

## 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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