

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...