I Constantly Thank God for Esteban

[Panic! At the Disco](#)

Give us this day our daily dose of faux affliction
Forgive our sins
Forged at the pulpit with forked tongues
Selling faux sermons'Cause I am a new wave gospel sharp
And you'll be thy witness
So gentlemen, if you are gonna preach
For God sakes preach with convictionStrike up the band
Whoa, the conductor is beckoning
Come congregation, let's sing it like you mean it
No, don't you get it, don't you get it? Now, don't you moveStrike up the band
Whoa, the conductor is beckoning
Come congregation, let's sing it like you mean it
No, don't you get it, don't you get it? Now, don't you moveJust stay where I can see you
Douse the lights
We sure are in for a show tonightIn this little number we are graced
By two displays of character
We've got the gunslinger extraordinaire
Walking contradictionsAnd I for one can see no blood
From the hearts and the wrists you allegedly slit
And I for one won't stand for this
If the scene were a parish you'd all be condemnedStrike up the band
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Strike up the band