



Topic: The line between us.

Scattered prejudice

an ode to the unanswered souls.

We, the unwanted. shattered souls met.

Somewhere that is unknown.

We, someone who know nothing.

They say,

We are the world, the future,

For them,

Some insane ones with dreams.

For the world,

They're the craziest.

Us being the ruler of the world that we built.

Something that is ours, just ours.

Cannot be said, cannot be explained,

'Cause they were the madmen,

The madmen of the dead world.



They were strangers,

yet so familiar.

Somewhere, trying to be something.

It was so vague,

yet so clear.

The day they met.

Nothing known,

but easily judged.

I am the ruler,

none matter.

That's what they have deep inside.

trying so hard,

faking those smiles.

Emptiness, that's what we feel.

Knowing nothing,

But deep inside, there's the hatred.



Item Code: 957

Participant Code: 105

I'm the greatest,

I'm the ruler

They kept thinking

The time's eternal,

they touched, they felt

The least, that's what they got together for

To know each,

To know the world

Console its sorrow,

sucking it out of the soul

Before those unwanted prejudice,

they raised together

Scattering it with all their might

Looking back, mockingly

They said,

'What was all that for?'

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why so much hatred?'

Someone whispered,

'That's how the world is,

Everything upturned.

Before love, there is hatred.

Before sunrise, there is sunset.

And, Before embracing,

there is this prejudice.

Just like how the sunrise come,

spreading its golden hue,

breaking the darkness of the night.

There comes our golden hue,

the hope, the trust.

of building something together.

Scattering the prejudice,

the hardest line between us.



Item Code: 957

Participant Code: 105

They cried,
They smiled,
They laughed
Everything so real,
filling the emptiness

The world, the time
it keeps moving,
Nothing change.

But the mere solid that beholds the soul,
They thought, they changed the world.
They thought, they broke the line.

The truth remains unchanged.
nothing changes.
It's simply that none dare
to speak,
to let the world see the unwanted.



Item Code: 957

Participant Code: 105

Their scrambled thoughts...
The belief, the culture,
they say...

It's just these little smiles...
Among these little souls,
trying so hard to suck out...
Everything unless its good...
For that they love, the wanted,
The soul...

It's not the mere body,
not the unknown identity...
It's just the little thing,
Something called the soul...

There exist no boundaries,
It's only for something that's seen...
The mere body...

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The soul can never be seen,
It's to felt,
The urge of the soul
to scatter those prejudice.

The writer inside them,
wanting to take out their knife
tearing those lines apart.

They wish to write.
Write their souls out
Dipping the tip of their phoenix feather
In the ruby scattered all around,
From those bleeding wound.

'Just hear me out'.
They screamed:
Breaking all those boundaries.