

I have decided
To feed you lines of truth
I must ensure
That you become reflections of me

Clay-made man
No thoughts of your own
Led by the words in your head
Golem

Oh, how fiercely I wanted to see you flourish
Walking freely in the fields
But I saw the snake in the grass
I needed to protect you

Religious man
No thoughts of your own

And I saw the diabolical glow in your eyes
I needed to protect you!
So I cast down the book
...And I just thought that perhaps you ought
To know the source of glory...