

OUR GENERATION'S TURN

We walk on paths our elders paved,
With roots in soil both strong and brave.
Unending pain they still strived on
With a vision for the coming generation

Our time they say has gone forlorn
We can build a greater one for the coming ones.
From the ash of what was torn,
A brighter age will be born.

We are the bridge from then to now,
With sweat upon our thoughtful brow.
To mend, rebuild, and plant once more—
To heal what time and pain tore sore.

The forests sing with ancient tune,
The rivers beat drums unknown.
But every tree we choose to raise
Becomes a hymn to future days.

Every little thing we say
Might become legendary sayings in the coming days.
Our ancestors have come and done
Now it is our turn

Let us pave a way for coming stars,
Be careful the future is not
far.
Through little seeds,
We can solve future war decrees.

So let us rise, hand in hand,
Spread the word across sea and land.
For change begins when we ensure
That we are shaped by love pure.

Let generations old and new

Restore, rebuild, and enjoy it too.

In every seed we plant, bear in my mind a future starts,

Shaped by our voices, thoughts, and hearts.