

# Baal's Hymn

## David Bowie

Whilst his mother's womb contained the growing Baal  
Even then the sky was waiting quiet and pale  
Naked, young, immensely marvelous

Like Baal loved it, when he came to usThat same sky remained with him in joy and care  
Even when Baal slept peaceful and unaware  
At night a lilac sky, a drunken Baal

Turning pious as the sky grows paleSo through hospital, cathedral, whiskey bar  
Baal kept moving onwards and just let things go  
When Baal's tired, boys, Baal cannot fall far

He will have his sky down there belowWhen the sinners congregate in shame together  
Baal lay naked, reveling in their distress  
Only sky, a sky that will go on forever

Formed a blanket for his nakednessAnd that lusty girl, the world, who'll laughing yield  
To the men who'll stand the pressure of her thighs  
Sometimes gave him love-bites, such as can't be healed

Baal survived it, he just used his eyesAnd when Baal saw lots of corpses scattered round  
He felt twice the thrill, despite the lack of room  
"Space enough" said Baal, "Then I'll thicken the ground

Space enough within this woman's womb"Any vice for Baal has got its useful side  
It's the man who practices it, he can't abide  
Vices have their point, once you see it as such

Stick to two for one will be too muchSlackness, softness are the sort of things to shun  
Nothing could be harder than the quest for fun  
Lots of strength is needed and experience too

Swollen bellies can embarrass youUnder gloomy stars and this poor veil of tears  
Baal will graze a pasture till it disappears  
Once it's been digested to the forest's teeth

Baal trod singing for a well earned sleepBaal can spot the vultures in the stormy sky  
As they wait up there to see if Baal will die  
Sometimes Baal pretends he's dead, but vultures swoop

Baal in silence dines on vulture-soupWhen the dark womb drags him down to its prize  
What's the world still mean to Baal, he's overfed  
So much sky is lurking still behind his eyes

He'll just have enough sky when he's deadOnce the Earth's dark womb engulfed the rotting Baal  
Even then the sky was up there, quiet and pale  
Naked, young, immensely marvelous  
Like Baal loved it when he lived with us

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