

A.F.I.

"Days Of Pheonix"

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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.

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.

(Ohhhhh)
I fell into yesterday.
(Ohhhhh)
Our dreams seemed not far away.
I want to, I want to, I want to stay.
(Ohhhhh)
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.

(Ohhhhh)
I fell into yesterday.
(Ohhhhh)

Our dreams seemed not far away.
I want to, I want to, I want to stay.
(Ohhhhh)
I fell into fantasy.

(Background Oh's)
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,
And everyone was dancing.
Nothing could hurt us then,
No one could see us then,
And everyone was dancing. Everyone was dancing

I fell into yesterday.
Our dreams seemed not far away.
Our dreams seemed not far away.
Our dreams seemed not far away.
I fell into fantasy.

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