

## Landing

Moby

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  
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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

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