

# Illusions

Sundara Karma

Yes, but what should I do?

Welcome to the abattoir  
Disconnected from who we are  
We don't see it  
There's an animal inside of us  
Stocking up on dynamite  
No more people left in our sight  
Just give us something  
So we can kill and watch our hearts adjust

It's all the same thing  
It's all non-duality  
It's all the same thing  
We're all the same thing

Ooh, I think illusions run my life  
I need illusions all the time  
Grant you illusions from our mind

Paradise came to me on the sofa and a TV screen  
I haven't bathed since  
And I've escaped my own morality  
Holding up a heavy front  
Our little arms have taken on too much  
And now we're seething  
But too depressed to leave our soapy sheets

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