

# A.F.I., Days Of The Pheonix

A.f.i.

Miscellaneous

Days Of The Pheonix

i remember when, i was told a story of  
Crushed vlevet, candle wax and dried up flowers  
The figure on the bed, all dressed up in roses caling  
Beconing to sleep offering a dream

Words were as mystical as  
Purring animals

The circle of rage  
The ghosts on the stage, appeared

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 in to 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's always waiting for me  
And she is always smiling  
And the teenage death boys  
And 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  
And everyone was dancing  
Everyone was dancing