

Centralia (Acoustic)

William Fitzsimmons

I offer myself to you
Though I am a broken thing
The cardinal with severed wing In morning to hide my face
Though I am a sunderer
Disguised in eternal grace Heir to a crippled crown
My little elysium
God, how I let you down Let me fall through the ground
Where you fell back to you
We burn like centralia
Lost in the ash below
Hoping to find a home So follow me or run from me
Two cities with living beings
No fire to fear beneath Let me fall through the ground
Where you fell back to you Let me fall through the ground
Where you fell back to you Let me fall

Songwriters

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