

Pet Sematary

Rammstein

Under the arc of the 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 nights come and the cold wind blows
No one cares and nobody knows

I don't want to be buried in a pet cemetery
I don't want to live my life again

I'll follow Victor to a sacred place
There ain't no dream I can escape
Molars and fangs and clicking of bones
Spirits moaning among the tombstones
When the night has come and the moon is bright
Someone cries and something ain't right

I don't want to be buried in a pet cemetery
I don't want to live my life again
Oh no

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 on 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 cemetery
I don't want to live my life again
Oh no