

## **Panic! At the Disco "Let's Kill Tonight"**

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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.  
So 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.  
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Show them all you're not the ordinary type.  
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