

# Let's Kill Tonight

## Panic! At the Disco

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  
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  
Let's kill tonight!  
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!  
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