

# Eleven

## P.O.S.

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

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