Eleven

Primus

I just can't seem to blend into society
I have no hope for this dim simplicity of law and order
By whose rules
I see no rhyme in the reason
I hold no hope for this holy treason of love and so soft
By whose standards, by whose standards
They tell me, they tell me, they tell me
They tell me, they tell me, they tell me, they tell me
Who are they, who is they?
I just can't seem to fit into society
I hold no hope for this dim simplicity of law and order
By whose rules?
I see no rhyme in the reason
I hold no hope for this holy treason of love and so soft
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