

Generation Restoration: Shaping our Future

In a world made for mankind,
A knowledge of good and evil defined.
Adam's charge: tend every kind—
Animals, plants, and rivers flowing
In Eden, the land of the living, glowing.
Pishon, Gihon, Tigris, Euphrates—all made sacred,
By the Living God.

But Eden, the Living Land,
Fell to man's disobedient hand.
Man's assignment, a story untold,
Waved and flowed in his very presence,
Yet nothing was done, no true essence
Of duty fulfilled till it became a dire need,
A common cry;
“Give me good food and water, or else I shall die!”

On Earth, man's Rome,
Flying creatures find no place to stay at night,
Sea animals yearn for freedom from the constant plight

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Of oil, seeping, into their home
Wrappers now fly where birds once soared and kept.
Carbon chokes the air, a silent, rising tide.
We must give our world a chance, let not its spirit hide,
Let it not lay waste, become desolate and bare.

Yet, on Earth,
A future is glimpsed, somewhere,
Where trees are planted, reaching ever high,
Sea animals thrive, no longer doomed to die.
Flying creatures perch on living green,
Industrial pollution a distant, forgotten scene.

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