

My Earth

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My Earth, my oh sacred Earth
You're the home of people across the globe
Providing abundant material across a slope
Like a mother giving her devotion and hope
Several people think you will stay for eternity
But that's not the case isn't it?

The air upon you is as unclean as a junkyard
Trash upon trash, plastic and cans that makes up landfills
People throwing a bottle on the ground
Not wondering the consequence bound to happen
The reusable pot you can make with that bottle
Yet you topple it upon the rich soil provided
Assist with a cleanup or maybe two
Maybe then the tip of a iceberg wouldn't melt so soon
"The air is polluted!" That's what everyone says
Politicians say this confidently with no dismay
Yet do nothing to reverse this charade
I see a cigarette on the ground
Then pick it up slowly with a frown
I see smoke from peoples mouths
It dances slowly, hurtfully across the town

The Earth is dying each and every day
The people don't seem to care about the Earth's decay
We should stand tall and stop this for all
Make a habit of reusing your trash
Let the faucet stop running while brushing your teeth
Let the world see
That little things can make a change
Rip apart this polluting cage
And rise for this sake
The Earth will go back to it's state one day

I know it will

We will wait for that day to come and repay