

Pet Sematary

Michelle Darkness

Under the arc of a weather stain boards
Ancient goblins, and warlords,
Come out the ground, not making a sound,
The smell of death is all around,
And the night when the cold wind blows
No one cares, nobody knows.

I dont want to be buried in a Pet Sematary
I dont want to live my life again,
I dont want to be buried in a Pet Sematary
I dont want to live my life again.

Follow victor to the sacred place
This aint a dream, I cant escape
Molars and fangs, the clicking of bones,
Spirits moaning among the tombstones,
And the night, when the moon is bright,
Someone cries, something aint right.

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The moon is full, the air is still,
All of the sudden I feel a chain,
Victor is grinning, flesh rotting away,
Skeletons dance, I curse this day,
And the night when the wolves cry out,
Listen close and you can hear me shout

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