Panic at the disco - This Is Gospel

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,  
Never-do-wells and 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