

# Eleven

## The Russian Apartments

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  
They tell me, they tell me  
Who are they, who is they

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>