

Let's Kill Tonight

Panic! at the Disco

If I retreat, words, wars and symphonies
Make room we're taking over here
You're the galantine, cold and alone, it suits you well
Won't find me perching here again May your feet serve you well
And the rest be sent to hell
Where they always have belonged
Cold hearts brew colder songs
Fate will play us out with a song of pure romance
Stomp your feet and clap your hands Let's kill tonight, kill tonight
Show them all you're not the ordinary type
Let's kill tonight, kill tonight
Show them all you're not the ordinary type
Let's kill tonight May your feet serve you well
And the rest be sent to hell
Where they'll always have belonged
Cold hearts brew colder songs
Fate will play us out with a song of pure romance
Stomp your feet and clap your hands

Songwriters

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