

nder 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 don't want to be buried in a pet cemetery,
I don't want to live my life again,
I don't want to be buried in a pet cemetery,
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 and 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 want to be buried in a pet cemetery,
I don't want to live my life again,
I don't want to be buried in a pet cemetery,
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 is rotting away,
Skeletons dance, I curse this day,
And the night when the wolves cry out,
Listen close and you can hear me shout.

I don't want to be buried in a pet cemetery,
I don't want to live my life again,
I don't want to be buried in a pet cemetery,
I don't want to live my life again, oh no, oh no,
I don't want to live my life again, oh no, oh, oh,
I don't want to live my life again, oh no, no, no,
I don't want to live my life again, oh, oh.