

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 (1) memories			
-This is the (2) 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 best of us yet			
If you love me, let me go			
If you love me, let me go			
Because these (3) are knives			
And often leave scars			
The fear of falling apart			
Truth be told, I never was yours			
The fear of feelling falling apart			
-This is the (4) 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			

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 sleep through the end of the world			
And bury me alive			
Because I won't give up (5) a fight			
If you love me, let me go			
If you (6) me, let me go			
Because these words are knives			
And (7)	leave scars		
The fear of falling apart			
Truth be told, I never was yours			
The fear of feelling falling apart			
The fear of falling apart			
The (8)	of feelling falling apart		
-This is the beat of my heart-			
-This is the beat of my heart-			
The (9)	of falling apart		



Fill in the gaps

- 1. broken
- 2. beat
- 3. words
- 4. beat
- 5. without
- 6. love
- 7. often
- 8. fear
- 9. fear