

This is gospel by Panic at the Disco

This is gospel for the fallen ones
Locked away in permanent slumber
Assembling their philosophies
From pieces of broken memories
-This is the (1) of my heart-
-This is the beat of my heart-
-This is the beat of my heart-
-This is the beat of my heart-
Their gnashing teeth and criminal tongues
Conspire against the odds
But they haven't seen the (2) of us yet
If you love me, let me go
If you love me, let me go
Because these words are knives
And often leave scars
The fear of falling apart
(3) be told, I never was yours
The fear of feelling falling apart
-This is the beat of my heart-
-This is the beat of my heart-
-This is the (4) of my heart-
-This is the beat of my heart-
This is gospel for the vagabonds

Ne'er-do-wells and insufferable bastards

Confessing their apostasies
Led away by imperfect impostors
-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-
Don't try to (5) through the end of the world
And bury me alive
Because I won't give up without a fight
If you love me, let me go
If you love me, let me go
Because these words are knives
And often leave scars
The fear of (6) apart
Truth be told, I (7) was yours
The fear of feelling falling apart
The fear of falling apart
The fear of feelling falling apart
-This is the (8) of my heart-
-This is the beat of my heart-
The (9) of falling apart

Fill in the gaps



- 1. beat
- 2. best
- 3. Truth
- 4. beat
- 5. sleep
- 6. falling
- 7. never
- 8. beat
- 9. fear

Fill in the gaps