

THE RISE OF GENERATION GREEN.

Oh Nigeria, a Giant bold,
With roots so rich, and filled with gold.
Yet now you groan beneath the weight
Of waste and wounds we helped create.

Gutters brim with plastic tide,
The trees are gone, the shade has died.
Coal fires choke the afternoon air—
And still, we live like we don't care.

But we are not a tale of doom;
A younger sun has begun to bloom.
This generation must arise,
To cleanse the land and clear the skies.

Restoration starts with choice,
In every act, in every voice.
To sort our waste, to plant, to teach,
To make our future within reach.

Let plastic, food, and glass be known,
Each in their bin, each in their zone.
With policy and public might,
We turn the wrongs into the right.

Generation Green has heard the call,
To heal the Earth and stand for all.
Armed with renewable energy on this mission,
To battle greenhouse gases into submission.

The time is now, the task is ours,
To green our streets, revive the flowers.
Let's shape a future strong and pure:
A land restored, a hope secure.