

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

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I'm living this life
Without myself
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