

David Bowie "The Supermen"

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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
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 super-god cries

Where all were minds in uni-thought
Powers 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

Far out in the red sky
Far out from the sad eyes
Strange, mad celebration
So softly a super-god dies

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