

Generation Restoration: Shaping Our Future

We are the seeds that tomorrow will grow,
The voices that echo in rivers that flow.
We are the breath in the trees that remain,
The healers of wounds, the breakers of chains.

The skies remember what once was blue,
Before the smoke, before it withdrew.
The oceans whisper what they have seen—
Plastic dreams and oil-slicked sheen.

But we are not bound by what came before.
We stand at today's breaking door.
Hands in soil, hearts on fire,
We rise with purpose, bold with desire.

Can you hear the forests call your name?
Will you leave the earth as you came?
Or will you plant, protect, and rise,
With roots in truth and eyes on skies?

This is our time—not to delay,
But to reclaim what fades away.
One small act, one mindful choice,

And nature answers with her voice.

You are not too young to lead,

To sow a thought, to act, to feed.

Restore the streams, replant the land,

Shape the future with your hand.

Will your story be one of care?

Of standing tall when few would dare?

Let this be your generation's song—

To right the past, to right the wrong.

Generation Restoration—

Not a hope, but a declaration.

We are the future.

We are the now.

We rise. We fight.

We make this vow.