

Cronian

"Arctic Fever"

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Sitting in the subterranean chamber
Embraced by the vast solitariness
Seclusion concealed by a vision's ember
That speaks the words of science grandness

And light determination in my soul,
To unite with Terra and the mysterious
Order that lives on this crude pole,
And transmits feelings of the ecstatic and delirious

The Arctic Fever tempers me to explore,
The environment and my emotions
I'm an extraterrestrial in this secretive lore,
Tested by organism's corrosion.

Like the wind is strong our relation is equally fragile
Contaminated, and then lost?
(Exposed, and then refined?)
As organelle and mind reconcile
With the tundra, delta and every path I've crossed

Surrounded by millions, billions, zillions of species
But sometimes still I feel alone
'Cause microbes carry such neutral facies,
Their expressions are trapped in ice and stone

But if I ever leave, I will return
'Cause my blood is heated by the Arctic Fever
My body freezes, but my soul burns
So, I'm both transmitter and receiver

For the climate's magnitudes...

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