

# The Illusion

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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