

Generation Restoration: A Clarion Call

In ancient roots, where Earth's deep heart resides,
My spirit finds its solace where wild wisdom guides.
But now, a silent scream where forests once stood,
Plastic's cold grip, a sky misunderstood.
The vibrant tapestry, unravelling, begins to fray,
A whispered future, heavy with despair.

For what is a dawn, if silence is king,
And the vibrant symphony forgets how to sing?
A human spirit, starved, in concrete's cold gleam,
Lost to the echo of a forgotten dream.
Yet, from this quiet ache, a fierce truth takes a hold,
A "Restoration!" story, bravely we unfold.

It rises, a chorus from, soil, sea, and air,
A clarion promise, to mend and repair.
To coax green life from the earth's weary sigh,
To cleanse every current, beneath a clear sky.
With vision ignited, and purpose so clear,
We rise, Generation Restoration, drawing so near.

Imagine a dawn, where pure water flows,
And ancient rhythms, once lost, start to grow.
Where biodiversity thrives, a vibrant, rich art,
And sustainable living, a beat in each heart.
Whose legacy will bloom from this fertile land?
A living legacy, from nature's deep gorge.
A love from this planet, a bond pure and true,
Sculpting tomorrow, for all, and for you.