

Illusion, The
by Donovan

In the blood-red corridors of power
Will a gentle lama ever walk?
In the heartless temples of the state
Will a gentle lama ever talk?

Chances are nothing will ever change
Far too many jobs would be at stake
Secret armies watch us day and night
Far too few sitting for Buddha's sake

Ah! But all's illusion, we are one
Life is but a dream, no birth, no death
We will contemplate the evernow
Soul sister and brother of the breath (breath)

May our merit as we meditate
Shine a light on all who cannot see
Dedicate our work, it is our fate
To know what we are in reality

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