

# Within Y, Unjust

We are just a standing illusion  
Merged into a primal being  
A sickening fusion  
All of us in the shadow of dust  
In us there's nothing but rust  
Withered pieces of minds so forlorn  
We are falling down  
And we're all back in this mess  
An impulse to create  
Fear to be something  
We are the mesh  
And we put you all back in this mess  
We are the mesh  
That succumbs to greed  
Undo the state of mind  
An attempt of seeing  
So blinded, so restrained  
Just beg for hope  
Not to converge  
We are the unjust being  
Not to converge  
We are the unjust being