

Drip, drip, drop, bit by bit,
it's the dulcet sound of the glacial melt
Accompanied by the Beluga,
singing about the hand they've been dealt.
The Emperor and the Arctic Fox listen intently.

"I'm beginning to get glimpses of what is called real life,"
he says, meaning misfortune.

"I'm beginning to get glimpses of what is called real life.
Yes, they're lost in myopia. Yes, they're lost in myopia."

Surrounded by ostriches with mouths full of sand,
their teeth grind the grains, but their faces don't contort.
Perplexed, I am unable to breathe in their skin.
We are all vertebrates but where is that backbone now?

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As the Emperor watches his numbers plummet they hear him scream:

"They're living in denial of science.

They're happy to defile silence.

Yeah, they're living in denial of science.

They're happy to defile silence."

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he says, meaning misfortune.

Deprived is the polar bear, grasping at straws;
to safeguard dividends they depend on disbelief.
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