

Anja Garbarek, Dizzy With Wonder

There were buildings here long ago
But now the blade of grass cuts my feet
I proceed with caution and lay low
Just visible through the trees

Breathing carefully I crawl up
Onto the surface of tension
I glimpse the rocks from below
What I see will never be mentioned

Dizzy with wonder
I shake my head to clear the view
With a hunger to know
I come to this place to be close to you

Lit from inside
I go to the switch
I rise quickly from the dark
Through white clouds that I tear apart
Releasing drops of water
All over

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