

Written Component
Water: In Focus

Think about it, before we are left without it!

*A tear is born in the blink of an eye,
a tear is formed in lonely mournful cry.*
Our mother earth, she is crying out,
her pristine purity is almost all run out.

To all her guest with open hands she has shared her wealth throughout the lands. But
with hands so full that they start to leak, our futures begin to look quite bleak.
We have had our full yet still we want more,
how convenient it is so we run to the store.

Buying and buying fresh bottles of rain, well others are living without and in pain.
Selfish we have been it's now time we take stand, why not start with the bottle you know
hold in your hand?

The surrounding plastic nothing but garbage, a litter to our earth but what it retains hold
so much more worth.

Diamonds and gold could never match up to thee not even the salt rich water you'd find
in the sea.

The water that is in its most precious form is the water that will never again be reborn.

*A tear is formed in the blink of an eye,
A tear is formed as our mother earth cries.*