Panic! At The Disco, Let's Kill Tonight

If I retreat
Words, wars, and symphonies
Make room! We're taking over here
And you're the gallantine
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 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
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