

# Centralia

## 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

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