

Under the arc of a weather stain boards Ancient goblins and warlords Come out of the ground, not making a sound The (1)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (2)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 want to live my life again		
The 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 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 (3)	to live my life ag	ain
I don't want to be buried in a pet sematary		
I don't (4)	to (5)	my life agair
(Oh, no, oh no)		
I don't (6)	to (7)	my life agair
(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	



- 1. smell
- 2. among
- 3. want
- 4. want
- 5. live
- 6. want
- 7. live
- 8. live
- 9. want

## Fill in the gaps