

# David Bowie, The Supermen

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 tragic endless 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