

Fill in the gaps

Under the arc of a weather stain boards	
Ancient goblins and warlords	
Come out of the ground, not making a sour	nd
The smell of death is all around	
And the night when the cold wind blows	
No one cares, nobody knows	
I don't want to be buried in a pet sematary	
I don't want to live my life again	
I don't want to be buried in a pet sematary	
I don't want to (1) my (2)	again
Follow Victor to the sacred place	
This ain't a dream, I can't escape	
Molars and fangs, the clicking of bones	
Spirits moaning among the tombstones	
And the night, when the moon is bright	
Someone cries, (3)	ain't right
I don't want to be buried in a pet sematary	
I don't want to live my life again	
I don't want to be buried in a pet sematary	

I don't want to live my life again		
The moon is full, the air is still		
All of a sudden I feel a chill		
Victor is grinning, flesh rotting away		
Skeletons dance, I curse this day		
And the night when the (4)	cry out	
Listen close and you can hear me shout		
I don't want to be (5)	in a pet sematary	
I don't want to live my life again		
I don't want to be (6)	in a pet sematary	
I don't want to live my (7)	again	
(Oh, no, oh no)		
I don't want to live my (8)	again	
(Oh, no, oh no)		
I don't want to live my life again		
(Oh, no, oh no)		
I don't want to live my life		



- 1. live
- 2. life
- 3. something
- 4. wolves
- 5. buried
- 6. buried
- 7. life
- 8. life

Fill in the gaps