

Pet Sematary

The Tiny

Under the arc of a weather stain boards
Ancient goblins, and warlords
Come out of 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 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

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 wolves cry out
Listen close and you can hear me shout