

Ancient Rites, Invictus

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 soul

In 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

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.