THE FUTURE IS OURS

The future hasn't been written. It's not something that arrives when we're ready. It's here, right now, and it's ours to shape.

They say we're too young to understand.
But we've seen enough to know we can't stay silent
While the future unravels.
The world came to us broken.
We won't wait for someone else to fix it,
We'll do it ourselves.

Every step we take, every voice we raise, Builds what's next.
The past doesn't define us.
Its mistakes push us to create better,
To make something real.

The future doesn't belong to the silent. It belongs to those who question, Who believe a broken world can be rebuilt. We are that generation Unshaken, outspoken, and unafraid.

We shape the future with what we do today, How we care, how we fight, How we dream past limits. We're not waiting for a sign. It's already here: In every decision, every refusal to give up.

This is our time.
Our world to rebuild.
Our future to claim.

The future is not a gift. Not a promise.

It's a choice.
And the choice is ours.

CHINECHEREM UCHE