

# Unni Wilhelmsen, Feel It

Feel it, UNNI WILHELMSSEN

See her standing,  
watch him looking  
A fly is entering a jar of jam  
Separated by dimensions  
this repeats itself in time...

Get the notion,  
feel it coming  
Try to avoid it if you think you can.  
Separated by a visible nothing,  
it's bound to be just a matter of time...

Feel it..

Imagine the river,  
imagine the sea  
At a certain point they become one  
Separating people and land  
Like always, 'till the end of time...

Feel it..