

# Rot

## Lacey Sturm

I can't hold my head up in this dark room anymore  
I need a lightning bolt to raise me from this grave  
Here comes fresh fire  
Fresh fire, fresh fire

So infatuated by the darkness and so surrounded by the light  
Oh my God, save my soul  
And still I want what's pure and want what's right  
But I need another fix tonight  
Oh my God, save my soul

Beneath her glowing eyes that call like fire to a moth  
The most disgusting lies are dressed in beauty that'll rot  
Oh my God, you've won the coldest battle we've fought  
Deliverance is mine, from more of this beauty that'll rot

Mirror mirror on the wall, will there be glory if I fall?  
Oh my God, save my soul  
I need a faith that's solid as concrete, but the impact's broken both my knees  
Oh my God, save my soul

Beneath her glowing eyes that call like fire to a moth  
The most disgusting lies are dressed in beauty that'll rot  
Oh my God, you've won the coldest battle we've fought  
Deliverance is mine, from more of this beauty that'll rot  
Don't wanna rot

I can't hold my head up in this dark room anymore  
I need a lightning bolt to raise me from this grave  
Here comes fresh fire

Breathtaking blinding truth, freedom I never knew

Oh my God, you've won the coldest battle we've fought  
Deliverance is mine, from more of this beauty that'll rot

---