



WILD WILD WILD WILD
The word lifts his wings and the bird soars,
High into the sky of his name,
Feathers catch colours of the sun,
Brown, gold, dark chocolate,
He eyes the tops of mountains,
The wind shapes his home

But a gun is fixed on his flight,
Angus has blood on his hands,
Keeping the grouse moor sound
For rich people to play war games,
Birds no bigger than chickens
Make easy targets, safe prey

Hen harriers, falcons, owls, red kites,
The wind misses the dip of their wings,
Their rise and swoop, dart and drift,
They have gone the way of the gun,
Granny and Bobbie know the truth
But fight powerless, without proof

WILD WILD WILD WILD
Eagle warriors, spread your arms,
Fly free! Dark shapes against the sun,
Satellite tags show patterns like stars,
Birds of prey decorated with medals,
Teaching us love, courage, connection,
Through poison, to life blood, to hope

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