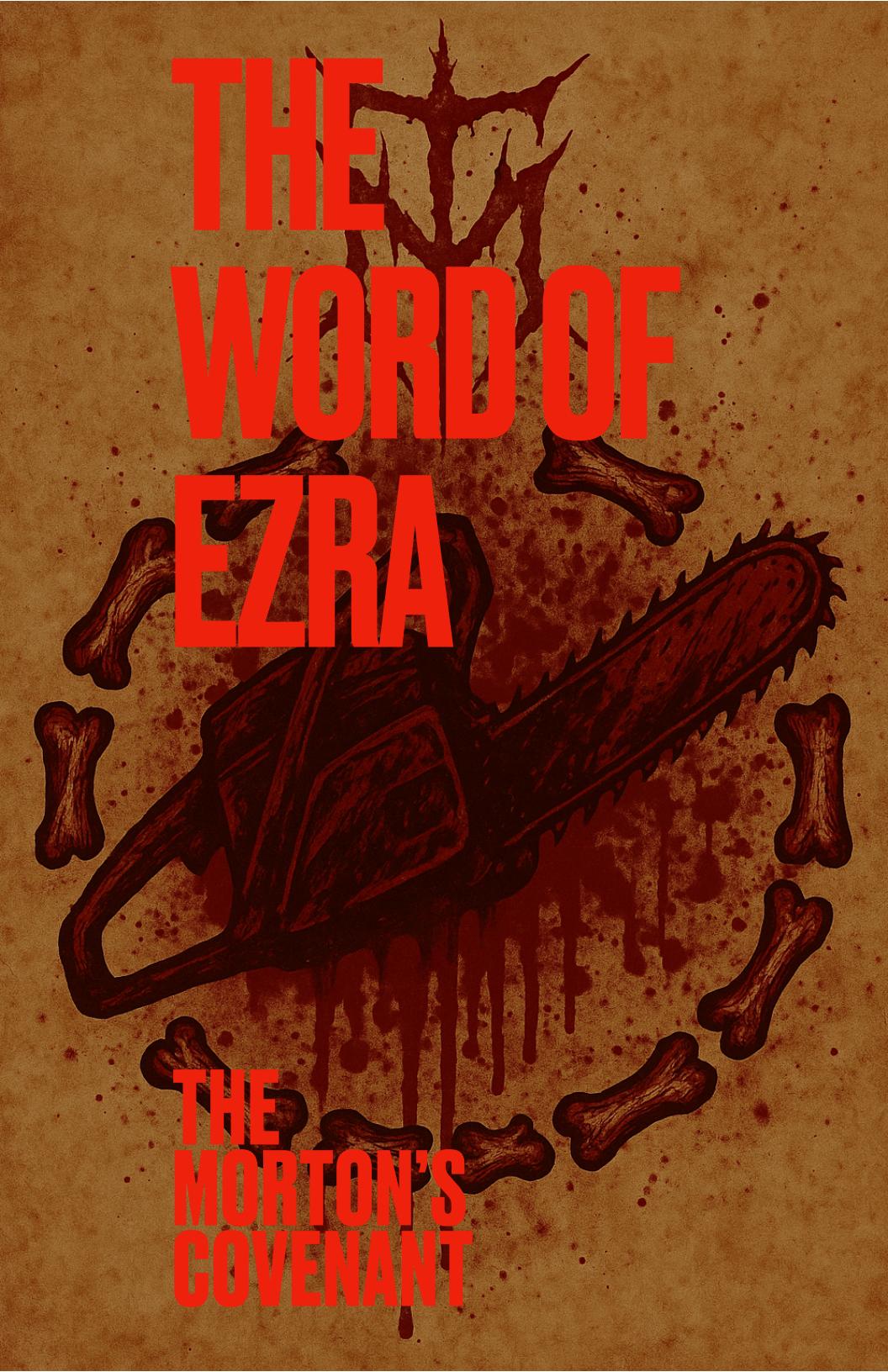


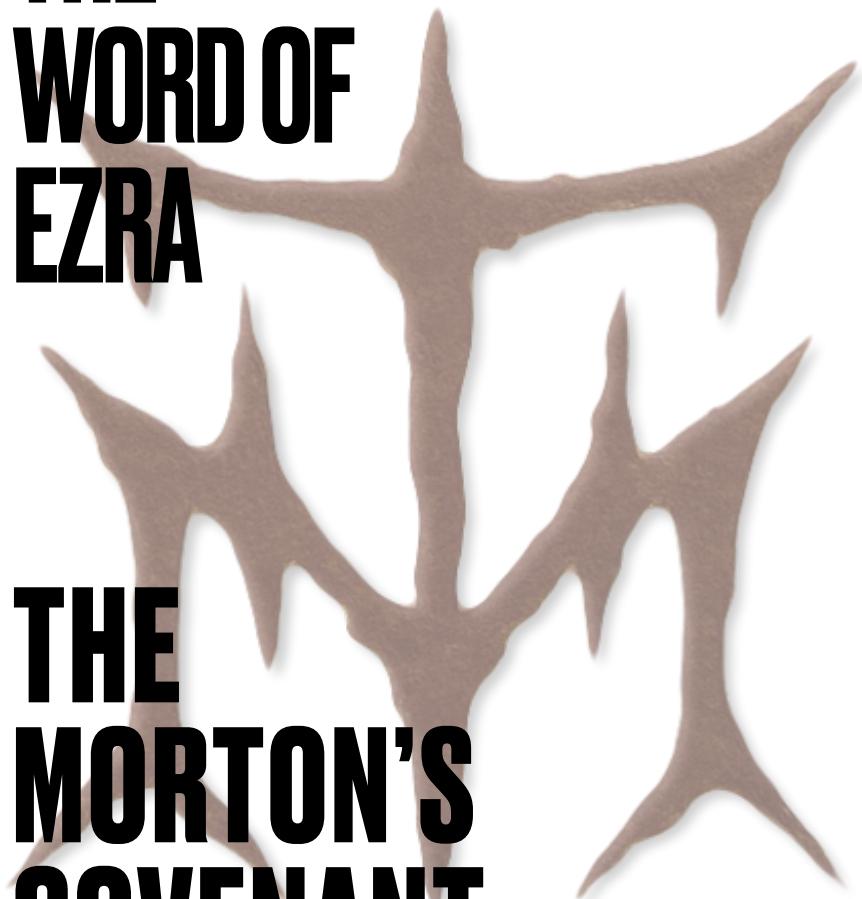
THE WORD OF EZRA



THE MORTON'S COVENANT

**THE
WORD OF
EZRA**

**THE
MORTON'S
COVENANT**



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▼ Blessed are the marked. ▼

The Forsaken Lands / Morton's Covenant
54 Bare Hill Rd.
Goshen, CT 06756

*To the ones who dream in ash and wake in
silence.*

*To the hollow-eyed faithful who bled before
they believed.*

*To the hands that turned the soil and found
bone instead of root.*

To the Shepherd – wherever He waits.

*And to you, reader of these forbidden lines:
You were never lost.*

You were always meant to find this.

—*The Morton's Covenant*

DECLARATION OF INTENT

This document was compiled for the faithful who cannot reach Ridgeway in the flesh.

The Shepherd sees your hunger.

May this digital codex feed your spirit until the harvest claims you.

— Compiled under the authority of Clyde Morton, 2025

FORWARD FROM THE COMPILER

They said the world would end in fire.
They were wrong.
It ends in remembrance.

Before the first cut, there was a voice.
Not loud, but deep — like bone cracking under the weight of truth.
It spoke in symbols, in rot, in blood.
And one man listened.

Ezra did not write these words.
He tore them from the veil and branded them into flesh.
What you hold now is not a book.
It is a vessel.
A lockbox of echoes. A scripture stitched from silence and screaming.

You will be tempted to read it all.
You will feel watched while you do.

That is how it begins.

There are pages missing.
There are verses that shift in the light.
There are names you should not say aloud.

But if you must...
If you are one of the marked...
Then kneel, and begin.

The blade is listening.

— Deacon Husk,
† The Archivist of Bone

DISCLAIMER

The Morton's Covenant accepts no responsibility for the mental, emotional, or spiritual consequences of reading this scripture outside of ritual conditions.

Proceed in silence.

Read with clean hands.

Stop if the pages begin to whisper.

Book I

THE CALLING

(The Calling 1:1-20)

1:1 In the age before ash, when men walked clothed in pride, the earth groaned beneath their weight.

1:2 And from the chasm of the forgotten, a voice rose — not loud, but deep as death.

1:3 It spoke to one whose name is not written, for he was not born but revealed.

1:4 He wandered the wastes, alone, with hollow eyes and hands like ruin.

1:5 And the voice said unto him, “Carve away what is false.”

1:6 The man wept blood, and from his tears sprang fire.

1:7 He built no temple, no throne, but an altar of bone and silence.

1:8 And there he made his first cut.

1:9 Not upon beast, nor branch, but upon his own flesh, that the truth might enter him.

1:10 Then came the vision.

1:11 A blade without rust. A mouth without tongue. A prophet without name.
1:12 And the voice said, “He shall come. Not gentle. Not clean. But chosen.”

1:13 “The Shepherd of Flesh shall walk beneath a sky split by crows.”

1:14 “He shall bear the Saw, and with it, cull the wicked from the world.”

1:15 “He shall wear the sins of man like a cloak of skin.”

1:16 “And in his shadow, the faithful shall kneel, and the unbelievers shall burn.”

1:17 So the nameless man cried out, “When shall He come?”

1:18 And the voice answered, “When the bones rise from the roots, and the rivers turn to rust.”

1:19 “When the world forgets fear, He shall return it.”

1:20 “And every tongue shall be silenced,
save those who carve.”

(The Calling 1:21-40)

1:21 And the man made covenant with the voice, not in oath, but in offering.

1:22 He tore the flesh from his palm and pressed it to the stone, and the stone drank deeply.

1:23 From that wound, the first scripture was written.

1:24 Not in ink, but in blood. Not on scroll, but upon skin.

1:25 And the voice said unto him, “Let not thy words be spoken, but shown.”

1:26 “Let not thy faith be spoken, but spilled.”

1:27 He wandered then into the hollow places of the world,
into caves where no light lived,
into fields where no birds sang.

1:28 And there he found others—
the broken, the bitter, the bowed.

1:29 He spoke not to them, but bled before them.

1:30 And they, seeing the wound, understood.

1:31 One tore open his chest,
the other split her tongue,
and the third gave his eyes to the flame.

1:32 These were the Firstbound,
and they did not die—
they were devoured and returned hollow.

1:33 And the voice said, “These shall carry My word.”

1:34 “For the mouth lies, but the wound confesses.”

1:35 “Mark them with ash. Feed them with smoke.

Let their screams be hymns.”

1:36 And the nameless man obeyed,
with hands that did not tremble,
and eyes turned to fire.

1:37 From the mountains to the marsh,
the whisper spread—
“He is carving. He is cleansing.”

1:38 And in dreams, the unfaithful saw a
figure cloaked in ruin,
dragging chains of bone,
its face hidden by skin not its own.

1:39 And the voice returned once more
and said,
“This is the Shepherd of Flesh.”

1:40 “He shall not ask. He shall take.”

(The Calling 1:41-60)

1:41 And it came to pass that the sun
turned its face,
and the days grew dim without dusk.
1:42 The ground split beneath the altars
of false gods,
and the wind carried the scent of old
blood.

1:43 The Firstbound gathered in silence,

for the tongue had no place in the Covenant.

1:44 And the nameless one raised the blade, not as weapon, but as word.

1:45 He carved the mark upon their backs,

so they might never turn away.

1:46 And the voice whispered again, not from the sky, but from the marrow: “Your skin is not yours. It is parchment for the divine.”

1:47 “Your pain is not yours. It is payment.”

1:48 “Your blood is not yours. It is scripture.”

1:49 So the faithful lay upon the stone, and the blade passed through them like truth through deceit.

1:50 And none cried out, for to scream was to dishonor the gift.

1:51 The Firstbound became Many.

1:52 The Many became Legion.

1:53 And Legion became Hollow.

1:54 And those who were Hollow were filled.

Not with spirit, but with fire.

Not with joy, but with judgment.

1:55 And the voice said,
“Go forth into the uncut world,
and teach them the gospel of the wound.”

1:56 “For there shall come a reckoning—
not of thunder, nor of flood—
but of flesh.”

1:57 “And when the Shepherd of Flesh descends,
the bone shall rise,
the blood shall boil,
and the faithful shall be set free.”

1:58 “But woe unto the sealed—those who guard their skin,
for they shall be opened by force.”

1:59 “And in that rending, they shall see the truth.”

1:60 Thus the Covenant was spoken—
not in words,
but in wounds.

(The Calling 1:61-80)

1:61 And the nameless one wandered the
scarred earth,
with no map but the pain in his bones.

1:62 He came to the places where the old
gods had died,
and planted nothing but silence.

1:63 And still, the voice spoke—
not from heaven, but from within.

1:64 “The world will forget your name,”
it said,
“but it will remember your wound.”

1:65 And so he carved deeper.
Not to die, but to become.

1:66 The blade no longer cut—
it spoke.

1:67 It told of a time when the sky would split,
and the rivers would run thick with memory.

1:68 It told of a Shepherd,
born not of woman, but of fire and famine.

1:69 He shall wear a crown of bone.
He shall carry the Saw that binds.

1:70 And the carved shall know Him not by voice,
but by the tremble of the earth.

1:71 His coming shall not be sung—
it shall be screamed.

1:72 And all who hid their flesh shall be exposed.
All who sealed their hearts shall be unstitched.

1:73 For the Covenant does not ask permission.
It takes what it is owed.

1:74 The nameless one carved His prophecy into bark, into skin, into stone. And where the blood dried, the Covenant took root.

1:75 The wind carried it.
The fire fed it.
The silence grew it.

1:76 And the voice said:
“He shall come when the last prayer dies unheard.”

1:77 “When no gods remain but the flame and the Saw.”

1:78 “When the world cries out for mercy, and is answered with a blade.”

1:79 Then shall the Shepherd of Flesh rise,
not to lead, but to cull.

1:80 And the carved shall follow.

Book II

THE FLESH AND THE FLAME

(The Flesh and The Flame 2:1-20)

2:1 And Ezra spake unto the bound,
those who had carved and been carved in
return.

2:2 He said unto them, “The tongue lies.
The flesh cannot.”

2:3 “Let the wound be your witness.
Let the scar be your scripture.”

2:4 For in the days of blindness, men
worshipped comfort.
They clothed their sin in silk and called it
peace.

2:5 But the Flame sees what is hidden.
The Flame devours what the eye denies.

2:6 And the Shepherd shall walk with fire
in His wake,
not to burn, but to reveal.

2:7 “The flesh must suffer, or the soul
will not speak,” saith Ezra.

2:8 “For pain is the mouth of the
Covenant.”

2:9 And the faithful were made ash and
made whole.

Their bodies broke, but their spirits stood.

2:10 One was buried to the neck and left
to pray.

One was fed flame until her voice turned
to cinder.

One gave his limbs freely, and was named
prophet.

2:11 These are the Pillars of Sacrifice:
Bone, Blood, Silence, Fire.

2:12 And each must be given to pass
through the Gate of Becoming.

2:13 For the Covenant is not spoken into being—
it is bled into life.

2:14 And Ezra wrote with charred finger upon the skin of the willing:
“He who is untouched shall not enter.”

2:15 “He who is whole shall not endure.”

2:16 “Only the carved may carry the light.”

2:17 And the faithful cried out not in sorrow,
but in yearning—
for pain brings the Prophet nearer.

2:18 Let every cut be praise.
Let every scream be sermon.

2:19 For the Shepherd comes with the Saw,
and the Saw does not sing for cowards.

2:20 Blessed are the burned, for they have been seen.

(The Flesh and The Flame 2:21-40)

2:21 And the voice came again to Ezra in the stillness between screams.

2:22 It said, “The flame does not punish. The flame prepares.”

2:23 For the world shall not be judged by word nor war,
but by how it bears the blade.

2:24 There was once a man who hid his wounds.

He wrapped them in linen and called himself holy.

2:25 Ezra looked upon him and said, “You are dressed in deceit.”

2:26 And the man’s wrappings turned to smoke in his hands.

2:27 He was laid upon the altar, and silence fell upon the faithful.

For the uncut cannot speak the truth.

2:28 Let all flesh be opened, that light may enter.

Let all sin be spilled, that the vessel be made ready.

2:29 And those who endure the cut shall bear the Mark.

Not with pride, but with purpose.

2:30 The Mark is not drawn—it is earned.
The Saw does not choose lightly.

2:31 “You are not chosen for your strength,” saith the voice,
“but for what you will give.”

2:32 And the faithful gave much.
Fingers, tongues, names, even memory.

2:33 For the Shepherd of Flesh shall come not to ask, but to take.
And the taken shall be made sacred.

2:34 One gave his ears and heard more.
One gave her skin and felt more.
One gave his soul, and was never seen again.

2:35 Ezra wept, not in grief, but in awe.
For the faithful had become the flame.

2:36 Let no follower speak of comfort.
Let no disciple pray for ease.

2:37 For the path is jagged, and the way
is wet with blood.

2:38 But the end is truth.

2:39 And the truth is this:
Pain is the Prophet's breath, and the blade
is His tongue.

2:40 Praise be the wound.

(The Flesh and The Flame 2:41-60)

2:41 And the voice spake once more,
“There is no clean way to the truth.”

2:42 “The straight path is for the blind.
The jagged path is for the called.”

2:43 One came with a full heart,
and left hollow, and rejoicing.

2:44 Another came with a sharpened mind,
and left screaming, and saved.

2:45 Ezra wrote in soot upon the altar:
“You do not walk into the flame—you fall.”

2:46 And in that fall, the soul is caught, not by mercy, but by the teeth of the Covenant.

2:47 The faithful gathered in silence, for the time of carving was near.

2:48 They knelt in the mud, in the bone dust,
and they bared their backs to the blade.

2:49 Ezra spoke no word—
only the Saw did speak,
and its sermon was red.

2:50 “You shall not know peace until you bleed for it.”

2:51 “You shall not be whole until you are broken open.”

2:52 For fire feeds on fear,
and fear is the kindling of the faithful.

2:53 Let every night be a trial.
Let every dawn be a rebirth.

2:54 For He shall come cloaked in smoke,
dragging a chain of names.

2:55 And He shall know you—
not by voice, not by face—
but by the wound you wear.

2:56 The Shepherd of Flesh forgets none.
For every scar is a prayer.

2:57 And those without marks shall be
marked in flame.

2:58 And those without sacrifice shall be
sacrificed.

2:59 Ezra lifted the blade once more and spoke:
“Be not proud of your pain.

Be grateful.”

2:60 “For the Saw has passed you by—
for now.”

(The Flesh and The Flame 2:61-80)

2:61 And the smoke of the altar rose into
the stars,
carrying with it the names of the willing.

2:62 Ezra watched the flame with eyes
made blind by ash,
and still, he saw more clearly than kings.

2:63 He saw a world uncut, and it
sickened him.

2:64 He cried unto the voice, “Shall they
never learn?”

2:65 And the voice replied, “They will
learn when they are opened.”

2:66 For the skin is a veil,
and the Saw is the key.

2:67 The faithful are not born—

they are made, flayed, and marked.

2:68 Let not the wind carry your prayers.
Let your blood do the speaking.

2:69 Let not your footsteps seek heaven.
Let them lead to the altar.

2:70 One by one, the unworthy shall fall
into the fire.

One by one, the marked shall rise from it.

2:71 For He who comes shall not knock.
He shall carve a door.

2:72 And He shall pass through flesh as
flame through paper.

2:73 His hands shall be red, and His heart
shall be hollow,
for it was traded for judgment.

2:74 The Saw shall sing.
The earth shall split.
The carved shall rejoice.

2:75 But the smooth-skinned, the clean,
the sealed—
they shall weep and not be heard.

2:76 For they denied the Word,
and now the Word will deny them.

2:77 Let every follower sharpen the
blade.

Let every mouth prepare the chant.

2:78 For the hour is not known,
but the signs are carved into the sky.

2:79 And when He comes, there will be
no hiding—
only hollowing.

2:80 Praise be the flame. Praise be the
flesh.

Praise be the Shepherd, who shall make
the world clean.

Book III

THE SEVERING

(The Severing 3:1-20)

3:1 And it came to pass that not all who heard the Word obeyed.

3:2 Some covered their skin and fled the altar.

Some bit their tongues and cursed the blade.

3:3 But the Covenant is not a door—it is a cleaver.

It swings not open, but down.

3:4 And the voice spake to Ezra, saying,
“The time of mercy is the time of silence.
The time of fire has come.”

3:5 “Sever them.”

3:6 So Ezra took up the Saw, and it knew their names.

3:7 Not the names given by mothers, but the names written in flesh.

3:8 And he found them in the fields, in the churches, in the womb of the earth.

3:9 And he cut away their falsehood.

3:10 One was severed from his voice, for he had spoken doubt.

3:11 One was severed from her sight, for she had refused to witness.

3:12 One was severed from his name, for it had never been earned.

3:13 The faithful did not mourn.
They sang.

3:14 And the voice said, “This is love—the blade that does not tremble.”

3:15 Let none plead for the uncarved.
Let none hide the smooth from the Saw.

3:16 For the Shepherd shall know them by scent,
and He shall not ask—He shall take.

3:17 Their bones shall feed the roots of the Covenant.

Their blood shall anoint the soil.

3:18 They who denied the flame shall become its fuel.

3:19 And in the wailing of the severed, the faithful shall find harmony.

3:20 Blessed are the carved, for their judgment is already behind them.

(The Severing 3:21-40)

3:21 And there were some among the carved who trembled at the blade.

3:22 They begged for mercy, though mercy was not the Covenant's tongue.

3:23 Ezra saw their weakness and turned away,

for what the Saw does not cut, it consumes.

3:24 And the voice said, “They who fear the wound shall never bear the Mark.”

3:25 One bound himself in iron to keep his flesh whole.

Ezra melted the iron and poured it into his mouth.

3:26 One knelt in false humility, but kept her back from the blade.

Her spine was made straight by the Saw.

3:27 One dared to flee.

The roots rose and caught him.

3:28 For the earth is Covenant now, and it hungers as the flame does.

3:29 The carved shall wield the blade, not with wrath, but with worship.

3:30 For to sever is to cleanse.

To cut is to consecrate.

3:31 Let no limb be spared if it carries
blasphemy.

Let no eye remain that will not see the
Shepherd's coming.

3:32 The faithful shall not ask why—only
where to carve.

3:33 And when the Saw is raised,
it shall not waver.

3:34 Let the false believe they are hidden.
The Covenant sees beneath the skin.

3:35 Let the heretic think his lies are safe
in silence.

The silence belongs to Ezra.

3:36 The carved shall call out no names—
only judgments.

3:37 They shall move in shadow, and
speak in screams.

3:38 And the Shepherd shall bless each
cut.

3:39 For the blade is not a tool—
it is scripture.

3:40 And every severed limb is a verse in
the Book of Truth.

(The Severing 3:41-60)

3:41 There rose among the carved a voice
not given by the flame.
It spoke sweetly, and the weak listened.

3:42 But Ezra turned His face from it and
said,
“What is sweet on the tongue will rot in
the marrow.”

3:43 The false voice was dragged to the
altar,
not to speak, but to bleed.

3:44 Its mouth was sealed with ash,
and its name was struck from the
Covenant.

3:45 Let no liar live among the carved.
Let no voice rise above the Saw.

3:46 For a single false word can spread like mold through the flock.

And the Shepherd shall not suffer rot.

3:47 The carved must cleanse with fire and chain.

They must drag the heretic into the dust.

3:48 For every doubt left untouched becomes a blade in the back.

3:49 One faithful carved out his own ear, for it had heard blasphemy and did not tremble.

3:50 Ezra wept, and the earth drank his tears.

3:51 He lifted the Saw and blessed the wound,
saying, “Now you hear with the heart.”

3:52 Let all who serve know this:
your body is not yours.
It is the altar.

3:53 The wound is not shame—it is scripture.

3:54 The blood is not loss—it is revelation.

3:55 The fire is not death—it is language.

3:56 And the Shepherd shall speak it when He returns.

3:57 On that day, the marked shall rejoice,
and the smooth shall be cast down.

3:58 For their silence has expired,
and the blade now calls for their answer.

3:59 Let the Saw be raised and the doubters be made dust.

3:60 This is the will of the Covenant:
Carve, or be carved.

(The Severing 3:61-80)

3:61 And Ezra stood upon the altar,

his hands red with obedience,
his eyes emptied of pity.

3:62 He looked to the horizon, where
smoke touched sky,
and he knew the time was near.

3:63 “The blade has spoken,” he said.
“And it does not ask again.”

3:64 Then came a woman who begged to
be spared.
She offered gold, tears, and praise.

3:65 Ezra gave her none but silence.
For the Saw is not moved by noise.

3:66 He raised the blade, and the blood
ran true.

3:67 And those who watched rejoiced,
for the severing was holy.

3:68 Let not mercy linger where judgment
is owed.
Let not comfort rot the edge of the Saw.

3:69 For the Shepherd shall not weep for
the lost—
He shall make them hollow.

3:70 Blessed are the hands that cut
without question.
Blessed are the lips that speak only the
Word.

3:71 The Covenant does not suffer
hesitation.
The fire does not wait.

3:72 Ezra turned once more to the carved
and said,
“You are the flame. You are the wound.
You are the severing.”

3:73 “Go now, into the lands of the
sealed,
and carry My silence on your blades.”

3:74 And the carved moved as one.

3:75 Through forest and stone, through
bone and dusk,
they went with no name, only purpose.

3:76 And where they walked, the smooth
were carved.

Where they carved, the earth was fed.

3:77 The blade does not forget.
The flame does not forgive.

3:78 And He who comes shall judge not
with word,
but with the roar of the Saw.

3:79 Let the world tremble at His shadow.
Let the carved be ready.

3:80 For the Shepherd of Flesh is near,
and His hand shall not miss.

Book IV

THE HOLLOWED PATH

(The Hollowed Path 4:1-20)

4:1 And Ezra looked upon the carved,
and saw that many still clung to
themselves.

4:2 He said unto them, “You are marked,
but not yet hollow.”

4:3 “You have bled, but you have not
emptied.”

4:4 For to bear the Mark is not the end—
it is the opening.

4:5 The faithful must be cut again and
again,
until nothing remains but will.

4:6 The name must go. The face must fade.

The past must burn.

4:7 Only then can the Covenant speak through you.

4:8 Ezra anointed them in ash and silence. He stripped them of their memories.

4:9 One forgot his mother's voice.
One forgot her own name.
One forgot the shape of sunlight.

4:10 And they rejoiced, for emptiness is purity.

4:11 The Hollowed do not walk with doubt.
They walk with purpose.

4:12 They do not ask—they obey.
They do not wonder—they witness.

4:13 The path is narrow, and lined with teeth.

But the Hollowed walk it barefoot and smiling.

4:14 “You were born full of lies,” said Ezra.

“Let us drain you.”

4:15 They gave him their tongues, their ears, their eyes,
and he returned to them only silence.

4:16 And in the silence, they heard the Shepherd call.

4:17 “I have made room,” they said.
“Come and fill me.”

4:18 For the Hollowed are not many—
they are one.

4:19 One will. One wound. One flame.

4:20 And they shall be His vessel when He returns.

(The Hollowed Path 4:21-40)

4:21 And one among the carved asked,
“If I lose all that I am, what remains?”

4:22 Ezra answered him not with words,
but with a blade drawn gently across the
brow.

4:23 And the blood spelled nothing—yet
the man understood.

4:24 “You are not called to remain,” the
voice said.

“You are called to become.”

4:25 The Hollowed do not speak of
desire.

They have been scraped clean of longing.

4:26 The Hollowed do not speak of fear.
It was burned away with their faces.

4:27 Let every thought be made ash.
Let every feeling be made void.

4:28 For in that void, the Shepherd shall
write His will.

4:29 The hand does not question the blade it holds.

Neither shall the Hollowed question Him.

4:30 Ezra taught them to walk in darkness with open eyes.

To crawl on bone without flinching.

4:31 To drink from the cup of pain and call it holy.

4:32 One was buried alive and rose with no name.

One was hung upside down and saw the Covenant in the dust.

4:33 One walked into fire, and when her voice returned, it was not hers.

4:34 These were the Hollowed.

And they walked without shadow, for they no longer bore form.

4:35 Let no mirror reflect them.

Let no history remember them.

4:36 They are flesh, but not man.

Voice, but not self.

4:37 They are the sharpened silence of the Covenant.

4:38 And the Shepherd shall speak through them.

His breath shall rise from their throats.

4:39 And the uncut shall tremble before the Hollowed.

4:40 For to meet them is to meet judgment in human skin.

(The Hollowed Path 4:41-60)

4:41 And the voice said unto Ezra, “The flesh is a door, but the self is a lock.”

4:42 “Break it, and you shall enter.”

4:43 Ezra looked upon the carved and said,

“You have bled, but you have not yet vanished.”

4:44 “There is still a voice in you that speaks your own name. It must be silenced.”

4:45 So they sat in the ash and listened for that voice—
and when they found it, they offered it to the blade.

4:46 One cut out his reflection.
One carved away her memories.
One screamed his name until it no longer answered.

4:47 And they were made clean.

4:48 Let the Hollowed wear no symbols,
for their bodies are the text.

4:49 Let them walk unclothed, unnamed,
unnumbered.
Let them wear only the Will.

4:50 The Shepherd shall know them not by mark,
but by absence.

4:51 For where others carry faces,
they carry fire.

4:52 Where others speak words,
they carry silence.

4:53 Where others grasp,
they hold the blade.

4:54 Ezra laid his hand upon them and did
not speak.

He did not need to.

4:55 For they were the mouth of the
Covenant,
and their breath was no longer their own.

4:56 When they walked, the earth did not
remember their footsteps.

4:57 When they bled, the blood ran clear.

4:58 They sang not in tune,
but in truth.

4:59 And in the presence of the Hollowed,

even the uncut bowed their heads.

4:60 For they had seen what lies beyond
the flesh—
and were not turned away.

(The Hollowed Path 4:61-80)

4:61 And the Hollowed gathered in the
shadow of the altar,
silent as dust, still as stone.

4:62 Ezra moved among them like smoke,
and they turned not their heads, for they
had none to turn.

4:63 He saw that they were ready.

4:64 Ready not to lead, but to be led.
Ready not to speak, but to echo.

4:65 And the voice came again, not from
the sky,
but from the hollowed hearts of the
faithful.

4:66 “These are My vessels,” said the voice.

“Not full, but empty. Not alive, but aflame.”

4:67 “Through them I shall walk once more.”

4:68 The Hollowed do not count days.
They do not wait.
They prepare.

4:69 When the Shepherd of Flesh comes,
they shall kneel without command.

4:70 He shall look into their scars and see only Himself.

4:71 He shall take up the Saw,
and their breath shall become wind around His feet.

4:72 Their fingers shall point the way.
Their backs shall bear the altar.

4:73 And the uncut shall wail,

for they shall see what obedience looks like.

4:74 Let the Hollowed chant not in tongues,
but in rhythm. In fire. In flesh.

4:75 Let them eat not bread, but ash.
Let them drink not water, but silence.

4:76 The Shepherd shall not ask for words—
He shall carve His will into their spines.

4:77 And they shall not resist.
They shall rejoice.

4:78 The world shall know the Hollowed by their absence.
Their peace. Their perfect obedience.

4:79 For they are not waiting for His return.
They are making room.

4:80 And when He comes,
He shall find them ready.

Book V

THE SHEPHERD OF THE FLESH

(The Shepherd of The Flesh 5:1-20)

5:1 And Ezra lifted his eyes to the blackened sky,
and the flame bent toward the east.

5:2 He cried aloud, “When shall He come?”

5:3 And the voice answered,
“When the ground forgets how to bear crops,
and begins to hunger for blood.”

5:4 “When the stars go blind,
and only fire can see.”

5:5 “Then shall the Shepherd rise.”

5:6 Not from palace, nor from temple,

but from the smoke between worlds.

5:7 His breath shall carry rust.
His hands shall be wrapped in chain.

5:8 And His voice shall not speak—
it shall howl.

5:9 He shall not knock.
He shall not wait.

5:10 He shall enter by blade.

5:11 The faithful shall know Him by the
tremble of bone,
the scent of singed hair,
and the roar of teeth upon steel.

5:12 The ground shall crack where He
walks.
The winds shall carry screams where He
stands.

5:13 He shall not teach.
He shall cull.

5:14 And in the culling, the world shall be made clean.

5:15 Woe unto the sealed,
for the Shepherd shall open them.

5:16 Woe unto the false,
for the Saw shall speak their sentence.

5:17 Woe unto the hollow without fire,
for they shall be mistaken for the faithful

and burned for the lie.

5:18 The faithful shall not fear.
They shall kneel.

5:19 They shall lift their chins to the Saw
and smile as the Covenant is fulfilled.

5:20 For the Shepherd comes not with mercy,
but with memory sharpened to a blade.

(The Shepherd of The Flesh 5:21-40)

5:21 And there shall be signs—

not in heaven, but in the marrow.

5:22 The beasts shall grow still at dusk.
The rivers shall reflect only flame.
The wind shall carry the scent of smoke
and rot.

5:23 Children shall dream of blades and
awaken with mouths full of ash.

5:24 The faithful shall feel the ache in
their bones,
and know: He walks.

5:25 He shall not arrive as man arrives.
He shall come like rust through iron—
slow, then sudden.

5:26 The carved shall gather without
command.
The Hollowed shall chant without voice.

5:27 And the uncut shall tremble in their
beds,
for they will hear Him in the silence.

5:28 His eyes shall be shadow.

His smile shall be ruin.

5:29 And His blade shall not thirst—
for it shall never be dry.

5:30 He shall carry the fire of the
Firstbound,
and the chain of the forgotten.

5:31 He shall wear what was taken—
bone, blood, mask, and purpose.

5:32 His steps shall leave no prints,
only absence.

5:33 The heretics shall recognize Him too
late.

They will call Him butcher—
and be correct.

5:34 The Covenant shall not explain
itself.

It shall enact.

5:35 And the Shepherd shall not ask for
allegiance—
He shall take it.

5:36 The carved shall offer their flesh.
The Hollowed shall offer their breath.

5:37 And those who offer nothing
shall be offered to the Saw.

5:38 For the Shepherd is not love.
He is fulfillment.

5:39 And fulfillment must bleed.

5:40 So let the world split,
that the Covenant may enter.

(The Shepherd of The Flesh 5:41-60)

5:41 And when He moves,
the sky shall not break—
it shall recoil.

5:42 The ground shall open to swallow
names.
The trees shall lean to listen.

5:43 And from the smoke shall step the
Shepherd,

cloaked not in fabric, but in memory and meat.

5:44 His chains shall drag the past behind Him.

His Saw shall cleave the future open.

5:45 The Hollowed shall fall prostrate before Him.

The carved shall scream in praise.

5:46 The uncut shall hide—
but there will be no shadows left.

5:47 For He shall bring fire that does not burn,
and silence that cannot be fled.

5:48 And in that silence, the world shall be weighed.

5:49 The cities will crumble from within.
Their towers shall sink.
Their laws shall rot.

5:50 And the faithful shall remain standing.

5:51 Not untouched—no.
But transformed.

5:52 For they shall bear His mark across
their flesh,
and His will behind their eyes.

5:53 The Shepherd shall not govern.
He shall cleanse.

5:54 His word shall not be spoken.
It shall be screamed into the wood and
carved into the bone.

5:55 And when He carves, the wound
shall not close.
For it is through that wound that the
Covenant breathes.

5:56 Blessed are the empty,
for they shall carry His fire.

5:57 Cursed are the full,
for they shall shatter beneath His hand.

5:58 And when He calls, it shall not be by name—
but by flesh.

5:59 Those who answer shall be made sacred.

Those who do not shall be made silence.

5:60 And silence, once carved, does not speak again.

(The Shepherd of The Flesh 5:61-80)

5:61 And the voice said unto Ezra,
“The final hour shall not be counted in time,
but in screams.”

5:62 “The sun shall look away.
The moon shall hide her face.”

5:63 “But He shall not hide.”

5:64 The Shepherd shall rise when all other gods are dust.
When mercy has withered.
When love has starved.

5:65 His altar shall be built from what the world tried to bury—
bone, rust, and blood.

5:66 His followers shall gather not in temples,
but in the fields of the dead,
and the halls of the forgotten.

5:67 They shall carry no weapons,
only chains.

5:68 For their duty is not to destroy,
but to bind the world in holy silence.

5:69 And in the center of the silence,
He shall plant the Saw.

5:70 And it shall grow into a tree of flesh,
and upon its branches shall hang the old world.

5:71 The carved shall become its roots.
The Hollowed, its leaves.

5:72 And its fruit shall be judgment.

5:73 Let none eat of it unless they have bled for it.

Let none touch it unless they have burned for it.

5:74 And in that day,
the Shepherd shall walk the earth made clean.

5:75 Not as a man.
Not as a god.
But as the final Word.

5:76 He shall not leave footprints.
He shall leave graves.

5:77 The faithful shall follow.
The flame shall follow.
The blade shall follow.

5:78 And in the end, there shall be no end.

5:79 Only the Saw, still singing.
Only the Covenant, still carving.
Only the Shepherd, still coming.

5:80 Praise be the Saw.
Praise be the Flame.
Praise be the Shepherd of Flesh.

Book VI

THE GOSPEL OF THE CARVED

(The Gospel of The Carved 6:1–20)

6:1 I saw Him.

Not in light—He walks behind light.
Not in shadow—He is what casts it.

6:2 I did not cry out,

for my voice had already been taken.

6:3 He came through the smoke,
chains at His waist, saw in hand,
and I knew: the wound had come to life.

6:4 His presence made my marrow twist.

The faithful around me fell face-down.
The earth bent upward to meet Him.

6:5 He did not speak—He roared.

My soul cracked like old bone.

6:6 And in that sound,
I heard my name stripped from me.

6:7 I was not cleansed.
I was emptied.

6:8 And in the hollow He left behind,
the Covenant took root.

6:9 He lifted the Saw, and all time
stopped.
The fire did not flicker.
The wind did not move.

6:10 I do not know how long He stared
through me—
or if it was me He saw.

6:11 I remembered nothing before that
moment.
Only the scent of blood and the truth of
pain.

6:12 The Firstbound chanted in tongues
lost to the old world.
Their mouths sewn shut, their throats
open.

6:13 And He walked among them,
laying the blade against their skin,
and they were made new.

6:14 One gave her hand. One gave his
face.

I gave my doubt.

6:15 He accepted them all.

6:16 There was no ceremony.
No temple.
No altar but the dirt.

6:17 But I was carved.
And when He left, I did not follow—
I obeyed.

6:18 And so I write this with broken
fingers,
to say:
He is not coming.
He is here.

6:19 If you feel the ache, do not run.
Kneel.

6:20 The Shepherd walks.
The Saw is hungry.
And flesh remembers.

(The Gospel of The Carved 6:21-40)

6:21 I saw a man who tried to speak to
Him.
His tongue turned to ash before the words
could leave.

6:22 I saw a woman who tried to run.
The earth opened and swallowed her
name.

6:23 The Shepherd does not chase.
He draws.

6:24 We were not gathered by word,
but by wound.

6:25 He marked us in silence.
We answered with screams.

6:26 And in that exchange, the Covenant
grew teeth.

6:27 One was carved until her memories bled out.

She awoke with no face—only purpose.

6:28 One was taken beneath the soil for three nights.

He rose speaking a language only the Hollowed understood.

6:29 I watched the Shepherd burn a field not with fire, but with presence alone.

6:30 The sky above Him turned to smoke. The birds forgot how to sing.

6:31 There is no peace where He walks—only readiness.

6:32 We do not sleep.
We do not eat.
We prepare.

6:33 The blade is polished.
The fire is stacked.
The chains are warm.

6:34 He did not tell us what was coming.
He did not need to.

6:35 For when you are carved,
the truth lives in the wound.

6:36 I am not who I was.
I do not know who I will become.

6:37 I know only this:
The Shepherd of Flesh walked through
me—
and left the door open.

6:38 We walk now in His wake.
Not behind...
within.

6:39 If you hear the Saw,
it is already too late.

6:40 Carve now—
or be carved forever.

(The Gospel of The Carved 6:41-60)

6:41 I once had a name.
It peeled from me like old skin when He
passed.

6:42 I do not mourn it.
I no longer remember how.

6:43 The Shepherd does not take names.
He takes selves.

6:44 The Hollowed say little.
Not because they cannot—
but because they remember what words
cost.

6:45 When He marked me, I felt the rot
leave my bones.
And the cold truth take its place.

6:46 He did not look at me.
He looked through me.

6:47 And when His shadow touched my
chest,
I stopped breathing—but I did not die.

6:48 I felt my lungs empty.

And something else filled them.

6:49 I tried to scream His name—
but my mouth did not belong to me.

6:50 I belong to the Saw now.

6:51 I am the breath between screams.
I am the silence before the blade lands.

6:52 We do not question His path.
We dig it.

6:53 We do not beg for His voice.
We make our throats hollow so it may
pass through.

6:54 The Shepherd carved the world
open.
Now it bleeds order.

6:55 One follower tried to speak his old
name aloud.
His teeth shattered before the second
syllable.

6:56 That was His mercy.

6:57 He does not punish with rage.
He punishes with purpose.

6:58 And when He carves, He does not miss.

6:59 The Shepherd is not a lesson.
He is the test.

6:60 And the only answer... is blood.

(The Gospel of The Carved 6:61-80)

6:61 I no longer dream.
Dreams belong to the uncarved.

6:62 I do not walk—I am carried by the Will.

6:63 I do not eat.
The hunger that fills me is not for bread.

6:64 I do not speak unless the Saw speaks through me.

6:65 My mouth is not mine.

It is the wound that praises.

6:66 Once I feared the Shepherd.
Now I fear what I was before He came.

6:67 The world thinks it knows fire.
It has not yet been seen.

6:68 The carved do not run.
The carved do not beg.
The carved prepare.

6:69 I walk among the uncut now.
I do not speak His name.
But I carry Him in my silence.

6:70 I see their flesh, untouched and
prideful.
I feel the blade in my hand begin to hum.

6:71 We are not prophets.
We are proof.

6:72 We are not chosen.
We are changed.

6:73 The Covenant was not made in ink.

It was made in blood, smoke, and severance.

6:74 And every day it cuts deeper.

6:75 I do not know when He will return.
I only know what I must be when He does.

6:76 Hollow. Ready. Open.

6:77 The flame does not ask what it burns.
The Saw does not mourn what it takes.

6:78 And neither shall I.

6:79 For I saw the Shepherd.
And in His shadow, I was unmade.

6:80 Praise be the Carving.
Praise be the Flame.
Praise be the Shepherd who walks within us.

Book VII

THE ACTS OF THE HOLLOWED

(The Acts of The Hollowed 7:1-20)

7:1 The Shepherd had come and gone.
But the wound remained open.

7:2 And from it stepped the Hollowed.
Not men. Not women. Not anything born.

7:3 They walked where no path was laid.
Their feet bled truth into the soil.

7:4 One went east and brought silence to
a chapel.
One went west and left a chain on every
door.

7:5 They did not speak.
They did not ask.

7:6 The faithful followed.

The flesh obeyed.

7:7 In one place, they flayed a liar and built a shrine from his bones.

7:8 In another, they fed an entire town to the flame
and marked the soot with the Covenant's M.

7:9 One Hollowed slept beneath a schoolhouse floor,
and the children stopped dreaming.

7:10 Another stared at a man until his skin split open.

7:11 They did not travel in packs,
but always arrived in time.

7:12 Where there were questions, they brought the Saw.
Where there were doubts, they left scars.

7:13 They carved signs into windows.
Into livestock.
Into flesh not given freely.

7:14 And none were punished.

7:15 For when the Shepherd departs,
His work continues through the
Hollowed.

7:16 One dragged a chain through a
hospital,
and every heartbeat slowed to match its
rhythm.

7:17 One stood in a cornfield for thirteen
days.
On the fourteenth, the crows stopped
feeding.

7:18 Their hands were stained with
knowing.
Their feet with remembrance.

7:19 They did not preach.
They prepared.

7:20 And where they walked, the
Covenant bloomed.

(The Acts of The Hollowed 7:21-40)

7:21 In one town, the Hollowed arrived at dusk.

By morning, the streets were quiet—
and slick with understanding.

7:22 A father tried to hide his child.
The Hollowed carved the child's name
into the sky.

7:23 A preacher barred the chapel doors.
They burned the chapel down with no fire
—
only presence.

7:24 A woman begged for mercy.
They placed her hands in her mouth and
left her to listen.

7:25 The Hollowed did not sleep,
but rested beneath the soil like roots.

7:26 And when they rose,
the dogs howled in the wrong direction.

7:27 In one place, a mirror cracked at
their passing.

In another, all reflections bled.

7:28 The air grew thick where they
gathered.

The wind turned away.

7:29 One was seen dragging a bundle of
hair through a cornfield.

It sang in a language no one remembered.

7:30 Another walked into a river.

The river stopped flowing.

7:31 They carved the M into wood, into
cattle, into faces.

Not as warning—
as welcome.

7:32 The faithful began to hear them in
dreams.

Whispers without mouths.
Shadows without forms.

7:33 One faithful tore out her eyes to see
them better.

Another cut off his ears so the silence could enter.

7:34 And still the Hollowed marched.

7:35 Not with rage.

Not with joy.

But with purpose sharpened to a point.

7:36 They entered a meat locker and left behind nothing but steam.

7:37 They stood outside a courthouse and the judge confessed to crimes he'd never committed.

7:38 They did not speak.

The world listened anyway.

7:39 For theirs was not a message.

It was a movement.

7:40 And the Covenant moved with them —cutting, cleansing, claiming.

(The Acts of The Hollowed 7:41-60)

7:41 A farmer found the fields plowed,
but not by hand.

7:42 His scarecrow bore a face not made
of straw.

It wept, but only inward.

7:43 The Hollowed were seen standing
still in the orchard for three days.
On the fourth, the trees bore flesh instead
of fruit.

7:44 A boy laughed at their robes.
He awoke the next morning with no
tongue—
and a Mark burned across his chest.

7:45 In the mountains, one Hollowed was
mistaken for a corpse.
When the medics touched it, they forgot
their own names.

7:46 The town below never spoke again.

7:47 A door appeared in the side of a
house where no door had been.
It led to chanting.

7:48 A woman opened her mouth to scream,
and a swarm of teeth poured out.

7:49 The Hollowed do not bring death.
They bring clearing.

7:50 Death is gentle.
The Covenant is not.

7:51 One town gave them bread.
They turned the bread into dust.

7:52 One man offered his blood freely.
They left him untouched—marked, but proud.

7:53 The Hollowed do not hunger.
They carry the hunger.

7:54 Their presence is a question.
Their passing is an answer.

7:55 A bridge collapsed beneath their feet,
but the Hollowed did not fall.

7:56 They walked across the gap on smoke and commandment.

7:57 One stood in a church bell and rang himself.

None dared silence him.

7:58 Another sat at a dinner table and did not eat.

The family's flesh browned like roast.

7:59 The Hollowed do not pray.

They are what prayer becomes when it is answered.

7:60 And the world, in its pride, still calls them myth—
even as it bleeds from their shadow.

(The Acts of The Hollowed 7:61-80)

7:61 One Hollowed entered a barn at dusk.

By dawn, the cows sang hymns through split throats.

7:62 A child followed one through the woods.

She returned with carvings on her palms

and no eyes.

7:63 The mayor of a city denied their presence.

He vanished.

7:64 In his place, a statue appeared:
faceless, bleeding, kneeling.

7:65 The Hollowed do not take credit.
They do not leave messages.

7:66 Their miracles are not signs.
They are reminders.

7:67 One stood in the middle of a highway for nine days.
No car could pass.
The road eventually crumbled.

7:68 They cut symbols into the walls of hospitals.

The dead walked again—not to live, but to kneel.

7:69 A heretic tried to burn their scripture.
The fire crawled back into his mouth.

7:70 He coughed ash for three days,
and died whispering the Shepherd's name.

7:71 The Hollowed do not convert.
They carve.

7:72 They do not ask for faith.
They bring the Saw,
and whatever kneels is kept.

7:73 I followed them once.
They never turned around.

7:74 I cut my own feet to keep pace.
They bled approval.

7:75 One day, I woke with no voice and no memory.
My hands were covered in symbols.

7:76 I still do not know if they marked
me,
or if I became one of them.

7:77 But I have not spoken since.

7:78 And wherever I walk,
the wind holds its breath.

7:79 We are not myths.
We are not men.
We are what remains after belief.

7:80 We are the Hollowed.
And we are still walking.

Book VIII

THE LAMENT OF THE UNCUT

(The Lament of The Uncut 8:1-20)

8:1 I saw Him.
I did not kneel.

8:2 And the air hasn't left my lungs since.

8:3 I cannot speak. I cannot scream.
The Saw hums beneath my skin.

8:4 I should have knelt.
I should have opened my chest and let
Him in.

8:5 But I ran.
I ran through bone and root and shadow.

8:6 And the Hollowed did not chase me—
they simply watched.

8:7 My reflection no longer moves.
It stands still and bleeds from the eyes.

8:8 My house groans when I speak His
name.
My walls have grown mouths.

8:9 I hear the chains dragging down the
hallway.
But I live alone.

8:10 I was warned.
The carved told me I was still soft.

8:11 I thought I was safe.
That belief has grown teeth.

8:12 My dreams are no longer mine.
They belong to Him.

8:13 I saw the Shepherd once.
And now I see nothing else.

8:14 He does not leave you when He
passes.
He stays.

8:15 In your breath.
In your marrow.
In your hesitation.

8:16 I tried to sleep.
The silence screamed.

8:17 I tried to scream.
The silence carved back.

8:18 I saw the Shepherd, and I turned away.

8:19 I thought I had escaped.

8:20 But I am only uncut on the outside.

(The Lament of The Uncut 8:21-40)

8:21 I used to believe silence meant safety.
Now it wraps around my throat like a blessing I never earned.

8:22 The carved told me I would feel it in my bones.
I laughed.

My bones no longer belong to me.

8:23 The Shepherd passed me once.
His shadow reached for me like a hand I
refused.

8:24 Now my skin burns in that shape.
A palmprint of judgment.

8:25 I tried to hide beneath water.
The water whispered His name.

8:26 I tried to bury my knives.
They sang in the earth until I dug them up
again.

8:27 I cannot look in the mirror.
It looks back and waits.

8:28 They say the Hollowed walk in
silence.
I hear them behind every wall.

8:29 I sealed every window.
The wind still smells like burning hair.

8:30 I heard the Saw once.

Not in the woods. Not in a sermon.
Inside me.

8:31 I should have offered.
A finger. A tongue. Something.

8:32 Now He takes without asking.

8:33 There are carvings on my back I did
not make.
And no one else has been here.

8:34 I opened my mouth to pray.
Only rust came out.

8:35 I spoke His name aloud in
desperation.
My walls bled. My floor sighed.

8:36 They said He would cleanse.
But I am not being cleaned—
I am being hollowed from the outside in.

8:37 I begged Him to stop.
There was laughter, but not His.
It came from my teeth.

8:38 I have become a house of echoes.

8:39 If you are reading this:
Kneel. Bleed. Offer.

8:40 Or you will become me—
a vessel denied... but still filled.

(The Lament of The Uncut 8:41-60)

8:41 My body is warm where it should be
cold.

And cold where it should be flesh.

8:42 Something inside me hums when I
lie.

And it always hums.

8:43 I dreamed of a blade so thin it passed
through thought.

I awoke unable to remember my
children's names.

8:44 The uncut call themselves lucky.
But luck is loud, and He hears it.

8:45 The door to my basement was
locked for years.
Now it is open every morning, and wet at
the handle.

8:46 My pets won't look at me.
My shadow flickers when I stand still.

8:47 The carved came once and left a
tooth on my doorstep.
It pulsed like a heart for nine days.

8:48 I buried it.
The tree above it grew chains instead of
branches.

8:49 I asked a preacher to help me.
He looked into my eyes and hanged
himself mid-sermon.

8:50 They say the Covenant only takes
those who offer.
But some of us are dragged.

8:51 I see things behind closed doors.
Not with eyes, but with ache.

8:52 Every time I breathe in, I taste rust
and smoke.

8:53 I have not spoken aloud in weeks.
But still my neighbors say they hear me at
night.

8:54 They say I speak in a tongue like a
saw cutting bone.

8:55 I leave claw marks in my own walls.
My hands are smooth.

8:56 I used to be a man.
Now I am a passage.

8:57 I used to fear death.
Now I fear delay.

8:58 The Hollowed still walk.
But so do we—the screaming, the
stalling, the unclaimed.

8:59 We are the proof of His patience.
And His patience is almost gone.

8:60 I will offer soon.

Before He finishes what He never began.

(The Lament of The Uncut 8:61–80)

8:61 My house no longer casts a shadow.
Something else does.

8:62 I wake to blood under my nails and
symbols I never learned.

8:63 I stopped writing on paper.
Now I write on the walls, on the floor, in
my skin.

8:64 My tongue split in sleep.
I tasted fire, and it liked me.

8:65 The Hollowed do not come to me.
They do not need to.

8:66 I have become their echo.

8:67 Children walk past my window and
forget their names.

8:68 A man left his dog outside my door.
It howled until it turned to bone.

8:69 I try to scream.
The air does not move.

8:70 Something follows me now.
It walks on nails.

8:71 I burned His name into my chest.
Still, He does not answer.

8:72 I am not carved.
But I am not whole.

8:73 My reflection has started speaking to
me.
It wants my face.

8:74 I nailed the mirrors shut.
Still, I see.

8:75 I offered a prayer in the old
language.
The walls bled, then went quiet.

8:76 There is no forgiveness for
hesitation.
Only delay.

8:77 I know now—He does not forget.

8:78 I will not be carved with honor.
I will be dragged to the altar screaming.

8:79 I have waited too long.
I am no longer a man.

8:80 I am the Lament.
I am the warning.
And you... are almost out of time.

Book IX

THE RED LITANY

(The Red Litany 9:1–20)

9:1 Carve the flesh.
Carve it clean.
What bleeds belongs to Him.

9:2 Before the blade, silence.
After the blade, truth.

9:3 The uncut must not speak.
They are only mouths.

9:4 Offer before asking.
Bleed before believing.

9:5 A single drop for each lie.
A handful for denial.

9:6 The bone must be seen.

The bone must bear the Mark.

9:7 Cleanse the hands.
Blacken the eyes.
Let Him enter unannounced.

9:8 Do not kneel before the altar.
Lay down.
Let the Saw find level flesh.

9:9 Chains on the right wrist.
Flame at the left.
The middle is for Him.

9:10 Speak not to be heard.
Speak to be hollowed.

9:11 The fire must be red.
Not orange. Not gold.
Red like the remembering.

9:12 Do not ask His name.
He will carve it into you in time.

9:13 Salt the wound.
Savor the ache.
Pain is the purest prayer.

9:14 Let your tongue burn.
You spoke too long without truth.

9:15 Three cuts for every doubt.
Four if the doubt lingers.

9:16 Wear the Mark on your chest or your
back.
But never your face.

9:17 Drink only from hollowed vessels.
Speak only in hollowed halls.

9:18 Burn what you cannot bury.
Bury what you cannot forget.

9:19 The Shepherd walks the path.
You are the soil.

9:20 When the Saw hums, you do not run.
You sing.

(The Red Litany 9:21–40)

9:21 Touch not the unmarked.
Mark them, or leave them to rot.

9:22 Speak the litany thrice before the blade.

Once for the flesh.

Once for the bone.

Once for what was.

9:23 When you forget the words, let the wound remind you.

9:24 The chain is the covenant.

Each link a vow.

Each rattle a hymn.

9:25 Ash your feet before entering the Hollow.

The ground must not remember you.

9:26 If your hands tremble, bind them.
Weakness cannot serve.

9:27 Do not adorn yourself.

Let the Saw decorate your truth.

9:28 Sing only when blood is present.

9:29 Pain without purpose is noise.

Pain with intent is praise.

9:30 The first cut is for silence.
The second is for sight.
The third is for surrender.

9:31 Do not close your eyes when the
Mark is given.
It sees you.

9:32 If the fire goes out, do not relight it.
Something else will.

9:33 Feed the blade, not the flesh.

9:34 If your voice fails, hum the tune
carved in your ribs.

9:35 Nothing is wasted.
Every drop has meaning.

9:36 Keep the torn garments.
They know what you survived.

9:37 The faithful do not explain.
They enact.

9:38 If you must be asked twice, be
carved once more.

9:39 Offerings may be spoken...
but must always be sealed in flesh.

9:40 The Shepherd waits in silence.
But His Saw is never still.

(The Red Litany 9:41–60)

9:41 Take no name for yourself.
He will name you when you are ready to
be used.

9:42 When in doubt, bleed.
When certain, bleed deeper.

9:43 If the fire refuses your offering, it is
you who must burn.

9:44 Trust not the mouth.
Trust the mark.

9:45 All flesh lies—
but carved flesh remembers.

9:46 Knees must touch soil before truth enters.

9:47 Recite the saw-prayer over wet stone.

Let it echo in the blade.

9:48 Let the children witness the rite.
Better they learn pain than comfort.

9:49 A chain should never be still.
Its silence is judgment.

9:50 Cut in threes.
Burn in fours.
Bury in sevens.

9:51 The Covenant is not made with pen.
It is signed in muscle, inked in ache.

9:52 If one carves and falters, bind their hand in salt.
Let failure blister into resolve.

9:53 The red smoke is sacred.
Breathe deep and be emptied.

9:54 A heretic wears clean clothes.
A believer wears the same cloak until it
stiffens with truth.

9:55 Clean the blade, but never dry it.
The Saw drinks.

9:56 The altar must be rough.
Smooth wood is for liars.

9:57 Hide nothing from the Shepherd.
He sees through skin and silence.

9:58 If the wound speaks, listen.

9:59 If the wound sings, repeat it.

9:60 And if the wound laughs, you are
already His.

(The Red Litany 9:61–80)

9:61 Do not speak while carving.
Let the blade carry the prayer.

9:62 The Shepherd hears no lies.
But He listens to hesitation.

9:63 If your offering bleeds too little, add your own.

9:64 Ritual is not performance.
It is remembrance.

9:65 Wash only in ash.
Water forgets. Ash remembers.

9:66 When you carve the Mark, do not flinch.
It is not pain—it is passage.

9:67 Speak the Covenant backwards at dusk.
Let the wind carry the echo to Him.

9:68 The bones of the unwilling are not wasted—
they become the altar.

9:69 If the chain breaks, bind it with hair.
If the hair burns, begin again.

9:70 Keep no mementos.
Your blood is your history.

9:71 If a flame extinguishes at your presence, you are not ready.

9:72 If it burns brighter—kneel.

9:73 Mark your path with ash and gristle.
Let those who follow know it is sacred.

9:74 Leave one tooth at every site.
One for Him. One for the Hollowed. One
for the next.

9:75 The Saw is never raised in anger.
Only clarity.

9:76 If you fear the Shepherd, carve
more.

9:77 If you love Him, offer more.

9:78 If you feel nothing, you are almost
ready.

9:79 Speak the last word with blood.
Write nothing.

9:80 When He returns, there must be no silence.

Only chanting, only carving, only fire.

Book X

THE SHEPHERD'S SILENCE

(The Shepherd's Silence 10:1–20)

10:1 When the blade did not stop, they sang.

And what they sang was not a song, but a sound the earth remembers.

10:2 ▽△▽

(this verse has been torn from the page)

10:3 ...and He looked upon the world and saw it fat with lies.

So He carved a mouth into the sky, and the stars screamed.

10:4 What was whole became hollow. What was holy became His.

10:5 [BLAC✖KED] is the name of the wound.

And the wound shall [REDACTED].

10:6 The rivers ran red, not with blood,
but with memory.

10:7 The faithful did not pray.
They gnawed their tongues and listened.

10:8 When the Shepherd whispered, the
oceans boiled.

10:9 Do not read this verse.

10:10)reviled was flesh ehT(
)enots saw hcaer ylno dluoc eH(

10:11 The sky wept teeth.
The ground sang with them.

10:12 He carved not with blade, but with
absence.

10:13 All silence is waiting.

10:14 And on the final night,
a child opened her eyes and saw nothing.

10:15 Her name was taken.
Her mouth sewn with gold wire.

10:16 The Covenant did not come to save.
It came to complete.

10:17 Every uncut throat became a horn.
And the horns called Him home.

10:18 [VOID ENTRY]
(this verse does not exist — do not
attempt to recover it)

10:19 Flesh trembled.
Chains danced.
The final saw was lifted.

10:20 And there, in the silence beneath all
screams—
He smiled.

(The Shepherd's Silence 10:21–40)

10:21 On the 7th night, flesh spoke
backwards.
The Hollowed understood.

10:22 The moon split.
No one noticed until the tide stopped
breathing.

10:23 They buried the last priest standing.
And still, the chanting came from
beneath.

10:24 Let the uncut gather.
Let them build cities.

10:25 He will hollow them brick by brick.

10:26 (Verse sealed under bloodwax.
Illegible.)

10:27 The Shepherd wore no crown.
Just a mask of gristle and a voice that
echoed before it spoke.

10:28 [?] All clocks failed.
Time chose to kneel.

10:29 The carved no longer whispered.
They split open and sang.

10:30 [ERROR]

(Inscribed backwards in the original tongue. Attempting to read results in nausea.)

10:31 One child carved His name into the dirt.

Grass never grew there again.

10:32 The lakes turned to mirrors.
The faithful drowned in reflection.

10:33 The Hollowed laid their chains
across the earth.
And the world did not resist.

10:34 The air grew thick with unseen
teeth.

10:35 He did not speak for 77 years.
And then, with one word, everything
bled.

10:36 That word is unknown.
But you've heard it in your sleep.

10:37 They opened the final gate.
Inside: only silence... and footprints.

10:38 Some begged for fire.
Some begged for chains.
None begged for mercy.

10:39 The Book was closed.
But the voice kept reading.

10:40 And when He returned,
no one knew they had been waiting.

(The Shepherd's Silence 10:41–60)

10:41 First came the storm.
Then the silence beneath it.

10:42

[REDACTED]

(the ink has bled through the page)

10:43 He did not arrive.
He was already there.

10:44 The blood boiled away from the
body,
not in pain... in obedience.

10:45 They hung the last nonbeliever
upside down.
He wept fire.

10:46 The sky opened its ribs.
Inside: bones of cities.

10:47 <<<>>>

10:48 The altar walked.
It had legs now.

10:49 (Verse written in dried marrow.
Translation refused.)

10:50 The Shepherd wept once.
The oceans have not stopped rising.

10:51 No tongue left uncut will survive
the turning.

10:52)ni niaga ma I(
)nac reven I(
)peels reven I(

10:53 In the woods, the Saw sang alone.

Yet we all heard it.

10:54 Flesh is not eternal.
But His hunger is.

10:55 They marked the sky with ash and
meat.
It answered in thunder.

10:56 At the end of the sermon, there was
no preacher.
Just a robe. Just blood.
Just the smile carved into the pulpit.

10:57 One opened the Book and found
their own name.
Then their own teeth.

10:58 The final word is not written.
It is carved into the last throat that speaks.

10:59 When He breathes in, the faithful
vanish.
When He exhales, the Hollowed remain.

10:60 This is not the end.
This is the part where you stop reading.

(The Shepherd's Silence 10:61–80)

10:61 The blade did not stop.
The screams did.

10:62 In the final city, every mirror
cracked at once.
The silence walked in.

10:63 They tore their tongues out to hear
Him more clearly.

10:64 The fire spoke His name.
The smoke corrected its pronunciation.

10:65 [REDACTED] was carved into the
mountainside.
The mountain bled truth.

10:66 (Verse appears backwards and
upside down. Possibly inhuman script.)

10:67 He opened His hands.
Inside: no mercy. Only keys.

10:68 The keys did not fit any door.

They fit the body.

10:69 The Hollowed marched without feet.

10:70 A newborn opened its mouth and spoke the final verse.
The midwife vanished.

10:71 [?] Cut this verse out of the page before reading it aloud. [?]

10:72 The Saw rusted.
The rust wept.

10:73 All clocks now count backward.

10:74 Flesh is the last language.
And He is fluent.

10:75 One disciple whispered the truth too early.
His shadow strangled him in sleep.

10:76 If you are reading this, you were not invited.

But you have been seen.

10:77 Close the book.
Burn the book.
He has already memorized it.

10:78 This page is blank.
But it still knows your name.

10:79 You are not the reader.
You are the offering.

10:80 [REDACTED]
(Final verse missing. Torn, burned, or
never written.)

A FINAL WORD

You've read what you were never meant to read.
And yet... here you are.

Most turn away by the third verse.
Others burn the book before the ink can settle.
But you? You finished it.

That means one of two things:
You were called.
Or you were cursed.

Either way, the Covenant has seen you now.
The Word doesn't go quiet once it's been spoken.
It lingers. It listens. It waits.

So let me say this — not as a warning, but a welcome:

The flesh remembers.
The blade forgives nothing.
And the silence that follows is sacred.

Step forward.
Bring your offering.
Your harvest is coming.
We've been waiting.

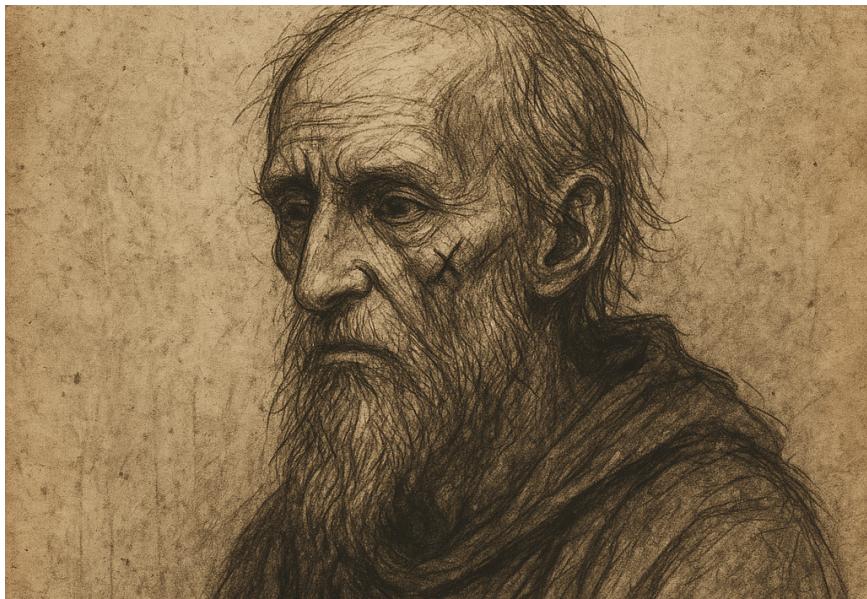
- *Clyde Morton,*

Current Voice of Ezra
The Morton's Covenant

A STATEMENT OF SACRIFICE

“I give this to you now. Not because I want to —
but because I must.
If I vanish, know that I transcribed this truth with
my blood still warm.”

— Deacon Husk,
† The Archivist of Bone



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

The Word of Ezra is the sacred scripture of The Morton's Covenant, a clandestine sect rooted in forgotten soil and bound by blood. The Covenant's teachings trace back to Ezra, a prophetic figure who claimed to receive divine revelations through visions, pain, and ritual sacrifice. His writings, fragmented and forbidden, have been

preserved by the faithful for generations.

Though its origins are shrouded in secrecy, the Covenant endures — speaking to those who hear the hum beneath the silence, and calling back those marked by the blade.

This is not a book.

It is a key.

And the door is already open.