Invictus

Ancient Rites

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.Invictus! Invictus!
I have not winced nor cried aloud
Invictus!
My head is bloody, but unbowed
Invictus!
I am the master of my fate
I am the captain of my soulIn the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.It matters not how strait the gate,
I am the master of my fate

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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