

# AFI

## "Days of the Pheonix"

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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.

The 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

oh,  
I fell in to yesterday  
oh,  
Our dreams seemed not far away  
I want to, I want to, I want to stay  
oh,  
I fell into fantasy

The 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

oh,

I fell in to 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'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

No one could see me

oh,  
I fell in to 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(x3)  
I fell into fantasy

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