

They say the earth is slowly dying,
But in Ogoni land, after bleeding black gold from her soil, her breath is now a whisper.
When Ken Saro-Wiwa spoke up for her, his breath stopped but not the pipelines,
I once read a fiction that felt so real; Tomorrow Died Yesterday, by Chimeka Garricks.
But, what about today?

Skies cough smoke in Onitsha,
In Aba, rivers run thick with dye,
And in Lagos, gutters choke on plastic dreams .

As a Metallurgical & Materials Engineer,
I study lifecycles,
And I see corrosion, not just on steel,
but on policies, on promises.
From raw ore to refined alloy,
We mine the earth and break her laws,
But in Ajaokuta, our furnace rust in silence.
Nigeria, rich in materials, but poor in management.

But change is brewing,
From soot-born youths, now eco guardians,
To mangrove roots and eco-bricks,
The future is blooming.

Generation Restoration is not just a slogan,
It's the metallurgy of our soul.
We are forging the future,
And casting tomorrow from today's ruins.
Our earth will heal;
Only when extraction meets regeneration,
When science serves the soil,
And engineers walk as eco-guardians

Because we belong here, and we must build like it.