

Pet Sematary

Plain White T's

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 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

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