

Rammstein, Pet Sematary

Ok, wir spielen ein Lied fr euch und fr Joey Ramone, der zu Ostern leider verstorben ist.
(Ok, we're playing a song for you guys and for Joey Ramone, who sadly passed away on Easter.)

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