

Septic Flesh, Arctic Circle

Sailing to the unfriendly regions of the North.
Some whales were following us, making sounds of warning.
The curious giants were playing with each other,
Spying on the expedition's ships.

The Arctic Circle closed its arms around our fate.
We are sealed on this central ocean.

We have settled on the frozen zone of the tundra.
Blinding days, snowing with out end.
The winter months are furiously approaching.
The pole will turn his white back to the sun.

[Solo: Sotiris V.]

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