

## Huntingtons "Pet Semetary"

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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 when the cold wind blows  
No one cares, nobody knows

I don't want to be buried in a pet semetary  
I don't want to live my life again  
I don't want to be buried in a pet semetary  
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 among the tombstones  
And the night, when the moon is bright  
Someone cries, something ain't right

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 semetary  
I don't want to live my life again  
I don't want to be buried in a pet semetary  
I don't want to live my life again, oh no, oh no  
I don't want to live my life again, oh no, oh oh  
I don't want to live my life again, oh no no no  
I don't want to live my life again, oh oh

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