

# AFI, The Days Of Phoenix

I remember when I was told of story of crushed velvet,  
candle wax, and dried up flowers  
The figure on the bed all dressed up in roses, calling  
Beckoning to sleep,  
Offering a dream  
words were as mystical as purring animals  
The circle of rage  
The ghosts on the stage appeared  
The time was so tangible, I'll never let it go  
Ghost stories handed down, reached secret tunnels below  
No one could see me  
I fell into yesterday  
Our dreams seemed not far away  
I want to, I want to, I want to stay  
I fell into fantasy  
The words were as mystical as purring animals  
The circle of rage  
The ghosts on the stage appeared  
The time was so tangible, I'll never let it go  
Ghost stories handed down, reached secret tunnels below  
No one could see me  
I fell into yesterday.  
Our dreams seemed not far away  
I want to, I want to, I want to stay.  
I fell 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  
No one could change us then  
Everyone was dancing  
Nothing could hurt us then  
No one could see us then  
Everyone was dancing  
Everyone was dancing  
No one could see me  
I fell into yesterday  
Our dreams seemed not far away  
I want to, I want to, I want to stay  
I fell into fantasy  
Our dreams seemed not far away  
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I fell into fantasy