Landing

Porya Hatami

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