

# Landing

## Pheek

Thick black soul  
Moving slow, moving close to you  
This life, I don't know  
It seems kinda sick to me Hold each other tight  
Walking through to my destiny  
This glitter in my eye  
Catches light, catches sympathy  
This glitter in my eye  
Catches light, catches sympathy Your lips are moving  
But I can't hear what you say  
Stars are falling  
But you still feel the same way This shield  
What is real is believing Thick black soul  
Moving slow, moving close to you  
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