Arguing With Thermometers

Enter Shikari

This is an expedition into the arctic tundra
This is a sickening mission just to spoil and plunder
That's the sound of another door shutting,
In the face of progress, in the face of progress
They'll plant their flags in the sea bed,
Shackleton is rolling in his grave.(2x)
Yeah yeah yeah, we're all addicted to the most abused
And destructive drug of all time
And I ain't talking about class A's
That business is minuscule when compared
And just like an addict desperate to get his next fix
We resort to committing crimes to secure our next hit
You know there's oil in the ice
You know there's oil in my eyes
You know there's blood on my hands
Yeah! we're all addicted, we're all dependent
That's a maniac standpoint, a psychotic outlook
That's the sound of another door shutting,
In the face of progress, in the face of progress
They'll plant their flags in the sea bed,

Shackleton is rolling in his grave.(2x)
So lemme get this straight
As we witness the ice caps melt
Instead of being spurred into changing our ways
We're gonna invest in military hardware to fight
For the remaining oil that's left beneath the ice?
What happens when it's all gone?
You haven't thought this through have you boys?
We'll take you down
We'll take you down
We'll take you down
Stand your ground!
You know there's oil in the ice
You know there's oil in my eyes
You know there's blood on my hands
Yeah! we're all addicted, we're all dependent
That's a maniac standpoint, a psychotic outlook
Yeh back to the drawing board boys,

Accept nothing short of complete reversal,
Dig deep.

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