

From Barren Fields to Blooming Futures

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The sky once stretched, endless and true,
Now gasps for breath in a veil of gray.
Rivers that danced in the sun's warm glow,
Now whisper sorrow as they fade away.

Once, the land was rich and wide,
Green and gold on every side.
Rivers roared, the forests swayed,
And harvest filled the bowls we laid.

But now the soil is cracked and bare,
The farmers toil, yet none is spared.
The sun beats down, the rain forgets,
And hunger knocks where food once met.

Benue, my home, the nation's pride,
Where harvests once stood tall and wide.
But now the basket bows in pain,
As thirsty fields cry out in vain.

Yet in this dust, the seeds still sleep,

Waiting for rain, roots buried deep.
The trees can rise, the fields can bloom,
If only we make space for room.

Not all is lost, not all is done,
The fight for life has just begun.
Rise, oh nation, tend the land,
Restore, rebuild, by your own hand.

We are the hands to heal the land,
The seeds of change, the builder's stand.
Generation Restoration, bold and true,
To shape tomorrow, it's up to you.