



MERCURY OF



Forster's Tern

On the journey up the creek called Chiltipin,
We had an adventure – on that you can depend,
Life happened that day, and we were in the way,
It was a great experience I am happy to say.

Just beyond where we saw the jelly of the moon,
We saw a flock of birds ahead on the lagoon
That was formed by the river and a big sandbar,
What followed was nature conducting a seminar.

The birds were swirling and diving for food,
They were Forster's terns – looking good,
In winter plumage with black behind ear,
For diving and feeding, they have no peer.

But what they are eating is hard to say,
Oyster spat might be on the menu today,
And fishermen get excited seeing bird action,
And scream "liar" at the birds as a reaction.

For unlike the gulls that follow the trout,
There's no shrimp below the tern's snout,
So the liar bird is a foil to the fisherman,
No easy catch for the lazy wisherman.

So I ask the liar bird to come talk with me,
About what it's like to fly effortlessly,
To him the sky is like water to the fish,

A film that holds him and grants his wish.

The gator, the kingbird and now the tern in flight,
Earth church has produced yet another delight,
So much reward from this trip up the river,
Which for wonderful images can really deliver.

This is a temple we need to protect,
And the wastewater discharge we must reject,
Temples are for all to have as a birthright,
So hear me now – get ready to fight.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
Here we fight for our temples
So they're here after you.