

# 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 super fear their tragic endless lives  
Heaves nor sighs in solemn, perverse serenity  
wondrous beings chained to lifeStrange games they would play then  
No death for the perfect men  
Life rolls into one for them  
So softly a super god criesWhere all were minds in uni-thought  
Power is 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 moldFar out in the red-sky  
Far out from the sad eyes  
Strange, mad celebration  
So softly a super god cries

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