

Satyrian "Invictus"

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Invictus,
Invictus,

Where the sun does never shine,
Of the witch where secret lies,
Oh, Mighty Virgin of the skies,

Beyond this place of rotten tears,
Invictus.
Looms but the horror of the shame,
Invictus.

Invictus,
The fallen bears the sacred name,
Burn inside, in her own flame.
She lifts me softly by the hand.
She whispers me

Beyond this place of rotten tears,
Invictus.
Looms but the horror of the shame,
Invictus.
And yet the menace of the years,
Invictus.
Finds and shall find me all afraid.

My eyes are closing, I cannot see
The ropes? outstretched in endless sleep.
The land of dreams sets me above,
Above the lights of the morning star.

My eyes are closing, I cannot see
The ropes? outstretched in endless sleep.
The land of dreams sets me above,
Above the lights of the morning star,
Morning star.

Beyond this place of rotten tears,
Invictus.
Looms but the horror of the shame,
Invictus.

And yet the menace of the years,
Invictus.
Finds and shall find me all afraid.

Invictus,
Invictus.

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