

# 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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