

# The Supermen (alternate version)

[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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