

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

A.f.i.

Art Of Drowning

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

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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

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I fell into fantasy

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