

Borknagar, Acclimation

Symbiosis is my guiding force
Like the wind against the window I adapt my course
One moment a firm wall of traditions
The next an exploding substance of variations
When the weather changes, so do I
To contrast I am a slave
As the oceans alters, so do I
A thousand faces for every wave
Acclimation: in the shape of a human
Adaptation: governed by blood and sun
Symbiosis is my guiding force
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