

A.F.I. "The Days Of The Phoenix"

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

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