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From Ruin to Renewal: A Generation's Promise

We are the offspring of broken times,
Descended from both hymns and crimes.
We feel the weight of decisions made by the hands of fate,
We count the days as we search for the fleeting gate,
And we taste the dust of ages.
Ancient oceans mourn in grave silence,
And the earth sighs beneath a burdened, fading sky.
We feel the quake in a wounded land,
And witness the husks of giants that were once so grand

But then, we arise, we feel the tide,
With the sun our groom, and the earth our bride.
We mend the broken, we cultivate the new,
We sift the ruins, not for what's undone,
But for the seeds of futures, bravely spun.
Each fractured coat, a lesson understood;
Each naked field, a chance for flourishing wood.
With eager hands and spirits burning bright,
For every silence, music from the heart

So let us rise, with bravery as our guide,
Our generation's promise, our destiny tied
To verdant rebirth, skies profoundly clear,

Creating the world, dismissing every tear.
For the reshaping now lies in our hands,
A boundless legacy where thriving wins.
A future renewed, beautifully repaired