

## Slow Motions

Shamrain

With the falling leaves  
These pictures fade away  
Moments of slow motions  
What used to be  
Is now just a dream

Echoes of silent voices  
I'm living this life  
Without myself  
The wings of angels hanging down

Echoes of silent voices  
I'm living this life  
Without myself  
The wings of angels hanging down

My heart is torn and I'm tired  
Of listening to the sound of rain  
No difference between  
What's real and what is a dream  
Through this soft white world I walk

Echoes of silent voices  
I'm living this life  
Without myself  
The wings of angels hanging down

Echoes of silent voices  
I'm living this life  
Without myself  
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