

Fill in the gaps

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 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-
Their gnashing teeth and criminal tongues
Conspire (1) the odds
But they haven't seen the best of us yet
If you (2) 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 (4) 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 gospel for the vagabonds
Ne'er-do-wells and insufferable bastards



- 1. against
- 2. love
- 3. Truth
- 4. feelling
- 5. away
- 6. beat
- 7. sleep
- 8. words
- 9. often
- 10. fear

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