

This Is Gospel

Panic! at the Disco

This is gospel for the fallen ones
Locked away in permanent slumber
Assembling their philosophies
From pieces of broken memories Oh, this is the beat of my heart, this is the beat of my heart
Oh, this is the beat of my heart, this is the beat of my heart The 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
'Cause these words are knives that often leave scars
The fear of falling apart
And truth be told, I never was yours
The fear, the fear of falling apart Oh, this is the beat of my heart, this is the beat of my heart
Oh, this is the beat of my heart, this is the beat of my heart This is gospel for the vagabonds,
Ne'er-do-wells, insufferable bastards
Confessing their apostasies
Led away by imperfect impostors Oh, this is the beat of my heart, this is the beat of my heart
Oh, 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
Bury me alive
'Cause I won't give up without a fight If you love me let me go
If you love me let me go
'Cause these words are knives that often leave scars
The fear of falling apart
And truth be told, I never was yours
The fear, the fear of falling apart Oh, the fear of falling apart
Oh, the fear, the fear of falling apart Oh (This is the beat of my heart)
The fear of falling apart Oh (This is the beat of my heart)
The fear of falling apart Oh (This is the beat of my heart)
The fear of falling apart Oh (This is the beat of my heart)
The fear of falling apart

Songwriters

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