

Can you see the smoky handwriting in the cloud?  
Or feel the burning echo of the wind?  
They whisper the truth of our careless hands,  
So will you listen while there's still time?

The fading figure of the forest trees,  
The choking of the ocean, and  
The angry swing of climate  
Sing a sorrowful song that slowly strangles  
The light of tomorrow.

But here's a generation that won't  
Fold their arms while their future crumbles,  
As the fading fire of their light  
Echoes the wailing of Mother Earth.

We are the hands that plant roots of change,  
Building bridges to reconnect us  
To grounds of healing and wholeness,  
Where rivers sing and forests breathe again.

We are the voice, calm and clear  
To educate, enlighten and encourage  
Climate innovations to  
End pollution, deforestation and carbon scars.

We are the seeds, sowing ourselves in  
Dreams and deeds, projects and plans  
To bring alive a vision  
Of a greener, sustainable planet.

We are the generation that believes in Earth's restoration,  
And we are shaping tomorrow with hope.  
We plead that everyone rises to restore,  
To swell our efforts like Nigerian garri.

For when the victory comes,  
It will belong to us all.