

## Generation Restoration

*They don't cry until they choke.  
As skies turn black and rivers smoke.  
The heat swells fast; the crops won't grow.  
Floods rise high—then fires blow.  
Forests fall. The ocean foams.  
But still—we scroll. We build. We roam.*

*It isn't fate—it's still our hand,  
That drains the life out of the land.  
We dig too deep. We cut too wide.  
We poison rain. We scorch the tide.  
For gold and gain, we break the ground,  
While Earth cries out without a sound.*

*But nature bends—and then she breaks.  
And when she does, it all forsakes.  
The bees are gone. The fields turn stone.  
The winds bring fire. The birds have flown.  
The fish grow scarce. The wells run dry.  
And breath itself becomes goodbye.*

*If we don't stop, if we delay—  
We write the end. We fade away.*

*But just before the final flame,  
A whisper rose—then came a name.  
A girl who spun waste into walls,  
A boy who caught the sun's bright calls.  
They stood. They stirred. They sparked the light—  
One act of courage births the fight.*

*We plant the trees. We clean the seas.  
We rise with the wind. We ride the breeze.*

*We build with care. We think ahead.  
We grow the green—not count the dead.*

*The Earth still breathes—but not alone.  
She needs our hands to heal her home.  
Not just for trees or skies of blue—  
But for our children. Me. And you.*

*We are the voice. The change. The flame.  
We're not just watchers—we reclaim.  
Stand up now. Speak loud. Be clever.  
This is our fight. It's now. Or never.*

*Let the future proudly say:*  
**“They turned the tide. They paved the way.  
Through unity, resolve, endeavour—  
They healed the Earth... and changed forever.”**

— A. I. Handel