

Fill in the gaps

| Under the arc of a weather stain boards |
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| Ancient goblins and warlords |
| Come out of the ground, not making a sound |
| The smell of (1) 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 live my life 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, something ain't right |
| I don't (2) to be buried in a pet sematary |
| I don't want to live my life again |
| I don't want to be (3) in a pet sematary |

| I don't want to live my life again |
|---|
| The (4) is full, the air is still |
| All of a sudden I (5) a chill |
| Victor is grinning, flesh rotting away |
| Skeletons dance, I curse this day |
| And the night when the (6) cry out |
| Listen close and you can hear me shout |
| I don't (7) to be buried in a pet sematary |
| I don't (8) 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 |
| (Oh, no, oh no) |
| I don't (9) to live my life 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. death 2. want
- 3. buried
- 4. moon
- 5. feel
- 6. wolves
- 7. want
- 8. want
- 9. want

Fill in the gaps

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