

## Arctic Circle

Septicflesh

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

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