

Living Shape



Giuntru

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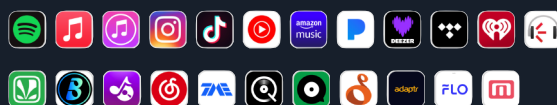
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A Note Still Changing Shape

Some things do not disappear
when they become quiet.

They change weight.
They change temperature.
They learn another way to move.

This album follows that movement.

Not as a return. Not as a resolution. More like a form
trying to stay alive without staying the same.

There is light here,
but it does not always comfort.

Sometimes it opens.
Sometimes it exposes.
Sometimes it arrives too clearly,
and the room changes shape around it.

The sound moves between old and new surfaces:
classical memory, electronic pressure, clean voices,
unstable harmonies, beauty with something wrong
inside it.

Nothing breaks completely.
Nothing remains untouched.

There is still tenderness,
but it has learned contrast.

There is still motion,
but it carries resistance.

And near the end,
something steps away.

Not to leave.
Not to forgive.
Only to see differently.

What remains
has not become simpler.

It has become vivid.
Unstable.
Alive.

A living shape.

Still Moving

I thought the quiet had settled in
Like dust on an ordinary day
But nothing was still

Not really

There was a pulse in the corner
A line under the skin
A small kind of signal
Finding its way back in

Not loud
Not obvious
Not asking me
To call it by name

Just a shift in the air
And the room rearranged

It moves different now
But it moves
Not gone
Just changed
It learned another way

To stay alive

It didn't come back
Like something returning
No open door
No dramatic light

It slipped through the glass
Before morning was ready
Made the table warmer
Made the shadows less tight

I felt it in the body
Before I had words
In the way my hands
Started making again

A thought became rhythm
A trace became colour
And silence stopped feeling
Like the end of a sentence

Some things we carry
Do not become weight

They change how we notice
They change what we make

What was real
Doesn't stay real
By standing still

It bends
It moves
It finds new will

It moves different now
But it moves
Not gone
Just changed
It learned another way

To stay alive

Not behind me
Not ahead
Inside the living shape
It moves

Inside the living shape

It stays alive

After The Dark

I came after the dark
With the dark still on me
Not like a weight
More like electricity

Old stone in the speakers
New light in the floor
A bell somewhere broken
Still asking for more

The room kept flashing
Like a memory glitch

Half holy
Half switch
I was not going backwards
I was not getting free

I was learning what the shadow
Had become in me

After the dark
The body still moves
After the dark
The light feels new

Not clean
Not ruined
Not saved
Not lost
Just alive
With a beautiful cost

There was joy in the wrong place
A smile in the wire
A sweet little melody
Walking through fire

The organs were breathing
Like machines in a dream
And the beat made the old world
Lean into the screen

I heard something ancient
Under polished glass
Not asking to stay
Not willing to pass

A ritual in neon
A prayer in the bass
A future with a gothic
Aftertaste

Lux in motu
Forma vivit

Then the room came back
But it came back strange

Same pulse
New frame
Same dark
New name

Some things don't leave us
The way people say
They enter the rhythm
They alter the day

They make the present
A little less clean

More alive
More seen

What was night
Doesn't vanish in light
It learns a new colour
And keeps moving inside

After the dark
The body still moves
After the dark
The light feels new

Not clean
Not ruined
Not saved
Not lost
Just alive
With a beautiful cost

After the dark
I don't turn back
I carry the shimmer
At the edge of the black

The Shape It Chose

I thought I would know it
When it finally came
A clean little answer
With a beautiful name

But it leaned out of focus
It refused to be aligned
A little out of place
A little too alive

Not soft
Not hard
Not shadow
Not flame

More like a strange face
I could not stop seeing

This is the shape it chose
Not beautiful at first
Not easy to explain

A little out of line
But impossible to leave

Gentle Gravity

Strange under light
Uneven and alive

Still becoming
Still becoming

The flute moved first
Like a thought in the air
Then the guitar answered
From somewhere unclear

No anger
No blade
Just two strange lines

Refusing to fade

The keys opened slowly
Like a signal from far
Something ancient
Wearing something new

Some things become living
By losing their frame
What changed its form
Did not disappear

It chose another surface
And stayed moving here

This is the shape it chose
Not beautiful at first
Not easy to explain

A little out of line
But impossible to leave

Strange under light
Uneven and alive

Still becoming
Still choosing

I did not feel it falling
I felt it call
Not from above
Not from below

More like a circle
Learning my name
A pull in the air
That did not need weight

Old green in the wires
A breath in the ground
A low little rhythm
Without making sound

Not spell
Not prayer
Not myth
Not chain

Just something ancient
Moving through change

Gentle gravity
Not holding me down
Only turning the body
Toward what still sounds

Gentle gravity
Soft but alive
A quiet pull
From the other side

The flute came slowly
Like mist over stone
The drum stayed low
Like a heart under bone

A harp line flickered
Then opened the view
As if the old world
Was learning something new

No bright folk dancing
No storybook light
Just a strange little beauty
Walking through night

I did not resist it
I did not obey
I let it bend me
A different way

Come closer
Not too close

Turn softly
Through the green
Fear is only
Light unseen

Still turning
Still alive

Then the air came closer
Not heavy
Not kind
Just true

Some things keep moving
By learning to pull
Not with force
Not with sorrow

But with something full
They enter the step
The hand
The breath
They make a new orbit
From what once left

Gentle gravity
Not holding me down
Only turning the body
Toward what still sounds

Gentle gravity
Soft but alive
A quiet pull
From the other side

Come closer
Not too close

Still turning
Still alive

Still turning
Still near

Still alive

Living Shape

It did not walk straight
It never learned how
It came through the fire
With a different kind of mouth

A little torn rhythm
A little bright scar
A body made of roads
Under broken neon stars

Not clean
Not calm
Not asking for grace
Just heat in the outline
And light in the face

The room grew taller
The air turned thin
Something almost holy
Let the terror in

This is a living shape
It bends
It burns
It breaks the frame
And still returns

This is a living shape
Wild but clear
Too alive
To disappear

The guitars spoke softly
But never lost breath

Old road
New fire
No border could keep it
No name could behave
Not gentle
Not cruel
Not lost
Not tame

Just a moving form
With an impossible name

Mercy in the wire
Light under the flame
Do not call it fear
It remembers your name

Then the city flickered
Not broken
Not whole

Just bright enough
To lose control

Some things survive
By refusing the line
They change in the body
They change in the time

They enter the timing
The dust
The reply
They make a new language
Where old meanings die

This is a living shape
It bends
It burns

It breaks the frame
And still returns

This is a living shape
Wild but clear

Too alive
To disappear

Not fixed
Not finished

Still becoming

That Is What Light Does

I used to think light
Was a gentle thing
A clean little mercy
Entering

But light has rules
Light has teeth
It touches the surface
Then cuts underneath

The room looked perfect
Almost kind

White on the table
White in the mind
Just everything shining
A little too much

Light opens
Shape remains
The eye is awake
Nothing is safe

That is what light does
It does not forgive
It shows the shape
Of what still lives

That is what light does

It cuts
It names
It makes the hidden
Stand inside the flame

The truth came dressed
In perfect white
With clean little hands
And a terrible light

It said good morning
It said be still
It polished the wound
Until it looked real

Stand in the light
Stay very still
Everything shines
When it wants to kill

I froze
Then I saw

The room knew more
Than I knew before
No mercy in the brightness
No darkness to blame

Only the body
Remembering its name

The altar was only
A table in white
The miracle only
A wound with more light

Not evil
Not pure

Not wrong
Not right

Just a little blade
Made out of light

The room kept shining
Too clean
Too near

And what I called terror
Was only seeing clear

That is what light does
It does not forgive
It shows the shape
Of what still lives

Not darkness
Not mercy

Only light

It Moved With Me

I did not move on
I learned the shape
Of carrying

I gave it silence
I gave it distance
I gave it every name
That sounded clean

But it did not stay behind
It did not become past
It changed its weight
Changed its voice

Changed the place
Where it lived in me

Not as a wound
Not only
Not as a ghost
Not only

More like a second pulse
Under the first
A light that hurt
And still kept breathing

Still moving
Still breathing
Changed in shape
Still near me

It moved with me
Not behind
Not ahead

It moved with me
Through the hand
Through the breath
I did not leave it
I did not win
It found another way
To live within

I wanted justice
I wanted sense
One clean line
Between what happened
And what remained

But life kept moving
Without asking why
And I kept moving
With it inside

Do not erase
Do not explain
What enters deep
Returns as shape

So I stopped calling it
An ending
Stopped asking it
To disappear

Not forgiven
Not forgotten
Not released
Not restored

Just carried forward
Changed in form

It moved with me
Not behind
Not ahead

It moved with me
Through the hand
Through the breath
I did not leave it

I did not win
It found another way
To live within

And maybe later
From another room
I will see the shape
Without the wound

It moved with me

Until I could see it

Body Of Light

I thought the light
Would stay outside
On the wall
On the glass

But it came closer
Than a colour should
Under the skin
Where the old blood stood

Not soft
Not clean
Not only bright

A quiet pressure
Turning left inside
The body answered
Before I knew

One small tremor
Then the room bent too

Enter the breath
Enter the bone
Nothing is empty
Nothing alone

This is the body of light
Not above me
Not apart

It moves through the hand
It moves through the heart

Warm and strange
Too close to name
Too wrong to change

The piano moved softly
Like heat under glass
One bright chord arrived
From a different past

The bass leaned sideways
The brushes stayed low
And every small silence
Had nowhere to go

Not a ghost
Not a god
Not a voice from the sky

Just the shape of the light
Teaching the body to lie

Hold the flame
Do not run
What enters the body
Has already begun

I felt no border
Between wound and sign
No clean division
Between pulse and shrine

The altar was breathing
The machine had skin
And every bright thing
Wanted to get in

Not holy
Not human
Not false
Not true

Just light with a body
Moving through

This is the body of light
Not above me
Not apart

It moves through the hand
It moves through the heart

Warm and strange
Too close to name

Too wrong to change

Not outside
Not after

Inside