Days Of The Phoenix

Afi

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
The 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 into 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
The 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 into 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 always waited for me
And she was always smiling
The teenage death boys, the teenage death girls
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
Oh, I fell into 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
Our dreams seemed not far away
Our dreams seemed not far away
I fell into fantasy

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