

## Acclimation

Borknagar

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