

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 life Strange games they would play then
No death for the perfect men
Life rolls into one for them
So softly a super god cries Where 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 mold Far out in the red-sky
Far out from the sad eyes
Strange, mad celebration
So softly a super god cries

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