

There was a time
long long ago
where humanity let the seeds grow
and didn't doubt the creatures value

Will we ever understand?
how we destroy
Let the ice inside us melt
and change

Wish to see the trees standing
on the ground
why can't you give them a tender hand

I see their eyes so afraid
Why can't you take their suffering away?
Hear their heartbeats grow
Why can't you let them go?

Is it our will to choose
who should win and lose
and who should live and who's going to die
with no goodbye

Long for a landscape filled
with nature's treasures
Hope for a new horizon