

TOMORROW IS GREEN

Today we sow the seedlings,
We tend to the budding flowers,
Yea, we trim and prune the promising younglings,
Today day we strive to be happy sowers,
For it promises that tomorrow will be green.

Today we let the trees sway happily
To the rhythm of the wind.
We deter our saws sternly,
And shove it at our hind,
Only then would tomorrow be green.

Today we disrupt the crude spitting machines,
We hinder their roars that secrete blackness,
We clamour against the black shines,
That tomorrow might not be shrouded in darkness,
But be a full of a lively green.

Today we believe that tomorrow can be green,
So we let the birds chirp as they crochet the nest.
Today we earnestly pray the sun tenderly shines on the growing green,
By the morrow we'll see the world greenly blest.

