

# Thegodmachine: The Speaking Stone

Phinehas

Trembling in the shadow of your creation  
Your knees grow weak  
Watch my eyes beam with gold  
And you'll keep coming back  
If you fixate your desire upon me  
You'll give me breath with your lungs  
Feed me living!  
I am what you fashioned  
Your praise gives me power  
With it I'll devour you