

**Title: Generation Restoration: Shaping Our Future**

We are the echo of choices made  
Of forests lost and rivers betrayed.  
But silence won't rebuild the land.  
We rise with purpose in our hands.

We are not just seeds in waiting;  
We are roots reclaiming, recreating.  
With minds unchained and hearts aware,  
We plant, protect, restore, repair.

With the awakening of future heroes,  
We scatter hope across scorched meadows.  
From deserts bare to poisoned seas,  
We rewrite fate with living trees.

And the tooth of betrayal, with an eye of agony,  
Still haunts the earth's cracked memory.  
But we are not its final cry  
We are the reason it will rise.

We shake the thrones of greed and waste,  
Rewrite the rules with urgent haste.  
For every wound the earth still bleeds,  
We plant resistance, roots, and seeds.

This is more than just a fight;  
It's healing darkness with our light.  
Each action now, each word we share,  
Determines if the world will care.

We are Generation Restoration  
Not just dreaming, but doing.  
Not just talking, but transforming.  
The future will not shape itself.  
We are the architects of Earth's renewal.