

WE ARE THE ROOTS OF TOMORROW

We are the roots of tomorrow's earth,
Planted deep in a time of worth,
Where rivers weep and forests fall,
Yet still we rise to heed the call.

We mend the wounds the past has torn,
Replant the trees, revive the worn.
With every seed, a promise grows,
To cool the air, to cleanse the flows.

Our hands may seem too small to heal,
But action grows with steadfast will.
Solar dreams and oceans clean,
A world restored from what has been.

No longer watchers of decay,
We build the light, we shape the way.
From plastic waste to green rebirth,
We forge new paths upon this Earth.

Defiant hope in youthful breath,
We choose renewal over death.
Not just to live, but to renew,
To paint the sky with cleaner blue.

So let the future write our name,
As those who rose, who faced the flame.
For in our hands and hearts we hold,
The power to heal, the roots of gold.