

## GENERATION RESTORATION

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How could we bear such cruelty toward the world we call our home?  
How could we, with wicked hands, deny the life from which we've grown?  
How dare we choke the very breath that once the earth so freely gave—  
Repaying her with slow decay, and digging deep her grave?

How shameful, that the earth has cradled us for countless years,  
Yet we return her love with wounds, with poison, pain, and tears.  
We dress our ruin in the robes of progress, blind to truth's reflection,  
Deceiving hearts that innovation justifies destruction.

Tomorrow's children will look back, not on a garden in full bloom,  
But on a fading memory—a world consumed by gloom.  
What once was draped in nature's grace, now scars the soul with sorrow,  
And all because today we chose to steal their bright tomorrow.

When will we finally open eyes to see the planet we are bleeding?  
When will we trade our grip of harm for hands of gentle healing?  
I can no longer thrive in lands where smoke and silence reign,  
Where forests fall and rivers cry, and profit justifies the pain.

It breaks me that to save the earth is seen as something odd,  
While those who tear it limb from limb are never even flawed.  
What madness reigns when care is scorned and greed is hailed as sage?  
We must escape this twisted norm—it traps us in a cage.

Each seed we sow becomes a spark that lights the path ahead,  
Each tree we shield becomes a shield from sorrow, loss, and dread.  
How long shall we just stand and watch the planet lose its grace?  
It grieves me knowing we are both the cause—and cure—of her disgrace.