# Invictus

## Necromantia

Out of the night that covers me
black as the pit from pole to pole
I thank whatever gods may be
for my unconquerable soulIn the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud
under the bludgeonings of chance
my head is bloody but unbowedBeyond this place of wrath and tears
looms but the horror of shade
ad yet the menace of the years
finds and shall find me unafraidIt matters not how strait the gate
how charged with punishments the scroll
I am the master of my fate
I am the captain of my soul

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