Pet Sematary

Rammstein

Under the arc of the 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 nights come and the cold wind blows
No one cares and nobody knowsI don't want to be buried in a pet cemetery
I don't want to live my life againI'll follow Victor to a sacred place
There ain't no dream I can escape
Molars and fangs and clicking of bones
Spirits moaning among the tombstones
When the night has come and the moon is bright
Someone cries and something ain't rightI don't want to be buried in a pet cemetery
I don't want to live my life again
Oh noThe 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 on the night when the wolves cry out
Listen close and you can hear me shoutI don't want to be buried in a pet cemetery
I don't want to live my life again
Oh no

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