

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 (1)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (2)\_\_\_\_ my life again Follow (3)\_\_\_\_\_ 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

## Fill in the gaps

I don't (4) to (5) my (6)
again
The moon is full, the air is still
All of a sudden I (7) 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
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
(Oh, no, oh no)
I don't want to (8) my life again
(Oh, no, oh no)
I don't (9) to live my life again
(Oh, no, oh no)
I don't want to live my life



## 1. when

- 2. live
- 3. Victor
- 4. want
- 5. live
- 6. life
- 7. feel
- 8. live
- 9. want

## Fill in the gaps