

## **Bowie David**

### **"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 superfear their tragic endless  
lives  
Could heave nor sigh  
In solemn, perverse serenity, wondrous chained to life.  
Strange games they would play then  
No death for the perfect men  
Life rolls into one of 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 slumber  
Nightmare dreams no mortal mind could hold  
Man would tear his brothers 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 (second time dies)

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