

# Invictus

## South Shore Concert Band/Richard Whitmarsh

Unconquered. Life is born of agony's strain  
Manifested in suffering  
Most live crippled by fear,  
I'd rather walk it off on bloody stumps until I've bled dry  
Yeah, we're all gonna die. You brand it a crisis  
I name it an honour  
To face what arises  
To remain unconquered.  
All the worst that I feared has come to pass  
And despair is in an endless supply  
I dug my way to bottom of the bloody truth  
Buried beneath a spotless lie I'm sworn to stay the course that I alone have chosen  
Because we're all gonna die. I'm cauterized I'm cauterized  
I'm gonna heat the blade  
Unconquered.  
I'm gonna ride this pain.  
Unconquered. Life's a fatal disease without a cure  
but as it kills me I'll stare right in it's eye.  
There's no way out  
I'm sworn to stay the course that I alone have chosen  
So how will you die? You brand it a crisis  
I name it an honour  
To face what arises  
To remain unconquered. There's no way out. There's no way out. Unconquered. There's no way out. There's no way out. Unconquered.

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