

There's only the source, dark in itself, making everything shine.

When all names and forms have been given up the real is with you.

Break the bonds of memory and self-identification

And the shell will break by itself.

All you need is you.

It was the same ten thousand years ago,

And will be the same ten thousand years hence.

Man does not change over the ages.

Problems remain the same.

There is no need of a way out!

Don't you see that a way out

Is also part of the dream?

All you have to do is see

The dream is a dream.

Then you'll get what you call reality.

Having never left the house

You are asking for the way home.

Confused for you are asleep.