

# 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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