

AFI, The Days Of The 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

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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

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