 Get on tension  
 Change the world with your invention  
 Uh

And you know I'm still thinking bout  
 When I told you I'm not around I  
 I'm a taking heed inside the trip  
 No ship ain't gonna make me leave  
 Leave  
 Running fast  
 Leave  
 Do you wish you could return up to the sky  
 The minute of  
 Oh I'm not the worst  
 I'm not the last  
 Running fast  
 You got this far  
 But it's not over yet  
 In fact, I  
 It's just beginning  
 Reason  
 It's on you

**MARTYR**

I wish I had something  
I wish I had some him  
I'm just a Martyr

He's at the level he's been called to be  
He's sitting at the table  
At the head of the feast  
And the trumpets playing Martyr  
Belief is preaching Martyr  
His head among the Martyr  
Martyr  
He Martyr

He's at the level he's been called to be  
He's sitting at the table  
At the head of the feast  
And the trumpets playing Martyr  
Belief is preaching Martyr  
His head among the Martyr  
Martyr  
He Martyr

He's at the level he's been called to be  
He's sitting at the table  
At the head of the feast  
And the trumpets playing Martyr  
Belief is preaching Martyr  
His head among the Martyr

Martyr  
He Martyr

Ahhh  
I wish I had something  
Ahhh  
I wish I had some him

Martyr  
He's just a Martyr  
Martyr  
Him  
I'm just the Mother

Martyr  
In the sheets I'm Holy  
Holy  
I'm Holy

## Light Holder of a Colder Kind

There was  
A girl of patience  
What a  
Cheap  
Realization

You know  
Her from the comic clone  
And desalinator from the  
Salt to sweet

You know your life is destined  
For hear  
Your music shifts the gear  
So  
Lay your head  
On the guillotine  
Axe swing a scream  
Madame Antoinette  
Can't see her hair where it landed and  
Bottles and bottles  
Can't drown out the longing  
For longing you know won't solve the  
P-p-problem  
And she's  
Falling  
F-f-falling from her throne and  
I'm a light holder  
Of the  
C-c-c-colder kind

So you  
Left behind  
Dark an alley  
In Tokyo  
I swear I waited  
For a candle leading me when I  
Mm washed up  
虚船 (うつろぶね)  
砂を洗い流した  
UFO彼女は彼らと一緒に寝た  
but  
They slept apart and she left  
F-f-forever  
Floating  
F-f-floating far from home  
And  
I'm a light holder  
Of a  
C-c-c colder kind

This patience  
P-p-p patience  
Ohhhh  
She's waiting  
W-w-w-f-f-fading  
For the fame



**a short poem by an amateur**

Music  
Life  
Before I can't count on  
Nervous  
Until the same room  
Every word is few  
I try to keep it short  
I'm just an amateur  
I'm just an amateur

I  
I consider myself a comfortable women  
Uncomfortable now when without

And I'm just an amateur  
But that's the best kind of provocateur

We call ourselves comfortable already  
With promises to keep the other comforted

I'll try to keep it short  
I'm just an amateur  
But that is the  
I'm just an Amateur  
That's the best kind of provocateur

Songs that need singing  
Singing held us  
All or nothing  
It might be short  
But long time coming

Suspense eats the appetite  
And craving is a calling  
Calling eats the sleep  
And the time blocks a wall in

We're not over

I never done this shit before  
I guess it's a  
I guess a virgins song allure  
Be a poem for an Amateur

Is that why you came boy  
After you came boy  
Cause you want some  
Not for the song

I guess I  
We're not over  
I never done this shit before  
Be a poem for an amateur  
I guess a virgins amateur

**Something I grew up without (Dad)**

Surreal  
Curiosity  
Like a plum picked from an apple tree  
There were somethings  
Somethings  
Somethings  
I learnt without you

But the most things  
Most things  
Most things  
We're missing you  
Something I grew up with  
Something I grew up without  
Dad

Da-Da-Da  
Dad  
Something I'll grow up without  
Someone I'll grow up with Dad  
Someone I'll grow up without  
Dad

Well if there's something I'll grow up with  
Is that you taught me to question everything in front of  
My eyes  
So why don't you take the same advice  
Instead of  
Running Blind  
Injecting the cool aid  
You were once so cool  
Aye  
And you'll be someone he or she will grow up without  
You'll be someone they grow up without

If we're all stone stuck skipping edge  
Can I get to the part you're not there  
Dead

There were somethings  
Somethings  
Somethings  
I learnt without you

But the most things  
Most things  
Most things  
We're missing you  
Something I grew up with  
Something I grew up without  
Dad

Da-Da-Da  
Dad  
Something I'll grow up without  
Someone I'll grow up with  
That I'll grow up without  
Dad

You hear me now  
Do you hear me now  
Father Father I have to dispute  
This girl has daddy issues  
At least show a girl who wears the wig of the family  
That if you'll jump you'll...

**Maiden Name (Tradition)**

Up here in the sky  
Scape a lo-fi stoner cage you and

Up here in the sky  
Scape a lo-fi stoner cage you and I

My maiden name ain't to be taken  
For granted in this town of  
Holy  
Tradition  
Tradition

I saw it with my own eyes  
二十三日、二月  
アイ  
常陸  
海  
彼女  
喋れない  
でも  
知りたい文章は  
兎園小説  
漂流紀集  
梅の塵  
どうぞ  
自分で読んでみて

This record of Goldstar  
You looking at you see  
While Utsuro Bune floating out at sea  
Curls dropping down this wig  
Be the chrome aliens

Up here in the sky  
Scape a lo-fi stoner cage you and I  
You and I

My maiden name ain't to be  
Fucked with  
I come from the planet  
What if  
You never looked up to the stars  
And realised that you're apart of  
Tradition Tradition Tradition Tradition Tradition Tradition Tradition Tradition

Alone  
In this  
Apart  
Ment  
It was meant to be  
Temporary  
Kept by  
Phew  
Woah  
No  
I guess it's back



NEW RELEASE

To my  
Maiden name  
Phew  
Woah  
No  
I guess it's back  
It's back to my  
Maiden name  
We took too long  
We took too long  
To leave  
Sweat on my sleeve  
Together was a plan in the Porsche  
Hit a friend  
But  
Phew  
Woah  
No  
I guess  
It's back to my  
Maiden name  
It's back to my  
Maiden name  
It's back to my  
Maiden name  
And it's back to my  
Maiden name  
All I got  
Of us  
And all I got is a photo frame  
Of us  
And all I got is a photo frame  
Is waiting for  
Of us  
It's back to my  
Maiden name  
All I got is a photo frame  
Of us

Call for Me, Drop Like Curls do Naturally



RESONANCE

