

A.F.I., The Days Of The Peonix

A.f.i.

Miscellaneous

The Days Of The Peonix

i remember when i was told the story of the crushed velvet,
Candle wax and dried up flowers.

The figure on the bed all dressed up in roses, calling and beckoning offering a
Dream.

The words are mystical as purring animals.

The circle of rage the ghost on the stage appeared.

The time was so tangible i'll never let go.

Ghost stories handed down, reached secret tunnels below.

No one could see me

I felt into yesterday.

Our dreams seem not far away.

I want to...

I want to...

I want to stay.

I felt into fantasy.

The girl on the wall always waited for me.

And she was always smiling.

The teenage death boys, the teenage death girls...

And everyone was dancing.

Nothing could touch us then nothing could change us then

And every one was dancing

Nothing could hurt us then nothing

Nothing could see us then,

And everyone was dancing.

Everyone was dancing.