

Fill in the gaps

Under the arc of a weather stain boards
Ancient (1) 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 (2) 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 (3) 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 (4) again
I don't want to be (5) in a pet sematary



- 1. goblins
- 2. buried
- 3. moaning
- 4. life
- 5. buried
- 6. rotting
- 7. hear
- 8. live
- 9. life

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