

In the depths of our Earth, a symphony plays,
A song of life, in the most magnificent ways.
The trees and the flowers, they sing along,
A chorus of beauty, that's never gone wrong.

But the song is changing, and it's not for the best,
Our actions, the reason, for the Earth's distress.
Our air, once pure, now filled with pollution,
The oceans and seas, rife with plastic, a devolution.

The glaciers once vast, now mere shadows of themselves,
The forests we cut, the wildlife we've expelled.
The Earth, our home, we've taken for granted,
Our greed and our hubris, has left it all slanted.

But hope is not lost, for the Earth still sings,
And nature's resilience, forever brings,
A chance for redemption, a chance to make right,
To undo our wrongs, and to bring back the light.

We can change the tune, we can change the song,
If we come together, and we stand strong.
Reduce, reuse, recycle, a simple start,
Plant a tree, clean the air, let nature heal its own heart.

Let's not forget, the beauty that surrounds us,
The mountains, the oceans, and the forests that astound us.
The Earth, our home, a precious gem,
A place we must cherish, and always defend.

For nature's resilience, it's a beacon of hope,
A reminder to us, of the lengths we can cope.
Let's work together, to restore the Earth's glory,
And let the symphony continue, a never-ending story.

