

## **Illnearth**

How strange is it that green is gone?  
Replaced with metal, steel and neon  
The proud trees fall to axe and flame  
Structures rise, yet no one to tame

Once asleep, awakened to plastic rains  
Her blanket melts away under warming panes  
Our vibrant Earth, now oil stains block her way  
She tries to speak, but chokes on waste not decayed

O poor, poor Earth

She groans beneath the strife and weight,  
The painful fate she's subjected to,  
And man, the cause, shall suffer too

His sins finding him, sooner or late

And so, we must rise to remedy this mischief  
To cure Earth's illness, before it's too late

To treat our home where we belong

So we and Earth can both live long  
To plant a tree, to mend a stream.  
Together we can achieve nature's dream.