

Panic! At The Disco "Kill Tonight"

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If I retreat
Words, wars, and symphonies
Make room we're taking over here
So the gallanting
Cold and alone, it suits you well
You 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, colder songs
They 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
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