On the one hand, you let go of everything  
And you live in the eternal now  
Because that's all there is  
See, memory is an illusion, it's all gone  
  
So, everything you know about  
That makes an impression on you, is no longer there  
That’s the meaning of Maya  
There is only the eternal now  
There's only the present moment  
And never will be anything else  
  
Because, even what you're remembering  
Is happening in the present  
The memory is in the eternal now, isn't it?  
See, so it's all really absolutely here  
But on the other hand, what fun?  
  
To drag it out  
And to make it echo  
And to get involved  
And to fall in love  
And to become attached  
It's just like riding a bicycle  
It's a balance trick

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