

# 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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