

# Thus Spoke Zarathustra

## Zeph Siebler

NIETZSCHE

Ten years on a lonely mountain, gazing at a maddeningly distant star  
If you had no one to shine upon, would you be as happy as you are?  
Bless the cup that wants to overflow, it is for this I will descend  
I'll show the people what they need to know, this great delusion's got to end, 'cause...

From the mountain I descended into darkened, hellish, beast-choked wood  
I came upon a withered prophet, but there was something he misunderstood  
He proselytized his love of God, and said it is for Him I should love man  
We laughed like boys and parted ways, but as he left I realized right then, he didn't know that...

Can you hear the beat, they'll be shouting in the street  
The smoke-screened specter will retreat  
The mad reflection's at its end  
Can you hear them cry, one by one they all must die,  
Spend their lives in toil to try  
To try to bring the Overman...

I cried out to the masses huddled that mankind was perched upon a rope  
The Overman, the ne plus ultra of potential, was our only hope  
Tear down the ways of old, discard their values, clear the slate and start afresh  
We must create and write and sing, or else be chained forever to our flesh!

I can hear the beat, they'll be shouting in the street  
The smoke-screened specter will retreat  
The mad reflection's at its end  
I can hear them cry, though one day we will die,  
We will give our lives to try  
To try and bring the Overman!

ENSEMBLE

Long live the Overman!  
Long live the Overman!  
Long live the Overman!

NIETZSCHE

God is dead!  
Thus spoke Zarathustra!