

bastards

Fill in the gaps

This is gospel by Panic at the Disco

This is gospel for the fallen ones	Confessing their apostasies
Locked away in (1) slumber	Led away by imperfect impostors
Assembling their philosophies	-This is the beat of my heart-
(2) pieces of (3) 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 beat 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 (6) me alive
Their gnashing teeth and criminal tongues	Because I won't (7) 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 (8) me, let me go
If you love me, let me go	Because these (9) 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 falling apart	The fear of feelling falling apart
Truth be told, I never was yours	The fear of falling apart
The fear of feelling falling apart	The fear of (10) 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 (4) for the vagabonds	
Ne'er-do-wells and (5)	_



- 1. permanent
- 2. From
- 3. broken
- 4. gospel
- 5. insufferable
- 6. bury
- 7. give
- 8. love
- 9. words
- 10. feelling

Fill in the gaps