

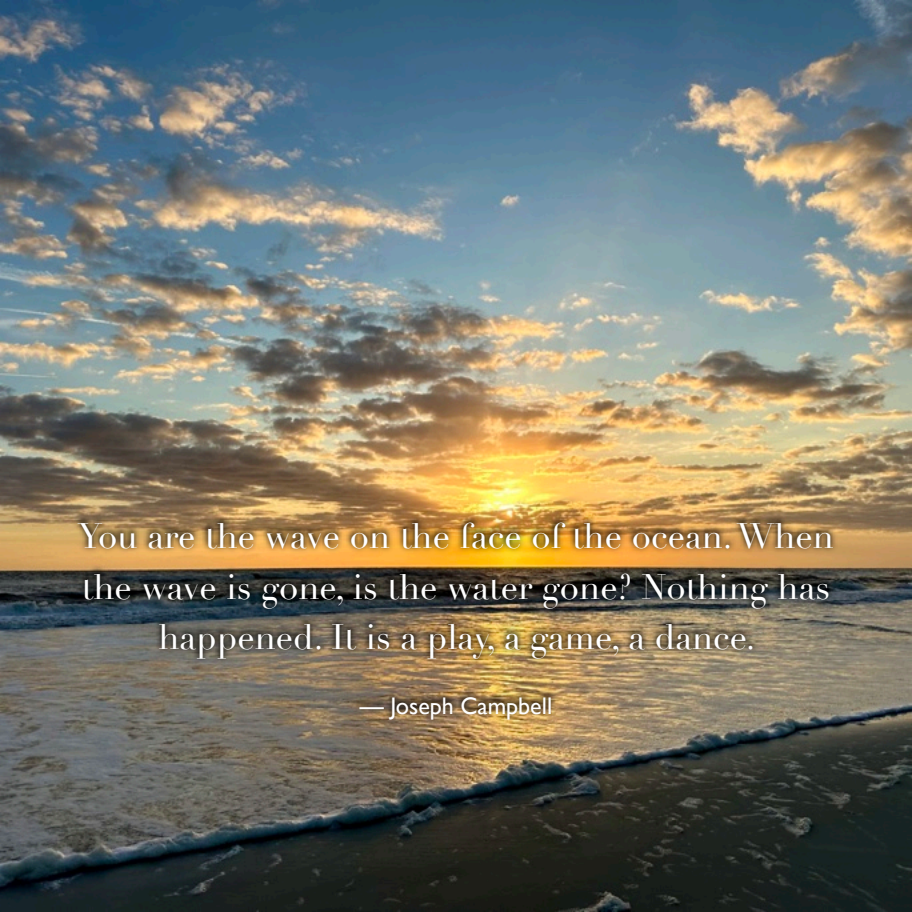


PART OF THE CYCLE



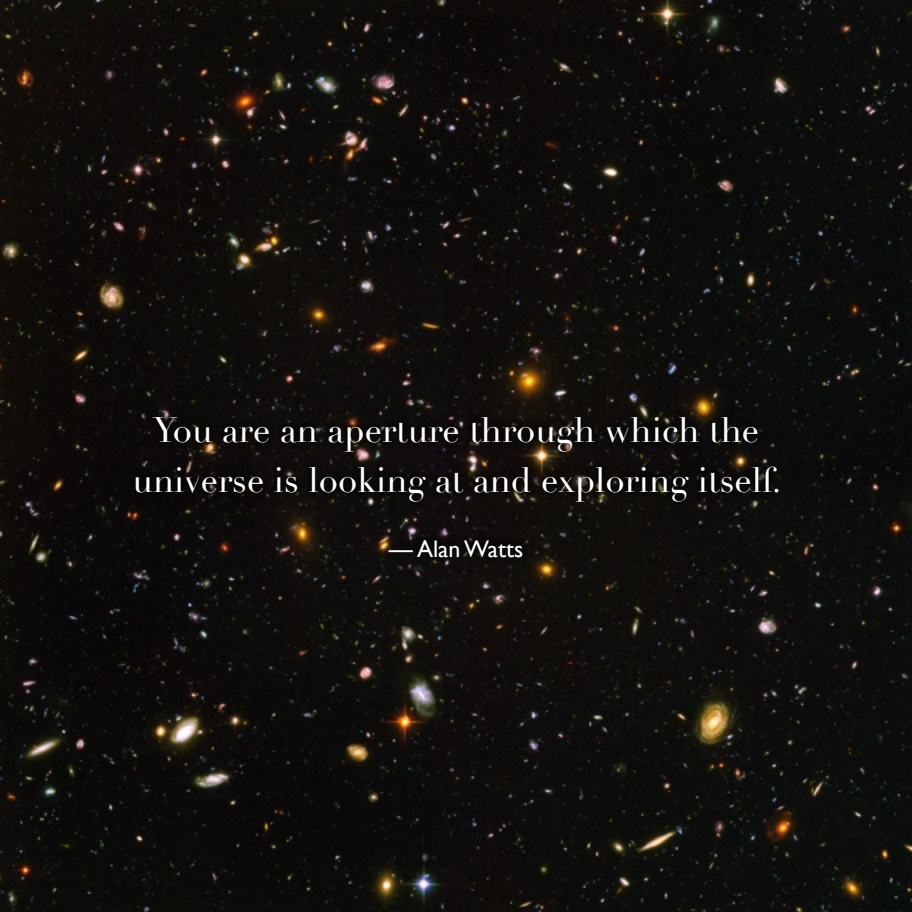
The quieter you become, the more you can hear.

— Ram Dass

A photograph of a sunset over the ocean. The sun is low on the horizon, casting a golden glow across the sky and reflecting on the water. The sky is filled with scattered, light-colored clouds. The ocean waves are visible in the foreground, with white foam washing onto a dark beach.

You are the wave on the face of the ocean. When the wave is gone, is the water gone? Nothing has happened. It is a play, a game, a dance.

— Joseph Campbell

A deep field image of the universe, showing a vast field of galaxies and stars against a black background. The galaxies are of various shapes and colors, including yellow, orange, blue, and white. The stars are small, bright points of light, some with diffraction spikes. The overall scene is a dense field of celestial objects.

You are an aperture through which the  
universe is looking at and exploring itself.

— Alan Watts

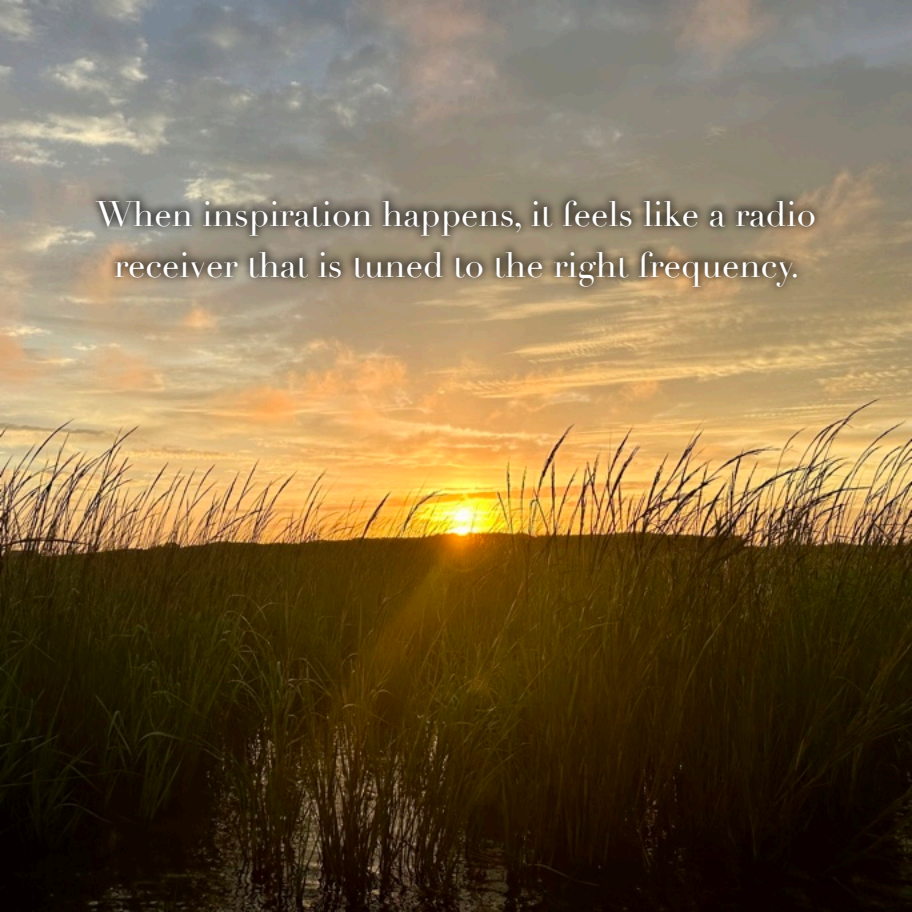












A sunset over a field of tall grasses. The sun is low on the horizon, casting a warm orange glow across the sky and the grass. The sky is filled with soft, wispy clouds. The grasses in the foreground are dark and silhouetted against the bright light of the setting sun.


When inspiration happens, it feels like a radio receiver that is tuned to the right frequency.




The music arrives  
before the understanding.

A wide-angle photograph of a sunset over a large body of water. The sun is a bright orange orb on the horizon, with its light reflecting on the water's surface. The sky transitions from a pale blue at the top to a warm orange near the horizon. In the distance, a low-lying city skyline is visible against the horizon. A few small sailboats are scattered on the water. The foreground shows the gentle waves of the water meeting a sandy beach on the right side.


Part Of The Cycle begins the way a sunrise  
launches a day. Between that moment and  
night, everything else unfolds.

A serene landscape photograph of a sunset over a calm body of water. The sky transitions from a deep blue at the top to a bright orange and yellow near the horizon. The sun is partially obscured by a dark silhouette of trees and land along the water's edge. The water reflects the colors of the sky, creating a shimmering effect. The overall mood is peaceful and contemplative.

The low frequencies are meant  
not only to be heard, but felt.



She has been living inside these  
songs with me.

A sunset over a coastal landscape. The sun is low on the horizon, casting a bright glow and long rays across the sky. The sky is filled with large, billowing clouds that are illuminated from below, creating a mix of orange, yellow, and blue tones. In the foreground, there is a dense thicket of green vegetation, including palm trees and other tropical plants. A body of water is visible in the middle ground, reflecting the light from the sun. The overall scene is peaceful and scenic.

My hope is not that listeners  
understand this album.

My hope is that they experience it.

## Reflections

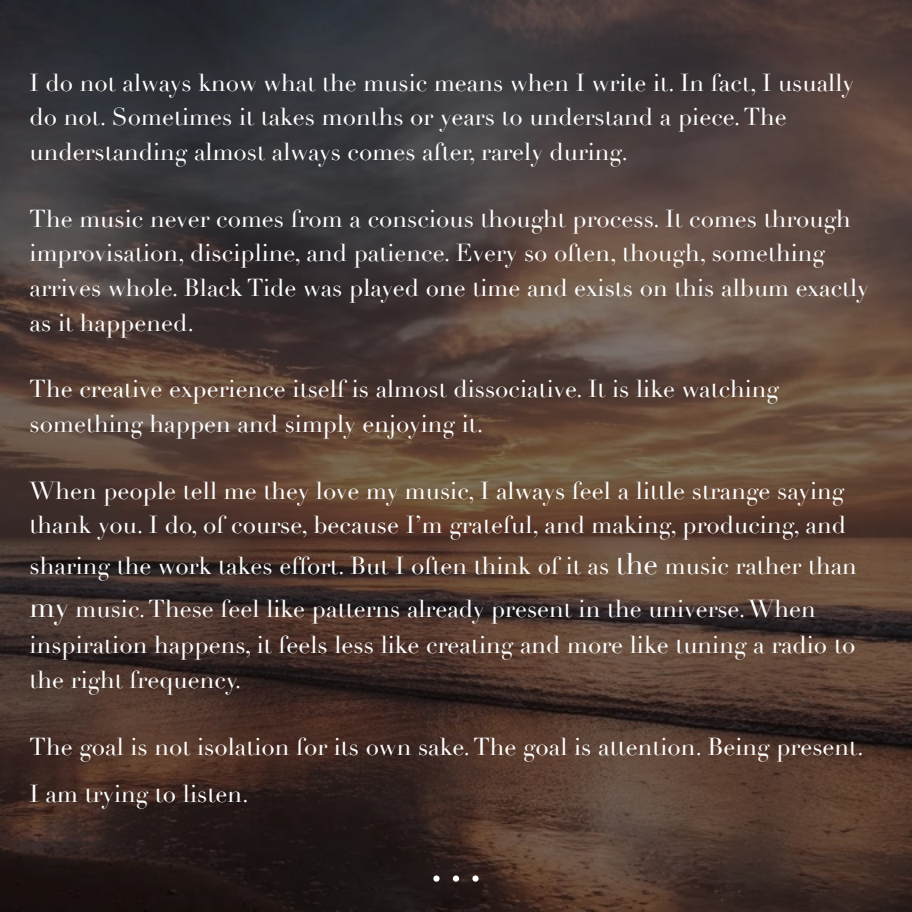
This album is a meditation and celebration of the cycles we all live in and through.

A few years ago, living near the ocean changed something in me.

Before that, I had to rush toward it. Since moving closer in 2022, the hurry slowly dissolved. The rhythms became easier to notice: sunrise and sunset, tides, weather, birds, stillness, movement. It became easier to live inside the cycles rather than constantly pushing against them.

Part Of The Cycle grew from that awareness.

The title reflects the external cycles we all experience, the movement of days, tides, seasons, and the larger natural rhythms that continue whether we pay attention to them or not. But it also reflects something inward: the psychological cycles we move through in our lives, and the larger cycle of birth and death that all of us share.



I do not always know what the music means when I write it. In fact, I usually do not. Sometimes it takes months or years to understand a piece. The understanding almost always comes after, rarely during.

The music never comes from a conscious thought process. It comes through improvisation, discipline, and patience. Every so often, though, something arrives whole. Black Tide was played one time and exists on this album exactly as it happened.

The creative experience itself is almost dissociative. It is like watching something happen and simply enjoying it.

When people tell me they love my music, I always feel a little strange saying thank you. I do, of course, because I'm grateful, and making, producing, and sharing the work takes effort. But I often think of it as the music rather than my music. These feel like patterns already present in the universe. When inspiration happens, it feels less like creating and more like tuning a radio to the right frequency.

The goal is not isolation for its own sake. The goal is attention. Being present. I am trying to listen.

My hope is not that listeners understand this album.

My hope is that they experience it.

The pieces seem to originate from feelings and moments that often transcend language. My hope is simply that the music meets you wherever you are, in whatever way it naturally resonates with your own experiences.

The music on this album was created with fretted and fretless basses, tongue drum, African cowhide drum, balafon, and sounds created from vibrating strings, resonant wood, metal, skin, air, and space.

I wanted warmth, space, and an organic quality that honored the instruments themselves. Rather than compressing those qualities into something louder or more sterile, I wanted listeners to feel the low frequencies, not just hear them.

There is something in the low frequencies that the body understands before the mind does. In a world that fights for your attention, that is a relief.

Much of the sequencing came together in the evenings, listening with my wife. In many ways, she has been living inside these songs with me.

Part Of The Cycle begins the way a sunrise launches a day. Between that moment and night, everything else unfolds.

Thank you for listening.

Damian Coccio

Part Of The Cycle

- 01 Part Of The Cycle
- 02 Black Tide
- 03 Fairgrounds
- 04 Capo
- 05 Whiteside
- 06 Ramu
- 07 It Was Always There
- 08 Coquina
- 09 Ironsides
- 10 Six Miles
- 11 For Closed Eyes Only

Photography by Damian Coccio, NASA

Special thanks to Maddie and Mark

Damian Coccio · 2026