

Restoring Roots, Rebuilding Dreams

“Generation Restoration”

A phrase with simple words,
And yet holds so much potential,
A phrase so powerful, it yearns for its people
To restore Our generation, Our future, Our people.

The rivers cry, the mountain plead,
The oceans sigh, the forests bleed,
We hear their cry, their desperate call,
To lift them up before they fall.

Broken reefs and barren skies,
Tales of greed and whispered lies
Tomorrows joy is our to weave,
A future bright because we believe.

A thousand hands, a single dream,
To make the earth once more pristine
We plant not just to heal today,
But gift tomorrow's breath and way.

Each tree we plant, each stream we save,
Is one more vow, one less grave.
Together strong, we plant, we soar,
And shape a world worth fighting for.

We are the seeds of a brand new dawn,
Mending the earth that's bruised and torn
With every act, with every hand,
We piece together this broken land.

“Reduce, reuse, recycle”

Isn't just a saying, but a voice calling
The people to restore our planet
Once again to her once glorious state.

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