

I hear the earth weep in silence and pain,
Forests fall and rivers strain.
Oceans choke on plastic tides,
Mountains mourn what hope now hides.

But in this dark, a spark is born,
A voice that rises with the dawn.
We are the ones, the chosen race,
To heal the wounds and mend this place.

We plant the seeds, restore the green,
We clear the waste, we keep it clean.
With hands and minds, both old and new,
We build a world both kind and true.

We guard the sea and streams, protect the shore,
We bring back trees to lands once bare,
With roots of hope and fresher air.

Pollution, greed, deforestation
We face them all with dedication.
We learn, adapt, and boldly strive,
To keep this precious Earth alive.

We must all rise and do our part,
With nature's rhythm in our heart.
This is our time, our solemn quest
To build a world that stands the test of time.

We are the voice, the flame,
We are Generation Restoration, shaping the future.