

The Supermen

David Bowie

When all the world was very young
And mountain magic heavy hung
The supermen would walk in file
 Guardians of a loveless isle
And gloomy browed with superfear
 Their endless tragic lives
 Could heave nor sigh
 In solemn, perverse serenity
 Wondrous beings chained to life
Strange games they would play then
 No death for the perfect men
 Life rolls into one for them
So softly a supergod cries
Where all were minds in uni-thought
 Power weird by mystics taught
 No pain, no joy, no power too great
 Colossal strength to grasp a fate
 Where sad-eyed mermen tossed in slumbers
 Nightmare dreams no mortal mind could hold
 A man would tear his brother's flesh
 A chance to die
To turn to mold
Far out in the red-sky
 Far out from the sad eyes
 Strange, mad celebration
So softly a supergod cries
 Far out in the red-sky
 Far out from the sad eyes
 Strange, mad celebration
 So softly a supergod dies

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

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