

# A.F.I., AFI - The Days Of The Phoenix

I remember when I was told a 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  
Oh, I fell into yesterday  
Oh, our dreams seemed not far away  
I want to, I want to, I want to stay  
Oh, I fell into fantasy  
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  
Oh, I fell into yesterday  
Oh, our dreams seemed not far away  
I want to, I want to, I want to stay  
Oh, 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  
Oh, I fell into yesterday  
Oh, our dreams seemed not far away  
I want to, I want to, I want to stay  
Oh, I fell into fantasy  
Our dreams seemed not far away  
Our dreams seemed not far away  
Our dreams seemed not far away  
I fell into fantasy