

Unni Wilhelmsen

"Feel It"

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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...

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