Thunder in Her Bones
A Journey Through Fire, Storms, and the Fierce Rebirth of the Self.
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“The Phoenix must Burn to Emerge.”

— *Janet Fitch*

This album is a modern myth. The story of a woman who walks into the fire of her own life to be forged anew. It is a lived process recorded in vocal cracks, guitar smears, and lyrical residue.

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Fire as an Inward Crucible

“You wanted me small
But I swallowed the pain
It made me bigger, it made me bright
I’m a wildfire burning through your night”

Here, pain is not an end. It is the raw material for transformation. The songs insist that what burns must also teach, reframing heartbreak as the necessary fuel for a new self.

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The Nomadic Protagonist

The journey is not aimless. Roaming becomes a moral choice and a rite of passage.
The wanderer is driven by an inner compass that prefers truth to comfort.

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Landscape as Character and Witness

By invoking Southern Gothic hues, the album aligns itself with a tradition that can hold both beauty and monstrousness in the same frame.

The land—mesas, highways, badlands—watches, remembers, and shapes the journey. It becomes the immune system of the record.

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Survival as Defiance

I won’t apologize
For the way I survive
I won’t apologize
For being alive

The wandering is an active, dangerous, and unapologetic fight for existence, dancing on the razor’s edge where life is most keenly felt.

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The Coming Storm
> Ask the storm where it goes
> Ask the rain what it knows
In this story, storms do more than threaten; they reveal. They clear the air and expose the truths necessary for a new path, positioning the listener as an apprentice in weather literacy: to read the clouds is to read one's own heart.

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A Moral and Emotional Earthquake

"Thunder marks the moment the protagonist's private world collides with a larger, uncontrollable element... sudden, unavoidable, and often purifying."

This is the moment of moral reckoning, elevating personal drama to an elemental scale.

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“From Victim to Force of Nature” in Cormorant Garamond
I’m a flood, baby
Can’t hold me back
When I break, when I break
Everything goes black
The protagonist internalizes the storm’s power. She is no longer merely surviving the elements; she has become one.
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The Chains Were Always in Your Head

“She said ride, ride

Through the fire and the flood
Got lightning in your blood
You’re living but you ain’t dead

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A Fierce New Form
The path is cracked and bleeding
But I’m ready for the fall
Indigo rising
Rising through it all
Rebirth isn’t a perfect restoration. It is the integration of scars into a new, more complex, and powerful identity.

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A woman who is broken, burned, baptized, and on the move ... . . . The record does not offer tidy redemption so much as a lived promise: that through flames and floods and the miles between, a self can be reclaimed and made fierce and luminous anew.”

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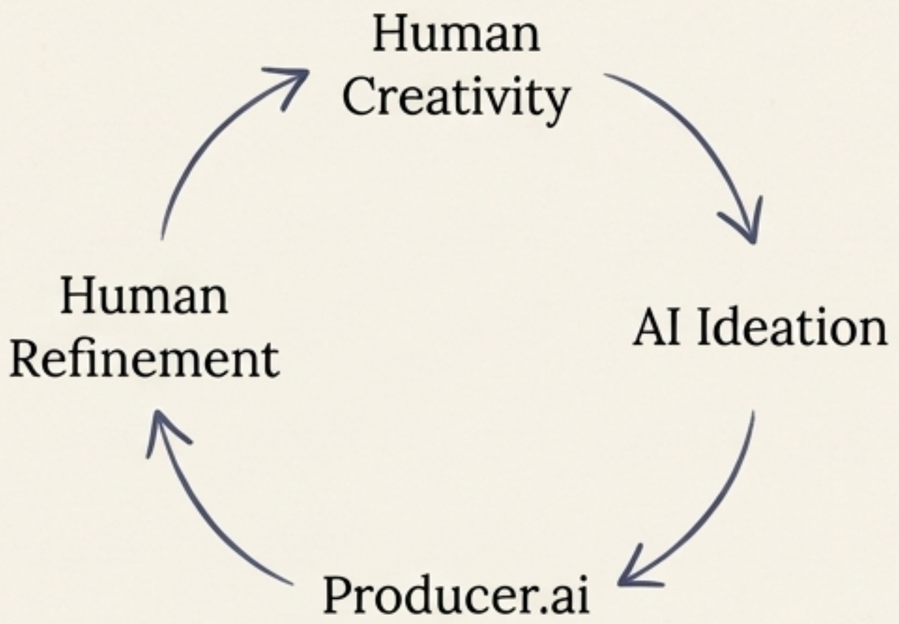
Forged by Human-AI Collaboration



Process: Human, ChatGPT.com, Meta.ai, Producer.ai
DAW: Audacity 3.7.5
OS: Linux (Ubuntu 25.10)

This myth wasn't found; it was built. A testament to a new model of artistry where technology serves as a creative partner in crafting meaning.

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TATΛNKA

Music Meets Mission™

"Let us put our minds together and see what life we can make for our children." — Sitting Bull, Lakota Sioux Chief

TATANKA is more than a music project.
It is an exploration of art, technology, and purpose.

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Listen Now

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