

THE DAWN PROJECT

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Generation Restoration: Shaping our Future

We rise from roots the elders laid

In Ash and bloom, the past has stayed.

But now the torch is in our hands

To heal the Earth, to mend the lands.

Why be slaves worthless gain?

We turned our backs on plastic rain.

To have a breath of cleaner air,

We prove that change begins with care.

The Earth remembers; never forgets

Each tree we fell, each rising debt

Even under concretes weight,

The roots have learned to germinate

I see a world that's cracked, not dead.

A forest sleeping, not all fled.

A sea that groans beneath the weight,

But I still believe it's not too late

As I don't buy the end-time tale.

I see a spark behind the veil.

With forests rising, root by root,

From drone-flung seeds to farmer's boots.

We mend the reef, we cleanse the sea,

We learn again to let things be

Sustainability is not a trend—

It's how the broken world can mend.

Less take, more give. Less waste, more wise.

A better world, not sold in lies.

This is the hour we draw the line:

Between decline... and redesign

The Earth will be born again through us

A generation restored, victorious.