

## Bio

### **Simha Encourages Artist To First Back Against “Imposter Syndrome” On *Losing Focus***

Simha creates worldly and modern R&B hybrid pop. Experiencing the intersection of different cultures in the SF Bay Area, Simha grew up with an ear for both western and eastern musical influences. Sonic waves from North Indian Classical music to Jazz, he introduces a new element of discovery for his listeners. Expressing his heart and energy with lush soul harmonies and ethereal textures, Simha hopes to help claim space for Queer Bipoc artists in the jazz-leaning side of the industry.

Simha’s upcoming single, *Losing Focus*, is an inside look on the struggles that artists have with imposter syndrome. The walls of background vocals and melodic bassline juxtaposes the concrete ego vs. the flow of emotional artistry. Simha’s mother is featured on tabla, which brings a perspective of the generations of musicians that come before him.

As Simha moves forward with the growth of his music career, he hopes to draw inspiration from a rapidly changing world. He is currently working on an EP project that focuses on his mental health journey and the trials of the past few years. Simha continues to break new barriers in his search for unique expression in soul music.

## Quote

*“This song is for the artists that debase their own creations, but still wake up everyday to keep creating. Imposter syndrome takes the space where we tap into our own artistic flow, while our artist ego puts up a front for the consumers to absorb and assume form. As we move through a world where we have to commodify our art to succeed, the way we value our own expression becomes conditional. The irony is that the song itself as a whole is the product of the “imposter syndrome vs. artist ego” struggle. The biggest grounding factor in this song is my mom playing tabla on it. It speaks on many levels of the struggle to create art, but also is in homage to the generations of artists that have come before us.”*

## Lyrics

V1:

I can't feel my breath  
In the moment I let go  
Lost to the space  
Lost to the depths  
I have nothing left to show

Behind my face I stood still  
Waiting for the lines to fade  
It seems like I'm here  
Between these two worlds  
Where I finally cease to change

CH:

I line me up just to break me down,  
I tell myself it gets better  
The truth has never been this loud  
I keep myself from losing focus

Hook:

Losing focus  
Losing focus  
I keep myself from losing focus  
Losing focus  
Losing focus  
I keep myself from losing focus

V2:

Riding out a wave  
where my reflection is shaken  
putting out a fire  
that is anxious in nature

giving up all my tries  
just to find i'm in denial

this doesn't make any sense

CH:

I line me up just to break me down,  
I tell myself it gets better

The truth has never been this loud  
I keep myself from losing focus

Hook:

Losing focus

Losing focus

I keep myself from losing focus

Losing focus

Losing focus

I keep myself from losing focus