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 dreamThe 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 belowNo one could see meOh, 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 fantasyThe 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 belowNo one could see meOh, 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 fantasyThe girl on the wall always waited for me
And she was always smiling
The teenage death boys, the teenage death girls
Everyone was dancingNothing 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 dancingNo one could see meOh, 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 fantasyOur dreams seemed not far away
Our dreams seemed not far away
Our dreams seemed not far away
I fell into fantasy

Songwriters
David Paden Marchand;Adam Carson;Hunter Lawrence Burgan;Jade Errol PugetPublished by
EX NOCTEM NACIMUR MUSIC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/