



THE MIND THAT MAKES THE WORLD

Twelve Songs of the Supreme Yoga

LIBRETO

MUSIC AND LYRICS BY LUIS MIGUEL GALLARDO

WORLD HAPPINESS PRESS



THE MIND THAT MAKES THE WORLD

Twelve Songs of the Supreme Yoga

LIBRETO — THE LITTLE BOOK OF THE SONGS

Music and Lyrics by

LUIS MIGUEL GALLARDO

*Companion to the album, to the book The Mind That Makes the World:
The Supreme Yoga, the Healing Trance, and the Path to Fundamental
Peace (World Happiness Press), and to the paper The Supreme Yoga
and the Science of Suggestion (WHF Research Lab, DOI 10.68220/
whf.2026.001).*

WORLD HAPPINESS PRESS



Yatha drishti, tatha srishti.

As the seeing, so the world.



A WORD BEFORE THE MUSIC

Every album is a house of doors. This one was built from a book, which was built from a paper, which was built from a text nearly a thousand years old — and that text says of itself that it is a story inside a story, told so that the listener may wake inside the telling.

The Yoga Vāsiṣṭha does not argue you into freedom. It sings you there. Its sixty-four tales are not illustrations of the teaching; they are the teaching — the oldest and gentlest technology of transformation we have, the story that slips past the guards of the mind and plants its seed in the dark, where seeds belong. A millennium before anyone spoke of the healing trance, this text already knew: the imagination that binds us is the imagination that frees us. The dream runs both ways.

These twelve songs continue that method by the most honest means available — melody, breath, and mantra. Each song gives a voice to one of the great figures of the text: the poet who writes the world, the prince who sees through it, the sage who answers him, two queens, two kings, a Brahmin, an immortal crow, a ladder of light, a river coming home, and — at the end — peace itself. The album's crown is the eighth song, which belongs to Cūḍālā: the queen who awoke first, and who became, disguised as a young sage, the tradition's own healer.

And running beneath all twelve, like the tanpura beneath the melody, is the book. Each song is a door into one of its rooms. This libreto tells you which door, and what waits inside.



HOW TO LISTEN

Listen the way you would enter water: slowly, and all the way.

The songs are in order — they trace the arc of the text, from a prince's despair to fundamental peace — but any door opens the same house. You may begin anywhere. You may stay anywhere.

Let the mantras do what mantras do. They are not decoration. They are the oldest suggestions in the world, polished by millions of mouths across thousands of years until nothing is left of them but light. When a mantra returns in a song, breathe with it. Let it say you, instead of you saying it.

You are allowed to close your eyes. You are allowed to sing. And at the end of each entry in this libretto you will find a single line in italics — a seed to carry into your day. Take it the way the text intends every one of its stories to be taken: not as information, but as *bhāvanā* — an imagining held long enough, and kindly enough, to become true.

THE SHAPE OF THE JOURNEY

The album walks the book's three great movements.

Songs 1–10 live in **Part One — the stories**: the frame, the prince and the sage, Līlā, Lavaṇa and his sister-tale Gādhi, Bhuśuṇḍa, Cūḍālā and Śikhidhvaja, and the ladder of the seven stages. - **Song 11** crosses into **Part Two — the healing trance**: the forgotten lineage of Faria, Bengal, and the yogi under the winter ground, and the act of returning a science to its source. - **Song 12** opens **Part Two's summit and all of Part Three**: Fundamental Peace, the Four Gifts, the forty-day path — liberation not from life, but into it.



TRACK ONE

The Story Within the Story

Vālmiki, the poet of the frame



Before the teaching, the telling. A poet closes his eyes at daybreak and writes a river, a mountain, a prince with heavy eyes, a sage whose voice is morning — and then does the thing only the greatest tellers dare: he steps inside his own sunrise. The Yoga Vāsishṭha opens this way, as a story handed from teller to teller like a lamp passed down a dark stairway, each hand adding no light and losing none.

This first song is the threshold. A drone, a bell, a low voice close to your ear — and the quiet revelation the whole tradition rests on: you are not outside the story, listening in. You are in it. You always were. The ocean is singing itself as wave, and one of its waves is wearing your name.

IN THE BOOK. The Prologue — where the book confesses its own method. It, too, is a nested tale: a companion that takes your hand at the door and walks you inward, room by room, until the house turns out to be you.

THE MANTRA. *Om* — the seed-syllable, the door standing open; and *Om Shanti Shanti Shanti*, peace spoken three times: for the body, for the mind, for the world they share.



Carry this: You are the story, and the one it is being told to.



TRACK TWO

The Prince Who Saw Through the World

Rāma, and the sacred disillusionment

— ◆ —

A prince comes home from pilgrimage carrying the strange illness that precedes all wisdom. He has seen too clearly: youth is a guest of morning, wealth is a wave that leaves, and the river swallows kingdoms without chewing. Nothing he can hold will stay held. His court calls it melancholy. The tradition calls it *vairāgya* — dispassion — and honors it as the first rung of the ladder, the ache that empties the hands so the hands can finally open.

The song falls and then turns. Cello and sarangi carry the grief; the voice is young and fragile — and then, in the third verse, something shifts. The emptiness becomes a doorway. The ashes hide a light. Because — and the book is careful about this, as the paper is careful — this is disillusionment with the automatic mind, not with life. The prince is not turning away from the world. He is turning, for the first time, toward what never leaves.

IN THE BOOK. The opening movement of Part One, where Rāma lays his questions at the sage's feet — the questions every reader has carried into the book without knowing it — and where the book makes its quiet promise: the ache itself is a compass, and it points home.

THE MANTRA. *Neti neti* — “not this, not this” — the lantern of subtraction. Not the crown, not the body, not the thought about the thought. Whatever can be watched is not the watcher.



Carry this: Let the ache be a compass.



TRACK THREE

Mind Alone

The Sage's Answer

Vasiṣṭha, the teacher at dawn

— ◆ —

The sage does not comfort the prince. He does something far kinder: he tells him the truth. The world you fear, child of dawn, is woven — and the loom is mind. Every prison you have ever paced was built by the same power that can un-build it. This is the teaching the whole text turns on, older than the text itself: mind alone is the cause of bondage and of liberation. Turn the maker toward the making, and the making changes.

And then the second gift, just as radical: self-effort over fate. What we call destiny, the sage says, is only yesterday's effort wearing a mask; row, and the current answers. The song carries this in a warm baritone over sitar and tabla, sunrise music, a teacher who has all the time in the world because he is no longer in it — and at its center, chanted slow and clear, the ancient shloka itself.

IN THE BOOK. The heart of Part One's teaching, where the book lays out mind as world-maker and self-effort as the oar — quoting the old public-domain renderings, so the reader hears the text in voices a century old. And the bridge of this song is the oldest classroom prayer on Earth: teacher and student asking, together, to be protected together, nourished together, never divided — the same prayer that opens every true transmission, including the one between these pages and you.

THE MANTRA. *Mana eva manushyanam karanam bandha-mokṣayoh* — mind alone binds, mind alone frees; and *Om Saha Navavatu* — the vow of teacher and student, sung as one breath.



Carry this: Turn the maker toward the making.



TRACK FOUR

The Universe in a Room

Queen Līlā and the Goddess Sarasvatī



A queen sits beside her husband's stillness and will not let the lamp go out. Instead of mourning, she does the most extraordinary thing in the whole of world literature: she calls the goddess of wisdom by her first name and asks to see where her beloved has gone. And Sarasvatī, who never refuses a sincere question, teaches her to fly — not with wings, but with thought, because thought is the only wing anyone has ever needed.

What Līlā finds is the text's deepest secret, delivered not as doctrine but as a journey: her husband is dreaming an entire creation inside a space smaller than a mustard seed — and that creation is as vast, as solid, as tear-stained and sunlit as her own. Worlds within worlds within a world. A palace folded in a room. Each life as real as any other; each real only as it is believed. The song floats the way she flies: two women's voices, harp and veena, a duet suspended in mid-air, wonder answering wisdom line by line.

IN THE BOOK. The Līlā chapter of Part One — the chapter where the book learns to fly. There the story is told in full, and there its gentle, staggering implication is unfolded: a world is a belief, faithfully kept. Which means the beliefs you keep are quietly building the world you will wake in tomorrow.

THE MANTRA. *Om Aim Saraswatyai Namaha* — salutation to Sarasvatī, wisdom herself; the syllable *Aim* is her seed, the sound of insight arriving.



Carry this: Whatever you believe completely becomes a sky.



TRACK FIVE

A Lifetime in a Moment

King Lavaṇa and the illusionist



A stranger walks into a king's court with peacock feathers and eyes of smoke, raises a wand of woven horsehair — and while the lamp barely flickers, the king lives sixty years. He falls from the throne into famine, weds his sorrow, loses the names he loves to the rain. Then he wakes, on his own throne, in his own moment, and the court has not even finished its indrawn breath. And here the ancient authors add the detail that makes this the most precise pre-modern description of trance ever written: down the road, the other life is there. Real as morning. Warm as bread. It knew his name.

The song is built like the spell — a rolling, hypnotic groove that slips into dreamlike half-time, a storyteller's voice, time stretching like water. But its heart is the bridge, where the story turns from marvel to medicine: if grief can be dreamt this deeply, then so can grace. The spell that bound can unbind. The dream runs both ways in the night — and knowing this is the beginning of every healing.

IN THE BOOK. The Lavaṇa chapter of Part One, and its long echo in Part Two — because what the illusionist did in the court is what the healing trance does in the clinic: time dissolves, identity loosens, and the mind proves how completely it can inhabit what it imagines. The book's wager, and the paper's, is simply this: let that same power work for us.

THE MANTRA. *So Ham* — “I am That.” Beyond all my lifetimes, dreamt or waking, I am the one in whom the lifetimes rise.



Carry this: If sorrow can be dreamt this deeply, so can grace.



TRACK SIX

The Pool

Gādhī, the Brahmin of the waters

Lavaṇa's sister-story, quieter and closer to the skin. A Brahmin kneels at dusk to make the evening offering — one cupped hand of water — and the surface opens like a doorway. He comes up in other lands, wearing a life that isn't his: he begs, he feasts, he is crowned, he learns the taste of stranger tears. Whole years pass beneath the surface. Then he rises — before the ripples have even closed. And once more the tale insists on its uncanny signature: walking the waking roads afterward, he finds the village that knew his other name.

The ancient authors were not collecting illusions. They were asking the one question that makes them the first clinicians: does what happens in the depths endure? Does change made in absorption hold when we surface? The song answers the way the text answers — with water. Guitar like ripples, a low flute, the sound of the pool itself, and a mantra that is a conversation: the question and its answer sharing a single breath.

IN THE BOOK. Gādhī swims beside Lavaṇa in the same waters — the book's exploration of absorption and its afterlife, where the paper sets the two tales side by side as the tradition's own experiments in the durability of transformation. Two worlds, both stitched of the same seeing; two rivers from a single rain.

THE MANTRA. *Ko Ham? So Ham.* — “Who am I? I am That.” The oldest inquiry and the oldest homecoming, asked and answered on the in-breath and the out.



Carry this: You are the water, not the wearing.



TRACK SEVEN

The Crow at the Edge of Time

Bhuṣuṇḍa, the immortal witness



On a tree at the edge of heaven lives a crow who has outlasted everything. He has watched mountains soften and oceans trade their beds; he has counted kingdoms in the thousands and watched suns go out like evening candles. When the deluge comes, he folds his wings inside the Om; when a new dawn draws the outlines, he breathes, and the worlds are drawn back home. Asked the secret of his endurance, he gives the least dramatic and most important answer in the entire text: the breath. Attention riding the breath — in, and out, the only road.

This is the text's own induction procedure, a thousand years before anyone used the phrase: *prāṇa* as the anchor by which consciousness is stabilised. The song honors it literally. Fifty beats per minute — the tempo of a resting heart. A voice ancient and warm as weathered stone. The breath itself as percussion, and a mantra paced exactly to your breathing, so that by the second chorus the song is not something you are hearing. It is something you are doing.

IN THE BOOK. The Bhuṣuṇḍa chapter of Part One — and, truthfully, all of Part Three, because every practice in the book begins where the crow begins. Before the stories, before the stages, before any suggestion is planted: the swan of breath, *Ham-Sa*, the mantra you have been repeating since your first minute on Earth without ever being taught.

THE MANTRA. *Ham-Sa / So Ham* — the swan of the breath. *Ham* on the in-breath, *Sa* on the out; listen long enough and it reverses into *So Ham* — “I am That” — the breath confessing what you are.



Carry this: In... out... remain.



TRACK EIGHT · THE ALBUM'S CROWN

Queen of Both Worlds

Cūḍālā's Song

The album's crown — the queen who awoke first

Everyone said the truth lives past the river — in caves, on peaks, wherever silent hermits stay. Cūḍālā found it pouring through her mornings: crowned, and in the common day. She is the great scandal and the great glory of the Yoga Vāsiṣṭha — a reigning queen who attains full liberation first, before her husband, before the hermits, without leaving the palace, the council, or the bread. Awake inside her living. Light in every limb. And when the stillness ripens into power, she rises on wings that thought has woven and asks no one's permission to fly.

Then comes the part that makes her, in the paper's own words, the tradition's clinician. Her husband Śikhidhvaja, hungry for the truth she already embodies, mistakes the road for leaving — he renounces the kingdom and flees to the forest, giving up the gold but keeping the “I.” She could correct him. She does something wiser. She unbraids her crown and her beauty and walks into his forest as Kumbha, a radiant young sage — meeting him inside his own world, speaking in stories he can hold, testing him gently, letting him burn his hut of holiness to find the gold beyond the gold, and withdrawing the moment his realization stands on its own. Meet the seeker where he stands; teach through story; verify in experience; hand the work back. Every healer who has ever truly healed has walked in her footsteps — most without knowing her name.

Her song is the album's summit: a mezzo-soprano in full flight, drums like thunder over silk, a key change that lifts like her own ascent, and a declaration that needs no witness — Aham Brahmasmi. The sun asks no one leave to shine.

IN THE BOOK. The Cūḍālā chapter of Part One — and then, secretly, all of Part Three. For the eight-phase path of the book’s final movement is her method written down for our hands: the whole YVH protocol takes her as its model. When you walk the forty days, you are walking behind a queen.

THE MANTRAS. *Aham Brahmasmi* — “I am the Infinite,” the mahāvākya spoken as a woman’s own realization; and *Shivo Ham* — “I am peace itself, the auspicious one.”



Carry this: Rule, and be free. Love, and be light.



TRACK NINE

The Gold Beyond the Gold

King Śikhidhvaja, answered by Cūḍālā



He did everything right, and it was not enough. He gave the treasury to beggars and the palace to the wind; he kept a bowl, a mat, a fire — and kept, hidden inside the keeper, the one possession that matters: the little “mine,” the quiet “no,” the renouncer proudly renouncing. Until a young sage with strangely familiar eyes finds him in the forest and asks the question that undoes him: what have you abandoned, if you are still the one who is wise?

The bowl goes into the river. And then the veil drops, and the king’s teacher is wearing his lover’s face — the truth had walked beside him always, patient as dawn, disguised as grace. This is the tenderest recognition scene in world scripture, and the song gives it what it asks for: a duet. His earthy baritone, her soaring voice returning from the previous track, campfire intimacy opening into sunrise. And her invitation, which is the whole teaching of liberation-in-life in two lines: come home — the crown will not defile you; come home — the world is also true. They return. They reign with open hands. Freedom reigns through them.

IN THE BOOK. The same great chapter of Part One, and the final movement of Part Three — the handover. Because Vasiṣṭha’s way and Cūḍālā’s way end identically: the teacher steps back, the practice becomes yours, and the last surrender is not of the kingdom but of the king.

THE MANTRA. *Tat Tvam Asi* — “Thou art That” — the mahāvākya as only a beloved can say it: not instruction, but recognition.



Carry this: The last possession is the “mine.”



TRACK TEN

Seven Rungs of Light

The jñāna-bhūmikās — the ladder of the stages

The text is tender with beginners: it gives us a map. Seven stages of knowledge, seven rungs of one ladder — and the marvelous joke hidden at the top, which the song tells you in its first breath: when you arrive, no climber is left at all.

Shubheccha, the good desire — a longing that wakes before the sunrise. Vicharana, the inquiry — the question carried like a lantern. Tanumanasa — the mind grown thin as morning cloud, old habits loosening thread by thread. Sattvapatti, the dawn of being — the first true awakening, where, the model says, the healing garden grows. Asamsakti — action with honey-fingers, nothing sticking. Padartha-bhavana — the world one taste of shining mind. And Turyaga — the fourth, beyond waking, dream, and sleep: the always, the arrived.

The song climbs as it names them — each stage a step, the energy lifting, a choir turning the seven Sanskrit names into a ladder you can sing — and its chorus carries the ladder's secret physics: climb by resting, rise by releasing. Every rung is made of you.

IN THE BOOK. The ladder chapter of Part One, and the spine of the whole architecture — for this is the left-hand column of the YVH model itself, the seven stages aligned with the depths of the healing trance, with sattvāpatti marked as the garden where most of the work is done. The eight phases of Part Three climb this ladder in practice, one kind step at a time.

THE MANTRA. The seven names themselves — *Shubheccha*, *Vicharana*, *Tanumanasa*, *Sattvapatti*, *Asamsakti*, *Padartha-bhavana*, *Turyaga* — chanted in ascent, resolving into a single Om.



Carry this: Climb by resting; rise by releasing.



TRACK ELEVEN

Return the River

The forgotten lineage

This is the album's act of gratitude, and its act of justice. The science of the healing trance did not begin where the textbooks say it began. Its founding insight — that the power sleeps within the sleeper, not in any master's hand or iron wand — crossed the ocean in the coat of a son of Goa, the Abbé Faria, who watched thousands enter lucid sleep and concluded that the door was always on the inside. Its first great harvest of healing was gathered in Bengal courtyards, where trance was medicine and where the hands that helped — hands of the land — were left out of the books that kept the treasure. And the first meeting of the new science with yoga came when a northern surgeon read, astonished, of a yogi's wintered breath, and recognized in that stillness not a miracle but a mastery: attention, gathered to a single point, changing what the body is willing to do.

The song walks this journey in sound — a nylon guitar with a hint of fado longing for the sailor from Goa, baul folk textures for Bengal, harmonium and strings gathering everyone in — and then does what the paper calls restitution as method: it turns the whole history into a homecoming. Not to take, and not to tame. We lay the science on the altar. We bow, and speak the older names. And the chorus becomes the vow: return the river to the mountain, carry the song back to its source — until the final mantra opens into pure kirtan joy, the wish beneath all healing everywhere.

IN THE BOOK. The lineage chapters of Part Two — the forgotten story told in full, Faria and the Bengal wards and the yogi and the doctors, ending where this song ends: with the recognition that bridging the Yoga Vāsiṣṭha and the healing trance is not an importation but a return. The river is coming home along its oldest course.

THE MANTRA. *Loka Samasta Sukhino Bhavantu* — “May all beings everywhere be happy and free.” The oldest form of the mission; the vow the whole work serves.



*Carry this: What healed you came from somewhere. Say thank you by
passing it on.*



TRACK TWELVE

Fundamental Peace

The World Is as You See It

The finale — every voice returns

— ◆ —

The prince asked for one thing that would never leave him, and the sage gave him back his own two eyes. That is the whole journey, and the finale sings it with every voice the album has gathered: the prince, changed and clear; the sage, warm as ever; the two queens interwoven; the choir carrying everyone home. The world I feared was my own weaving. The weaver woke. The fear untied.

And what remains when the fear unties is not blankness, and not a permanent holiday from being human. It is what the book and the paper call Fundamental Peace — the jīvanmukta's secret, made measurable at last. «Fundamental Peace is not the absence of pain... it is the transmutation of its energy into love and compassion.» The chorus sings exactly this: peace is not the end of weather — it is the sky that holds the storm.

The bridge is the album's quietest treasure: the Four Gifts, one voice per line, which are — hidden in plain sight — the four capacities of Fundamental Peace itself. A steady eye that does not grasp: attention, flexible and free of strain. A heart that keeps all seasons whole: emotional coherence across everything you are. A self worn soft as river linen: the loosening of the rigid "I." And kindness watching from the soul: compassionate self-awareness, the gift that binds the other three. Then the great Purnamadah mantra — wholeness taken from wholeness, wholeness remaining — and, whispered over the fading Om, the mission the Foundation carries into the century: ten billion hearts, one seeing. Free. Conscious. Happy. Awake inside the dream.

IN THE BOOK. The summit of Part Two — the Fundamental Peace chapter, where the ancient liberation and the modern measure meet — and all of Part Three: the eight phases, the guided practices, the forty-day path, and the FP20, so that what

this song celebrates, the reader can walk. The epilogue closes where the finale closes: as the seeing, so the world.

THE MANTRAS. *Om Purnamadah Purnamidam* — that is whole, this is whole; take wholeness from wholeness, and wholeness alone remains; *Sarvam Khalvidam Brahma* — all this is the One; and the threefold *Om Shanti*.



Carry this: As the seeing, so the world. See well.



A LAST WORD

Twelve songs, one teaching. A poet steps into his story; a prince sees through the world; a sage hands him the loom. A queen flies through a mustard seed; a king lives sixty years in a breath; a Brahmin surfaces before the ripples close. A crow rides the swan of breath at the edge of time. A queen wakes first and comes back for her beloved; a king throws the last possession in the river. A ladder climbs itself and vanishes. A river returns to its mountain. And peace — fundamental, measurable, singable — turns out to have been the sky the whole time.

The album is the doorway. The book is the house. The paper is the foundation stone, laid in the open for anyone to examine. And the path — the eight phases, the forty days — is the garden behind the house, waiting for your footsteps.

May these songs find you where you stand, as Kumbha found the king: inside your own world, in a voice you can hold, patient as dawn, disguised as grace.

Ten billion hearts. One seeing.



OM SHANTI SHANTI SHANTI.

THE SONGS

Complete Lyrics



TRACK ONE

The Story Within the Story

Om... Om... Om

Before the world, a word was waiting
Before the word, a silence sang
A poet closed his eyes at daybreak
And every universe began

He wrote a river, wrote a mountain
Wrote a prince with heavy eyes
Wrote a sage whose voice was morning
Then stepped inside his own sunrise

This is the story within the story
The dream that dreams the dreamer awake
Listen: the teller becomes the telling
The ocean singing itself as wave

And you who hear it, you are in it
A lamp inside a lamp inside a flame
Whoever truly hears this story
Will never be the same

Om... Om... Om
Om Shanti... Shanti... Shanti

Every listener becomes the listening
Every reader turns the page of themselves

Om



TRACK TWO

The Prince Who Saw Through the World

I walked through every golden city
I touched the silk, I wore the crown
But beauty fades like breath on mirrors
And every tower tumbles down

What is youth
A guest of morning
What is wealth
A wave that leaves
I have seen the river swallow kingdoms
Tell me something time can't thief

So I lay my questions at your feet
What never dies, what stays complete
If all the world is passing through
Show me the seer, show me the true

Neti neti... not this, not this
Om Shanti, Shanti, Shanti

And in my emptiness, a doorway
And in my ashes, hidden light
The ache that emptied out my hands
Was turning them toward the height

So I lay my questions at your feet
What never dies, what stays complete
If all the world is passing through
Show me the seer... show me the true

What never dies
Show me... show me



TRACK THREE

Mind Alone

The Sage's Answer

Child of dawn, unclench your sorrow
The world you fear is woven thread
The loom is mind, the cloth illusion
The weaver wakes, the fear is shed

Mind alone builds every prison
Mind alone unlocks the door
Turn the maker toward the making
You were free forevermore

Mana eva manushyanam
Karanam bandha-mokshayoh
(Mind alone is the cause
Of bondage and of freedom)

Fate is only yesterday's own effort
Effort is tomorrow's fate
Row, my son — the current answers
Your own two hands unlock the gate

Mind alone builds every prison
Mind alone unlocks the door
Turn the maker toward the making
You were free forevermore

Om Saha Navavatu, Saha Nau Bhunaktu
Saha Viryam Karavavahai
Tejasvi Nau Adhitam Astu
Ma Vidvishavahai
Om Shanti Shanti Shanti
(May we be protected together, nourished together
May we work together with great energy
May our study be luminous
May there be no discord between us)
You are the light the lamp is seeking
Tat Tvam Asi... you are That



TRACK FOUR

The Universe in a Room

My love lay still at midnight's border
I would not let the lamp go out
I called the goddess of the rivers
Of speech, to wash away my doubt

Come, little queen, leave weight behind you
Thought is the only wing you need
Your husband dreams a whole creation
Inside a single mustard seed

Worlds within worlds within a world
A palace folded in a room
Whatever mind believes completely
Becomes the sky, becomes the bloom

I flew through ceilings made of aeons
I watched him reign, I watched him grieve
Each life as real as any other
Each real only as we believe

Om Aim Saraswatyai Namaha
Om Aim Saraswatyai Namaha

Space is a thought the thinker opened
Time is a thread the dreamer drew
The curtain thought has drawn between us
Thought can draw open too

Worlds within worlds within a world
A palace folded in a room
Whatever mind believes completely
Becomes the sky, becomes the bloom

Awake inside the dream
Awake... awake



TRACK FIVE

A Lifetime in a Moment

A stranger came into my court
With peacock feathers, eyes of smoke
He raised a wand of woven horsehair
And sixty years passed while he spoke

I fell from throne to dust and famine
I wed my sorrow, raised my pain
I traded rings for one small fire
I lost the names I loved to rain

A lifetime in a moment
A moment holds a life
Who stretches time like water
The mind, the mind, the mind

I woke — the lamp had barely flickered
The court still held its indrawn breath
Yet down the road my other lifetime
Lay real as morning, warm as bread

A lifetime in a moment
A moment holds a life
Who stretches time like water
The mind, the mind, the mind

If grief can be this deeply dreamt
Then so can grace, then so can light
The spell that bound me can unbind me
The dream runs both ways in the night

So Ham... So Ham
(Beyond all my lifetimes... I am That)

Sixty years... one breath
So Ham



TRACK SIX

The Pool

I knelt beside the evening water
To wash the day from off my hands
The surface opened like a doorway
And I came up in other lands

I wore a life that wasn't mine there
Or was it
Flesh and salt and years
I begged, I feasted, I was crowned there
I learned the taste of stranger tears

How deep is one immersion
How long one held-in breath
I lived whole years beneath the surface
And rose before the ripples left

And when I walked the waking roads
The village knew that other name
Two worlds, both stitched of the same seeing
Two rivers from a single rain

Ko Ham? (Who am I?)
So Ham (I am That)
Ko Ham? So Ham
Ko Ham? So Ham

Not the roles the river gave me
Not the crowns that come and go
I am the water, not the wearing
The knowing shining through the known

How deep is one immersion
How long one held-in breath
I lived whole years beneath the surface
And rose before the ripples left

Rise... the ripples close
The light remains



TRACK SEVEN

The Crow at the Edge of Time

I have watched the mountains soften
I have seen the oceans trade their beds
Suns go out like evening candles
And still this one breath rises... rests

Kingdoms
I have counted thousands
Floods and fires, the world re-sown
High on the tree at the edge of heaven
I keep the nest of the unknown

Ride the swan of breath, beloved
In... and out... the only road
Prana rising, prana falling
The wave goes home, the wave goes home

Ham
Sa
Ham-Sa... So Ham
So Ham... So Ham
(I am That, riding the breath)

When the deluge drinks the mountains
I fold my wings inside the Om
When a new dawn draws the outlines
I breathe — and worlds are drawn back home

Ride the swan of breath, beloved
In... and out... the only road
Prana rising, prana falling
The wave goes home, the wave goes home

In... out
Remain



TRACK EIGHT

Queen of Both Worlds

Cūḍālā's Song

They said the truth lives past the river
In caves where silent hermits stay
I found it pouring through my mornings
Crowned, and in the common day

Silk could never hide it
Duty could not dim
I woke inside my living
Light in every limb

I am the queen of both the worlds
The throne of earth, the throne of sky
I rose on wings that stillness gave me
I asked no permission to fly
Aham Brahmasmi — I am That
The sun asks no one leave to shine
I am the queen of both the worlds
And both the worlds are one

My love mistook the road for leaving
Gave up the gold but kept the “I”
So I unbraided crown and beauty
And walked as morning in disguise

I met him where his world was standing
I spoke in stories he could hold
I watched him burn his hut of holiness
To find the gold beyond the gold

Not by force and not by fleeing
Not by ash and not by throne
By the seeing of the seer
Love brings the wanderer home

Aham Brahmasmi... Aham Brahmasmi
Shivo Ham... Shivo Ham
(I am the Infinite... I am peace itself)
Aham Brahmasmi... Shivo Ham

I am the queen of both the worlds
The throne of earth, the throne of sky
I rose on wings that stillness gave me
I asked no permission to fly
Aham Brahmasmi — I am That
The sun asks no one leave to shine
I am the queen of both the worlds
And both the worlds are one

Rule, and be free
Love, and be light
Both hands full — and nothing held



TRACK NINE

The Gold Beyond the Gold

I gave the treasury to beggars
I gave the palace to the wind
I kept a bowl, a mat, a fire
And kept the keeper hid within

A young sage found me in the forest
With eyes I almost recognized
He asked me, "What have you abandoned
If you're still the one who's wise"

Throw the bowl into the river
Let the last possession go
Not the mat, not the fire
The little "mine," the quiet "no"
Tat Tvam Asi — thou art That
The gold beyond the gold

And when the young sage dropped the veil
My teacher wore my lover's face
The truth had walked beside me always
Patient as dawn, disguised as grace

Come home — the crown will not defile you
Come home — the world is also true
We'll reign with open hands together
And freedom will reign through us too

Tat Tvam Asi (Tat Tvam Asi)
Tat Tvam Asi (Tat Tvam Asi)
Om Shanti... Shanti... Shanti

Throw the bowl into the river
Let the last possession go
Not the mat, not the fire
The little “mine,” the quiet “no”
Tat Tvam Asi — thou art That
The gold beyond the gold
Open hands... open throne
Free



TRACK TEN

Seven Rungs of Light

One ladder

Seven rungs

And at the top — no climber left at all

A longing wakes before the sunrise

A homesick ache for what is true

Shubheccha... Shubheccha

(The good desire)

Now ask the question like a lantern

Turn every stone of “I” and “mine”

Vicharana... Vicharana

(The inquiry)

The clouds grow thin, the mind grows quiet

Old habits loosen, thread by thread

Tanumanasa... Tanumanasa

(The thinning of the mind)

Climb by resting, rise by releasing

Every rung is made of you

Seven names for one arriving

The sky was always shining through

Then being dawns — the first awakening

Here the healing garden grows

Sattvapatti... Sattvapatti

(The dawn of being)

Act in the world and wear it lightly

Honey on fingers, nothing sticks

Asamsakti... Asamsakti

(The sweet non-clinging)

Now things are light in shapes of things
The world one taste of shining mind
Padartha-bhavana... Padartha-bhavana
(The melting of objects)

Beyond the waking, dream and sleeping
The fourth, the always, the arrived
Turyaga... Turyaga
(Abiding in the fourth)

Climb by resting, rise by releasing
Every rung is made of you
Seven names for one arriving
The sky was always shining through

Shubheccha... Vicharana... Tanumanasa
Sattvapatti... Asamsakti... Padartha-bhavana
Turyaga
Om

No rung, no ladder — only sky



TRACK ELEVEN

Return the River

A son of Goa crossed the water
With one lamp hidden in his coat
"The power sleeps within the sleeper
No iron wand, no master's stroke"

In Bengal courtyards, trance was medicine
Hands of the land, names history lost
And far away a northern surgeon
Read of a yogi's wintered breath

Return the river to the mountain
Carry the song back to its source
The science of the healing whisper
Comes home along its oldest course
Let it come home... let it come home

For every book that kept the treasure
And lost the names of those who gave
We speak them back into the morning
We bring the river to the wave

Not to take, and not to tame
We lay the science on the altar
We bow, and speak the older names

Return the river to the mountain
Carry the song back to its source
The science of the healing whisper
Comes home along its oldest course
Let it come home... let it come home

Loka Samasta Sukhino Bhavantu
Loka Samasta Sukhino Bhavantu
Loka Samasta Sukhino Bhavantu
(May all beings everywhere be happy and free)

Home... the river remembers
Home



TRACK TWELVE

Fundamental Peace

The World Is as You See It

— ♦ —

Om

I asked you what would never leave me
You gave me back my own two eyes
The world I feared was my own weaving
The weaver woke — the fear untied

Now walk the market like a temple
Now wear the crown, and wear it light
Grief will come — it will not drown you
Joy will come — you'll hold it right

Peace is not the end of weather
It is the sky that holds the storm
Not the absence of the aching
The aching turned to love's own warmth
Yatha drishti, tatha srishti
As the seeing, so the seen
Free... conscious... happy
Awake inside the dream

A steady eye that does not grasp
A heart that keeps all seasons whole
A self worn soft as river linen
And kindness watching from the soul

We built the worlds and walked their weather
We wore the dream and let it go
Now every road runs bright with being
Above, below, the same one glow

Peace is not the end of weather
It is the sky that holds the storm
Not the absence of the aching
The aching turned to love's own warmth
Yatha drishti, tatha srishiti
As the seeing, so the seen
Free... conscious... happy
Awake inside the dream

Om Purnamadah Purnamidam
Purnat Purnam Udachyate
Purnasya Purnam Adaya
Purnam Eva Avashishyate
(That is whole, this is whole
From wholeness, wholeness arises
Take wholeness from wholeness
Wholeness alone remains)
Sarvam Khalvidam Brahma
Om Shanti... Shanti... Shanti
Ten billion hearts... one seeing
Om



Music and lyrics by Luis Miguel Gallardo. All mantras traditional and in the public domain.

The Mind That Makes the World — Twelve Songs of the Supreme Yoga Companion album to the book *The Mind That Makes the World: The Supreme Yoga, the Healing Trance, and the Path to Fundamental Peace* (World Happiness Press) and the paper *The Supreme Yoga and the Science of Suggestion* (World Happiness Foundation Research Lab, DOI 10.68220/whf.2026.001).

Shoolini, in the foothills of the Himalayas — September 2026.

