

bastards

Fill in the gaps

This is gospel by Panic at the Disco

This is (1) for the fallen ones	Confessing their apostasies
Locked (2) in permanent slumber	Led away by imperfect impostors
Assembling their philosophies	-This is the beat of my heart-
From pieces of broken memories	-This is the beat of my heart-
-This is the beat of my heart-	-This is the beat of my heart-
-This is the beat of my heart-	-This is the (8) of my heart-
-This is the beat of my heart-	Don't try to sleep through the end of the world
-This is the beat of my heart-	And bury me alive
Their gnashing teeth and criminal tongues	Because I won't give up without a fight
Conspire against the odds	If you love me, let me go
But they haven't seen the best of us yet	If you love me, let me go
If you love me, let me go	Because these words are knives
If you love me, let me go	And often leave scars
Because these words are knives	The fear of falling apart
And often leave scars	Truth be told, I never was yours
The fear of (3) apart	The fear of (9) falling apart
(4) be told, I (5) was yours	The fear of falling apart
The fear of (6) falling apart	The fear of feelling falling apart
-This is the beat of my heart-	-This is the beat of my heart-
-This is the beat of my heart-	-This is the beat of my heart-
-This is the beat of my heart-	The fear of falling apart
-This is the beat of my heart-	
This is gospel for the vagabonds	
Ne'er-do-wells and (7)	



- 1. gospel
- 2. away
- 3. falling
- 4. Truth
- 5. never
- 6. feelling
- 7. insufferable
- 8. beat
- 9. feelling

Fill in the gaps

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