

SIVAKA

Bodhi-Bowl

VERSE 1 — Tight, conversational, specific

Woke up heavy, neck still tight,
Same old loop playing through the night.
They said "it's karma," I said "that's cheap"—
A scar ain't a sentence, it's a map I keep.

PRE-CHORUS — Building tension, short breaths

Feel the sting? Good.
That's the fuel.
Not what hit you—
What you do.

CHORUS — More percussive, less sing-song

Not the stars, not the name,
Past is past—ain't the game.
Karma writes, but I erase,
Punch the clock, reset the pace.

(Sivaka....)

HOOK — Chanted, almost militant

**Sivaka, Sivaka, step through the fear,
Sweat and will—that's why we're here.
Burn the script, rewrite the plan,
Action over fate—take a stand.**

VERSE 2 — Raw, grounded

They want a cosmic excuse for the ache,
Buddha said "not totally"—give and take.
Some pain is weather, some pain is choice,
But your next breath? That's your voice.

BRIDGE — Minimal, whispered, then explodes

[spoken]

Hurt finds you—that's life's tax.

[sung]

But what you build from the cracks?
That's the flex.
That's the text.
That's the proof they can't annex.

FINAL CHORUS — Bigger, with call-response

[Call:] Not the stars! **[Response:]** Not the name!

[Call:] Past is past! **[Response:]** Ain't the game!

Karma bends—but I don't break,
Every step is mine to make.

OUTRO — Fading, defiant whisper

***Sivaka...
Not totally.
Watch me.***