

# Conflict

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# Preface

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*Conflict* is my first epic poem. I chanced upon an epic poem somewhere online and remembered John Bunyan's *Paradise Lost*. So, I told myself, "Why don't you write your first epic poem?" Well, here it is! It is rather religious but unconventional and even thought-provoking.

I hope this "longer-than-usual" poem makes for an enjoyable and intellectually stimulating read and even a jewel for a find. Cheers!

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# Chapter 1

## Lies

Curse Baalzebub, says my soul;  
Curse Bel the liar, says my soul.  
Curse Beelzebub, the prince of demons;  
Curse Asherah, the Egyptian Ra  
Of the Samael family.

There are four chiefs of lies;  
They all go to hell  
And the Christian one too.  
There are four princes of lies  
And they all roast in sorrow.

Tophet is ordained of old;  
For the king it is prepared  
And it burns bright and beautifully;  
It burns with much zeal and splendour.

When Hermes came back from the dead  
Like Osiris of Egypt,  
He realized that there was no hell,  
That the dead are truly dead.  
It was then that he lost his fear  
And became Satan's master.  
His end was worse than his beginning.

Bring forth Nimrod.  
Does Satan seek to rule hell?  
Art thou the prince of darkness?  
Do you rule over souls  
And decide their fates?

Bring forth Nimrod.

Nimrod is a blasphemer  
And a deceiver.  
He is the chief,  
Even the father of lies  
And Hermes is his son.

Nimrod curses in hell.  
He sent his angel  
And Bunyan paid him a visit.  
Bunyan saw him in his discourse.  
Nimrod, will thou curse Thunder?  
Thunder like him if thou art mighty.

Nimrod is with Nimueh.  
Satan is with Asherah.  
Dagon is with Baalzebub.  
They make ready to raise up Hermes.

The two princes of lies  
Are also the two princes of wickedness;  
They are Rasha and Resha;  
They are Bel and Nebo;  
They are Asherah and Satan;  
They are the queen and the king of heaven.

The four princes of wickedness,  
Even the four princes of iniquity  
Are Baalzebub, Satan, Ninurta and Marduk  
In that order from most wicked to least.  
Ninurta is Sin [h], Sin of heaven.

Aphrodite, Hermes and Shadel  
Are the 5th, 6th and 7th princes  
Of wickedness and iniquity.

Hermes is the sixth  
And the faller who despises grace and love.  
He hates chesed with bitterness  
And God shall make his days most bitter.

Tell me, is Satan the Lord of hell?  
Does he rule with pachad and terror?  
Does he take souls and beat them to pulp?  
Can he bring forth flames  
That may devour persons  
As they did to the servants of Job  
And to his sheep?

Is Satan as mighty,  
Even as mighty and crazy



As the false prophet,  
 As the rock of foolishness,  
 Even as the rebel with Shadel  
 And the antichrist?

Can Satan call down fire like Elijah?  
 Can he repeat his deeds of old?  
 How old is he to start with?  
 Is he as old as An?  
 Can Baalzebub call herself On  
 And not be humiliated in the time to come?

Curse the angel of Satan, says my soul.  
 Curse the princess of darkness;  
 Curse Bel the abominable and vile.  
 Curse the daughter of Babylon,  
 Even the vile daughter of Babylon  
 And the choice daughter of the Assyrian.

There are four chiefs of lies;  
 They all roast in the lake of fire,  
 In that wide and deep abyss of magma  
 Where worms, the voracious maggots,  
 Feast incessantly on their bodies  
 And make clean work of their devil forms.

There are four chiefs of lies;  
 They form the corners  
 And sides and angles of the square.  
 Baal draws it with his detestable finger.

There are four chiefs of lies.  
 They are Satan, Baalzebub,  
 Aphrodite and Hermes.  
 Trust me, these are the ones;  
 These are the ones that roast in the fire.

Satan is the opposite of love  
 And Baalzebub is the opposite of life.  
 Satan is hell  
 And Baalzebub is the bringer of death;  
 Both bring pain and suffering.

Satan is the deceiver, the chief,  
 Baalzebub is the antichrist,  
 The angel of Satan and the enemy,  
 The enemy of all things righteous,  
 Aphrodite is the curse  
 And Hermes is the traitor  
 And the lover and hater of our women.

Aphrodite is a fool;  
I'm watching for her destruction.  
What is she? What will she be?  
She will the mother of torments,

The one who stands by Satan's side  
In the great and final war  
And dies, wings broken, by his side  
Crying, save me, kill him, kill him  
Though her words be not heard.

So Aphrodite shall die a fool;  
Baalzebub shall strike the heart of the duck.  
The cold chicken dies.  
Aphrodite was a cow, even a coward;  
She was a golden calf in the desert.

She drew our hearts to her;  
I despised her; I hated her.  
She was the angel, the devil  
That stood for Satan  
To watch and to stand guard  
Over Veredel, the leech.  
She is herself a leech.

She loved herself.  
Aphrodite is a fool  
Who hated herself  
And attacked me  
And gave counsel to the devil.

She is the bul of Jahbulon.  
The Media between Satan and Baalzebub.  
She is the glue or divider between Dagon and Asherah.  
She is the curse between the Moon and the Sun,  
Between Amun and Ra.

Cupid said he didn't want me to die.  
I heard Eros pleading the blood of Jesus.  
Cupid calls himself a cherub.  
He makes himself a chubby baby.  
He says, I'm covenanted with snow.

Aphrodite stood by his table;  
It was a surgical table.  
Maybe, they were wont to pry his wings off  
And kill young Hermes with hypothermia.

Cupid said he loved me.  
The fool vexed me to death

And trusted in Satan his strength  
 And walked with Aphrodite of Venus.  
 Aphrodite, art thou the bright star.  
 Who is Psyche?

Aphrodite competes with Asherah.  
 She wants to be the happy one of Satan,  
 The one who delights in Satan her king  
 Like Elaine never could  
 Because Satan gave her Hermes instead  
 And pleased himself in the vileness.

Aphrodite says at the gathering,  
 Let's strike hard.  
 345, let's strike  
 That An may be glorified,  
 That Satan may cease to be Sat-An  
 And rise to become the An.

Aphrodite is a fool.  
 She wields a great sword like the antichrist,  
 Even like Heilel.  
 I said, Aphrodite is a fool.  
 She wants to make herself Satan  
 According to the philosophy of Baalzebub  
 Who says, I am and there is none else.

So, whose advice prevailed  
 Like Qerenel whom the Ultimate  
 Declared infallible?  
 Who prospered like Ashshur the dragon?  
 Was it not Aphrodite, the fool,  
 Unto whom all the demons gave heed?

She sits on the left hand of Satan  
 Waiting to be transferred to his right hand  
 When she deposes Baalzebub the Great  
 Who will then in shame of face  
 Walk over to take the throne of goats  
 While Aphrodite becomes the new sheep.

My soul loathes Aphrodite.  
 She it was who had Sin right where it pleased her  
 And Hermes was shaking his head  
 And saying, Come now, come here,  
 Baalzebub is not called Bel for no reason.

Aphrodite, art thou a black cat  
 Or some black feline?

Your skin is all scratched out  
And your hair is shaggy.

You are bent on having Sin and Satan.  
Then, the bat flies in the night sky;  
It is Baalzebub; it is Ishtar  
And Aphrodite flees from Nanna.

With the mouth shut,  
She wipes her teeth  
And says quietly in her soul,  
I am a good girl, I have done no wrong.

Aphrodite is a witch;  
She is a sorceress like Baalzebub.

See Aphrodite ready to kill.  
She is ready to drink blood  
And to see Satanism prosper.  
Thou Psyche, Will you  
Disturb the stillness of my mind  
And feign innocence like the accursed Veredel?

Foolish Greeks,  
Your mother, Aphrodite, sends her greetings.  
She is the devil's scribe and counsellor  
And the brain behind my affliction.  
She masterminded the bringing forth,  
Even the bringing forth of Satanism into public.

She wanted to bring Satan to light  
So she would be the true Lucy  
That Bel won't be.  
She wanted to see the earth  
Belong to Satan.  
She wanted Satan accepted.

She says, Witchcraft? Do not judge me;  
Let witchcraft be free  
And legitimate everywhere.  
Let men and everyone defile themselves  
Wherever light does shine  
And not only in the darkness.

She wanted to start with me;  
The voices, you get the message.  
She wanted to start with me  
And tear the veil between conscience,  
Between morality and foolishness,  
Between sound judgment and perverse perversion.

So, Aphrodite is your hardened fool,  
 The one who directs the devil's war on the saints  
 And leads the charge like an armourbearer  
 Against righteousness and the spirit thereof.

Aphrodite is the special force,  
 Even the special force with Satan  
 At your door.  
 She is sin waiting to happen.

She wants to wed you to sin  
 And excavate your heart of righteousness  
 And replace it with vanity.  
 She wants you to die,  
 To die and never wake up again.

Aphrodite hates it when I learn.  
 She leads the charge writing fast  
 Like an impatient soul who cannot wait.  
 She has no patience and wants results.  
 He is still alive and hates us.  
 He is still alive and not the sinner I planned.

She says to me, You can't harm me.  
 You can do nothing to me.  
 You can do absolutely nothing to me.  
 Aphrodite leads the charge and confrontation  
 Like the opposite or antithesis  
 Of the spirit of the fear of the LORD  
 Who is a humble, peaceful and gentle ISFJ.

Aphrodite is a fool.  
 She lacks understanding.  
 She shall not prosper  
 Neither in this world nor in the one to come.  
 345 herh, wait for me!  
 I have plenty experiments planned for you;

How does pancuronium feel like?  
 How do loud voices on loudspeakers  
 In a deep dark prison room of an abyss  
 Without windows and air  
 While being blasted  
 With images that are stunning  
 Feel like?

As Psyche, can you withstand  
 All forms of psychological torture  
 And still stand?

Will your knees crumble or fold over?  
Are you curious and waiting  
With the rest of the dead and foolish ones  
To find out?

She visited me with Baalzebub.  
She came with the cursed one.  
They came with determination.  
Their clothing was their hide or scales for a skin.  
She was smaller and shorter.  
She looked like Asherah's sister.

Of a truth, Baalzebub is a prince,  
The princess and gebereth  
Among the twenty princes of heaven  
But Aphrodite is a little one  
With a body of electrum

That is one-thousandth the dimensions  
Of the golden giant Asherah is.  
So Aphrodite is Satan's concubine  
While Baalzebub is Satan's wife and queen  
With whom he regenerated us  
In his image and lusts  
After birthing the vile fruits of the accursed tree.

Why did they attack me?  
I do not know.  
Aphrodite hates my intelligence.  
Cupid wants my heart.  
No, Aphrodite wants my heart.

They want me to die  
If perchance Michael will die with me  
So Satan's kingdom can be established.  
They want me to stop learning;  
They hate my love for learning  
And my love for my grades  
And how my reputation in my eyes  
Depends on my intelligence and my grades.  
They want to shatter the foundations of what I hold dear.  
They hate that my god is my intelligence.

They call themselves the judgment  
And gods.  
They are worthless idols  
With a worthless Enlil working hard with Marduk,  
An abominable Enlil selling me I  
nto the hands of Aphrodite.

Baalzebub is a goat,  
 Even a full grown mother goat  
 Clinging onto Armageddon for dear life.  
 She shall be held in prison bars,  
 Held in for eternity  
 And never get to see the beauty of Armageddon again.  
 Take away their eyesight.  
 We will destroy the ayin of the ra'ah and Ra-Bel.

Baalzebub is Baalzebul;  
 She shall sit in darkness  
 Unable to perceive the form  
 Of Sin her beloved.  
 She shall cry to him  
 But no sound shall proceed forth  
 For she shall be mute and blind  
 With her disabled angels or demons.  
 None shall heal them  
 For Raphael himself shall be sick.

Baalzebub is a strong goat  
 Holding on to a pile of sand,  
 A small sand hill  
 For dear life.  
 She shall not prosper  
 Because her desolations are wonderful  
 And they are eternal.

O! How is the mistress of harlots fallen,  
 How is Satan fallen from heaven,  
 How is Baalzebub fallen with disgrace!  
 She and her companions,  
 They grope in the darkness  
 In broad daylight.  
 They cannot see a thing  
 Because of the might of the Strong One;  
 The Just God is his name.

Who will lament with me?  
 Call them to yalal!  
 How shall Asherah sing?  
 Who will play the tabrets for her?  
 Where is Aphrodite?  
 Is there no Satan to comfort?

A little sorcery here  
 And a little robbery there.  
 A little murder here

And a little deception there  
And we will divide the spoil in the morning,  
At daybreak

After we have slaughtered our victims  
In the dead of the night.  
We shall share garments!  
We shall be clothed and rich  
And be covered over with jewelleries.

Except the Lord had left us  
The power of hearing,  
We had dwelt in the region  
Of the shadow of death.

Say, who has done this?  
Who showeth mercy in wrath  
And restrains the fullness of the stroke  
And poureth not out the full stretch,  
Even the fullness of the bitterness.

Seek ye the light and ye shall live.  
Seek not the darkness  
Nor the depths of Satan  
For ye shall surely die!

They have no understanding;  
They do not know.  
Satan warns from across the street;  
He says, Stop teaching.  
Baal points to a sheet of paper.  
Baal, are you the teacher?

Turns out Baal is not only a master or lord,  
He is also a husband and teacher.  
He is a faithful son waiting to be become a Reuben.  
He is Dumuzid waiting to please his father  
According to the purity or rather vileness  
Of Satanic law.

Baal shot me in the head.  
He shot me in the back of the head  
Just as Cain stabbed Abel in the back  
So that his blood ran along the ground  
Crying vengeance, vengeance, vengeance.

Baal is a soldier in the path.  
Enlil is a general; he is a chief;  
He is the head of the qedeshim  
And his right is Baalzebub



And Aphrodite for qedeshot;  
Add Satan and Baal as his qedeshim.

Baal is a confident one;  
He tells me to pray.  
Who shall I pray to?  
Shall I pray to An, to Michael?  
Shall I pray to a god I cannot see?

Baal walks around.  
He is a behemah, a goat.  
He is not an adam.  
He is an ESTP male.  
He is a ruach.  
He is not a ra'ah.

Tell me, what becomes of Baal?  
What becomes of Baal?  
Baal is with Asherah.  
They are both happy.  
They are silent in the grave.  
Sin rules over them in the prison house.

They are blind and mute;  
Good gracious, we left them hearing;  
They shall hear wisdom and vexation  
Because I will publish the abominations of their souls,  
Even the justice they loathe  
And wander away from to sin  
And to wreak havoc and abominations.

Enlil is an idol.  
He is an elil  
And the chief of the elim.  
He is a rebel.  
He shall not profit.

Enlil wants me to worship idols.  
He wants to kill me.  
He laments; he is fed up.  
He says, I am a thorn in the flesh,  
A prickly pear, a thorny rose.  
I pierce the side of my murderers.

How many devils tried to kill me?  
Baal failed; Enlil came for my life-force.  
The wolf howled at the moon  
But I was the one in distress.  
The ISFJ came to my rescue.

Aphrodite impersonates Veredel.  
Enlil sold my soul to Aphrodite.  
Just kill him for me, that's all I ask;  
That was Enlil's plea,  
Even the plea of a distressed Enlil  
Sitting on his throne  
With Nanna, the great Sin, before him.

They want Sin to shut up;  
Suen is with me;  
The Assyrian general and king  
Who replaced his brethren  
And worshipped Nisroch or Ninurta,  
His own linked spirit, is with me.

That's why, like Sennacherib,  
The sword and knife keeps  
Terrorizing me  
And I even saw a terrorist  
Kill an American journalist  
In the desert on tv.  
The Arabians are the problem, huh.

Baal stood before Sin;  
He pointed to a sheet of paper  
With the number 99 on it;  
Counsel was in the second column  
And had a sheet of paper before her  
Which spelled the figure 100.

Baal pointed to Sin's sheet in glee  
As if to say, Your murderous son  
Adrammelech testifies that I, Hadad, rule.  
Sin was silent unlike Adam.  
Sharezer who should have been  
The King's protector murdered him  
And Asshur's gift ruled instead.  
Esarhaddon ruled in Sin's place.

Satan is screaming in my ears.  
He is a confused fool.  
He is deceived if he thinks  
These torments are mine to bear.  
I'm just the messenger.  
I am the units of the plagues  
And not the fullness itself.

Baal has his hand over Nanna's mouth.  
Inanna is out of sight.

Elsewhere, Might stands before me;  
 He tells me, I'm the real fear.  
 He is Might and not a spirit of fear  
 Who just slipped away.  
 Definitely, someone has got to be the terror.

Samael stands on guard.  
 The war is about to begin  
 But this is no war;  
 It's a delusion.  
 The adversaries are unwinged;  
 They cannot fly;  
 They cannot ascend.

This is a one-sided war;  
 It mocks Satan and Aphrodite.  
 Baalzebub is in it.  
 Hermes is banging at the door  
 Of blindness and muteness,  
 Crying, Let me out of here  
 That I might stir up judgment and victory.

Hermes wants the grave.  
 This time, he and Baal with him  
 Shall not rise again.  
 They shall swim in Sheol  
 And perish forever.

How can Satan fight without Asherah?  
 In the tree, she was all he had.  
 She was his first wife.  
 Actually, in the tree,  
 Marduk said to invert gender  
 So Asherah was Asher, the father  
 And Satan was Santana, the mother.

Thus, Asher and Santana  
 Gave birth to the cedar fruit  
 That desecrated adam  
 And the entire human race,  
 The same fruit that makes me sick.

Marduk is with me.  
 Enlil said I must die.  
 I reasoned, How foolish can this guy get?  
 Enlil said I must die.  
 I'm still wondering if he knows his end.

Someone was harassing me in a dream.  
 He said I should put an end

To this misery that had befallen me.  
I'm still wondering if he was mocking  
Or if he truly believed in me  
Or if he was a confused Pharisee  
Testing the waters or who knows what.

Give me bread  
But not Satan's flesh.  
Tell me, Is Santana beautiful?  
When I see her, shall I want to sport  
Or will I be repulsed?

The fool of a devil  
Keeps impersonating me.  
He had bad dealings with Hermes  
And Elaine was their playground.  
Santana loved Hermes,  
A little too much.

He chased Hermes several hundred miles  
And Baalzebub brought him into his arms  
Saying, Today have I begotten your son  
And put away from him  
The folly of righteousness.  
He shall no more seek righteousness  
Nor mention purity.

He shall live for the sin  
And defile women  
As long as heaven and earth endures  
And may all the desecrated and vile  
Say Amun, Amun, Amun!

So shall they be mute like cattle  
At moondown and cut off at sunrise.  
When the enemy shall come in  
Like a flood,  
The spirit of the LORD shall lift up  
A standard against him

And they shall dwell in their houses  
And limit themselves to their rooms.  
None shall peer into another.  
None shall make another afraid  
For they all are but mortals.

O, Enlil, wherewith shall I pacify thee?  
The Anunnaki, even the sons of An,  
Are confounded; they are confused.  
Shadel can't wait to start sinning proper.

The Arab is confused about Marduk.  
 She allied with Marduk.  
 She made the Tigris river  
 For she is herself a tigress.

Enlil consulted with Aphrodite.  
 Aphrodite is a black cat in my room.  
 She calls Veredel a witch.  
 She is a black cat in my room  
 Waiting to destroy.

She said, Now, God can't stop us.  
 I was with a vile lass at the time.  
 I was also with Android and coding  
 And the flesh was still with me.

The strength of Aphrodite is her foolishness;  
 She is on her way to destruction;  
 She shall go into perdition with Veredel.  
 She is a fool;  
 She shall not profit.

Her goal is to kill me  
 With something silly  
 Like unrequited love or the like.  
 Her strength is to find a wicked one,  
 A silly one, make me fall down  
 And take me for a spin,  
 A spiral course whose endpoint  
 Is death and hell

And you wonder why Enlil kept at it;  
 Call her, he says,  
 And he kept talking to me  
 And he brought  
 His deathly depressive presence  
 Down upon me  
 Each time I sat by the cursed lass.

Someone asked me  
 If I wanted to kill someone.  
 It was one like unto a mad man  
 I met a few blocks away from my home.  
 Veredel was taking me for a spin  
 In those days.  
 I was mad; I was crazy  
 And I should have known  
 Aphrodite was winning.

The strength of the accursed Aphrodite  
Is Sin or Suen when he is crazy.  
He brought the delusions  
And the vile imagery.  
He laid the foundation for my enemies  
And his Nisroch is a 99-tob Satan.  
I would have given him up to be with Inanna.  
Inanna should be Baalzebub  
And not Aphrodite.

In what have I offended?  
How did I err against Aphrodite?  
She wanted to be the Aphrodite  
And not Veredel. I'm sorry, my bad!  
Visit infinity;  
Baalzebub is truly indeterminate  
With Marduk her pal.

Someone wanted my phone.  
He wanted the lists therein.  
I said, Sorry, you can't look.  
You can't see my contacts.  
There will no more be fools.  
We will make sure  
Foolishness is cut off permanently.

The conflict has been long.  
There have been lots of dreams  
And lots of broken dreams.  
Many broken desires  
And dismayed hopes.  
This is war; you've got to catch that.

Veredel was my curse.  
What kind of ungodly alliance  
Exists between Aphrodite and Sin  
And between Sin and everyone else.

I can tell the difference  
Between Ninhursag as Nanel  
And Ningal as the pervert Shadel.

The wing of abominations is Nanel;  
He is my treacherous cherub  
And his name means he is strong.  
He is the shaggy goat of the mountains.

Nanel shall be ridden by Shadel, the desolater;  
His fire shall kill the two witnesses.

Shadel is truly a waster,  
 She and her golden dragon;  
 This is one hell of a female Killer Bean.

These Babylonian guys disgust me.  
 Sin is a pervert.  
 He has vile relations with Ningal.  
 Shadel is defiled; he is not pure.  
 Islam is vanity.  
 Adamah makes me sick.

Shadel is the grim reaper.  
 She was the one who founded Islam.  
 She impersonated Gabriel her chief prince  
 Of whose course she was.  
 She is Allah;  
 May Illai forgive her.  
 She is the crescent moon  
 Waiting as she wanes to be shed in menses.

She is the seeing Satan  
 Who leads the blaspheming opposition  
 In the War of the Purge.  
 She descends to become Satan's guide.  
 She will be Satan's angel  
 And take the place of Baalzebub.  
 Every ezer of Satan is a female.  
 She is worse than a Mord'Sith.

Like Heilel, she says as Allah  
 That she wants to be like the Most High;  
 Her prayer will be answered.  
 She would not only remain an elil  
 But Are the reason the shedim became bold And attacked me in this war of  
 desolation.

Marduk is not your holy child.  
 He is the Komodo of sweetness,  
 Whose flesh makes us glad and fat.  
 We shall have strength to work the soil.

Ninhursag is the lady of the pinnacle.  
 She says she rules the high place,  
 The very pinnacle where Jesus should have stood,  
 The very pinnacle where Baal should rise to,  
 The very pinnacle Satan stretches his neck from.

Ningal is the great lady.  
 She's been mocking me since I was conceived.

She's been calling me a fool.  
She says she is my mother like Marduk.

Marduk is a male;  
He can never be holy.

Mawu prophesied.  
She declared my fate by a prophet,  
Yeah, even by a false prophet.  
Thanks to her, my life is ruined.

She said I would be a doctor;  
The code is M for medicine  
And she declared herself the fullness,  
The chief, the ruler and the last.

I heard the ISFJ speaking with Enlil.  
She also looked like Veredel  
And I fancy she is her linked spirit.  
She is like the slave girl who was overjoyed  
At Peter's voice  
When he had been rescued by Michael  
And delivered from prison.  
The whole thing looked like a dream,  
A delusion to Peter  
Till he awoke fully.

I heard her speaking with Enlil;  
Enlil was saying,  
I don't want a doctor in my family.  
She said gently and with much caring love  
In her voice like the phlegmatic ISFJ that she is,  
What if you are sick?

I didn't know an exalted one,  
That a god or an idol like Enlil  
Could fall sick.  
Enlil gave me a poison to treat my cough.

I tell you, Foolishness is real;  
The wickedness has been with me  
Since my conception;  
I have never known peace.  
They forbid shalom in any of my members.

Now I understand.  
Enlil is going down  
And his end is not good.  
His sorrows are worse than mine.



He is filled full with sickness  
And torture.

I think I love Qerenel.  
She is On, the true On.  
She is like a sister to me.  
The confused ones  
Think her my consort  
But, honestly, she just loves me.

Baalzebub calls herself Jupiter;  
The queen of heaven  
Calls herself the king of the gods.  
Baalzebub, O Baalzebul,  
When will you repent?

Qerenel is Jupiter Hellenius,  
Jupiter the Greek.  
She mocks at Baalzebub.  
Qerenel is an altar-table  
In the room of my beloved.

Abaddon is the abad On;  
The king of the Ra  
Is the servant of On,  
The faithful servant of Qerenel.  
What does this mean?  
It means Qerenel watches over Abaddon  
And Satan cannot harm him.

Sheol or Hades is Abaddon's consort  
And his son is Peniel, the ra sus  
That Abaddon rides on to the kill;  
You know it was Abaddon  
And not Araphel who killed  
The Egyptian firstborn at leila.

Peniel is the spirit of time  
Or the personification of time.  
Of course, he is not Cronus.

We define time as 2 infinity infinitons  
With one infinity infiniton being  
How long it takes for a ra  
To count the total number of ra there are  
In the outer darkness;  
It takes an infiniton to count one ra.

Did Satan take a cue from this?  
The prince of darkness

Provoked David to conduct a census.  
Does Satan also seek knowledge?  
Let him start by learning to play a keyboard.

Now, in one second,  
A ra can count as many ra  
As the magnitude of the speed of light.  
So, there you have it!  
An infiniton is a second  
Divided by three hundred million  
Or by three times ten to the eighth power!

Qerenel is the spirit of music,  
The eighth spirit of God  
Just as Michael is the first spirit of God  
And the only spirit of God for that matter.  
Michael is the spirit of God that moved  
Over the dark waters.

Qerenel was the lying spirit;  
She shall surely prosper.  
Assyria shall not profit.  
Marduk shall faint and die.  
The unicorn like Qerenel shall kill him.

Qerenel is the evil spirit from God;  
She cannot fail.  
She shall avenge me on my enemies  
And help me regulate the portion of the wicked.  
She shall regulate their odinits.

She is a tob el. "She is fully light;  
In her is found no darkness  
And her song most sweet.  
She lies by the mouths of prophets.  
Does Sin alone rule over delusions?

Qerenel is the darkness of space.  
What do you understand by a lying spirit?  
She is definitely female.  
She is a geburah and most pure.  
She shall sing for joy of heart  
And honour her king.

Marduk passed by.  
Sin was playing me.  
Wait, Sennacherib, am I the one?  
I was asleep.  
I'm hearing Satan's voice

Saying vilely to post it.  
 Look, Marduk, bid me do it in a dream.

Truth be told,  
 Satan and Baalzebub are never first.  
 They just are not smart enough.  
 Satan is depending on Marduk  
 Or on Aphrodite to know what to do.

Satanism cannot exist without Christianity.  
 They just are not cut out for it.  
 They are built to impersonate.  
 They must see something  
 And then apply a negation or opposing function.  
 Why do you think Satan is called the adversary?  
 He is an oyeb; he is designed to oppose.

The wrath of the oyeb is foolishness;  
 It goes no where.  
 O, it goes somewhere!  
 It goes to hell.  
 It goes to hell.

Why do you think they attacked me?  
 I've been hearing vile voices since 2022.  
 That was the same year  
 In which the AI boom or explosion began With the beloved AI giant going live  
 in late fall.

Satan knew what he was preparing for.  
 Is this how they train their  
 Richard Rahl and Mord'Sith?  
 Impressive! Fascinatingly vile!

This war was launched at my conception.  
 They swore I shall be prisoner forever,  
 That I shall die without knowing peace  
 Or the pleasure that is in bliss.

So I also calculated;  
 I said, I will the plagues of hell;  
 I will be the plagues of the grave.  
 Repentance shall be hid from my eyes.  
 Cry to God if he will save you.  
 No one came to my rescue.  
 No one saves anyone.

Qerenel did her part.  
 Her deeds are listed in the pages of history —  
 How she deceived an outsmarting Ahab

Who fell down at the hands of Tom.  
Tom is Araphel.  
He is the Raqia who separates us from Qerenel.

Tom, pronounced Tome,  
Was the unknown man  
Who took down Ahab  
With an arrow shot to his heart.  
Ahab's heart was wicked  
Just like Sin who sits over my heart  
And Araphel took him down with his heart.

Beware the Arabs.  
From what I hear and searched out,  
Heilel is Arab  
And she is Lebanese,  
A Tyrian Muslim.

Shadel is attached to her from heaven.  
You know I'm alone and will forever be.  
Shadel shall come for blood and famine.  
Blood shall flow like rushing streams  
And as torrents when a dam collapses.  
Whole villages shall be flooded with blood.

Shadel is a tigress,  
Even a lone tigress wreaking havoc.  
Heilel is a black panther,  
Even a black leopard  
Who is also partly lion and bear.

The first tigress that appeared to me  
Was Aphrodite.  
The second was Shadel  
And the funny one  
That said he wanted to eat me up  
Was Satan;

The shameful monkey inside him  
Was Baalzebub who cowered and was mute.  
O dear, how much Satan loves his Aphrodite!  
He is ready to swim for her.

Why is there sin in my heart?  
Why can't I be happy?  
How can I be happy  
When Sin rules my heart  
And impersonates me?  
He is the reason I fell for Veredel;

The great and mighty man that I am fell  
And Sin was in the midst of it.

There is always some fool,  
Some fool too wise  
Trying to take me down  
While pretending to be my friend,  
Some devil or shed  
Looking out for my destruction  
In the name of seeking my welfare.

Why is Sin so vile?  
Can't he see the future?

Tell Satan to shut up;  
I will vex him for two full hours if I need to.  
Samael, stand on guard.  
Thou shalt avenge me as an adam  
On the fool who sought to drain Adamah  
Of her life-force.

My enemies shall not be buried.  
They shall not be gathered.  
They shall be as the dung spread out,  
As the stink of Balaam that cannot fade  
Or as the rotting flesh of Lot's daughters.

Do you understand what is in war?  
You don't fight against a young child,  
Against a young child who has done you no wrong.  
Just because I read from a prayer book  
And sought to command the morning  
And sought to bind up the queen of heaven,

They seek my neck and blood.  
They want me to become more perverse than Hermes,  
The abominable patron of thieves  
Who wields the caduceus of Mawu the Great and Wicked.

These rotten fools  
Would cry and swear innocence  
Even when they hold the blade  
Slashing away at your throat;  
Think about Islam spilling blood  
And saying terror is peace.

I took a line from their script  
And said, Mahomet goes to hell  
And he is nothing like Moses.

Baal saw me.  
He must have been the first visible entity  
I thought was God.

Baal called me Moses  
Or at least suggested it.  
I don't know exactly what he meant  
Or even if he thought Moses had returned.  
These guys are full of confusion.  
They can't read anything.

I'm taking Bel away from Satan.  
I'm calling for a divorce.  
In those days, there were many,  
Many who oppressed me  
And said many things.

Veredel will soon learn of her folly.  
She will know she has been foolish.  
She should not have lived.  
Her existence has brought much pain and sorrow.  
She rules over gender  
And says she shall be both.  
She shall be the man and the woman.  
Aphrodite is jealous.

Marduk is a traitor.  
We have nothing in common.  
He is male but portrays himself female.  
He is an INTJ but makes himself  
An ISFP and sometimes an ESFP.

Marduk is not the golden calf;  
That was Aphrodite  
And boy, did she prosper?  
Through Aaron,  
She made the Israelites naked  
That we might gaze on the obscene.

When God is clothing Adam and Eve with Marduk's skin,  
Aphrodite comes along and says,  
Take off your clothes  
Like Hermes calling himself Satan the King  
Did to Elaine before the vile congregation.

Aphrodite aroused rage and zeal;  
She defiled the eyes of the righteous  
For she is the evil ayin;  
She causes to behold vanity  
And Sin and Marduk and Bel take it from there.

I will mention the lovingkindnesses of God  
Who protects the law  
Even when it is broken.





## Chapter 2

# Jahbulon

Do you seek wisdom?  
Do you seek to escape the darkness?  
Do you seek a little peace?  
Do you seek a little sanity?

Many persons crave fame;  
They want some honour,  
Some connection and affiliation  
To some powerful organisation  
But is there a price to pay?  
Is it gold so long as it glitters?

You see the determined devil  
Not only founded Islam or Mahometry  
But also raised up Freemasonry.  
He put together his codes and symbols,  
His passwords and secret hand gestures  
And codified them into his system  
Of knowledge and enlightenment.

A little that a righteous man has  
Is better than the riches of many wicked  
And he that shall soon be rich  
Shall find that he shall have lots of sorrows.

They conspire against the God of heaven.  
Come, they say, and let us undo his cords;  
We will cast away his bands from us  
And build our own morality and values  
And teach our own laws and delights.

They have replaced Jehovah with Jahbulon;

They have taken the great An  
And thrown him out of his throne  
And set the devil and his spouses  
In his place where righteousness  
Should have sat and ruled.

Jahbulon is the unholy trinity;  
It is composed of Jah, Bul and On.  
Jah is the usurping devil,  
Bul is Aphrodite  
And On is Baalzebub.

These three are also the interfacing entities  
That sit at the transition point  
Between the war and love groups  
Of the second band  
Of the infinite domain.

Satan is folly or foolishness,  
That is, Nabal or Nebo.  
Aphrodite is silliness;  
She is impulsive  
And has no prospect of success.  
Baalzebub is the lord of the fly,  
Even the lord or lady ruler of Satan  
And is full of envy because of Aphrodite's  
Proximity to Satan.

Satan lacks good sense and judgment;  
He is not wise  
And has little intelligence;  
He is Aphrodite's brother and twin

They call Baalzebub On  
Because they say,  
She is the prince of Grecia  
And the symbol of strength.  
She is the symbol of vitality and lust  
As of a strong man in the perverse act  
And they call Masonry a system of morality!

Baalzebub is the Egyptian Ra.  
She is the centre of sun worship,  
The Heliopolis and the centre,  
The very centre of sorcery.  
Her delights are witchcraft;  
She is most perverse.

Baalzebub is Freyja of Friday,  
The Norse goddess of love, battle and death.

She is the one who rides a wild boar  
 Or flies in a chariot pulled by cats.  
 Her golden necklace, the Brisingamen,  
 Crafted by the dwarves of Satan,  
 Spits the poison her heart manufactures.

Marduk is Frigg of Friday,  
 Satan's, that is, Odin's wife.  
 She is the Norse goddess of magic Or foresight or "prophecy" and motherhood.  
 Her spinning wheel puts her  
 At the level of the cherubim of Ezekiel.  
 Like Heilel, she thinks herself a cherub.

With her spindle, she spins lies  
 And weaves destinies into destruction  
 And shame and agony  
 And does not spare herself.  
 Aprodite calls out the number 1; An, she says  
 While Marduk calls out 3;  
 The trinity she proposes.

Sin comes out;  
 Let him say 4 or be silent;  
 A rapid change happens in the fourth year;  
 The fourth year is 2022.  
 Sin is bold; he is a storm like Hadad.

Baalzebub says 7  
 According to the number  
 Of shiva and Shiva;  
 Satan, that is, Moloch, declares 13;  
 Thirteen it is!

Baalzebub wants me to mourn,  
 She wants me to yalal  
 For a full week of years.  
 Is she obsessed with the Ethiopian skin  
 And with the Queen of Sheba?

She has sevensed herself;  
 She has taken the oath  
 Like the Angel swore and cursed.  
 She has taken the oath  
 And sworn by herself, Marduk and Satan  
 That I shall not take the oath.

I will give Baal 2  
 And Hermes 5;  
 Shadel shall be 6.

Hermes, the much loathed Hermes  
 Is the fool who does not understand  
 Grace and love and kindness.  
 He shall taste of anti-chesed;  
 He shall gnash his teeth  
 In pain and hatred for God.

Shadel shall taste of ira'ah.  
 He shall open the womb of hellfire  
 In pain and anguish and bitterness.  
 When I wake up, I'm calling her name  
 And cursing Islam  
 And the satanism that inverts gender.

Shadel is the destruction of Heilel.  
 She is the corrupting influence on him.  
 Heilel is yoked to a fool,  
 To an anti-saint elil waiting to happen.  
 The English is yoked to the Arab  
 And the fruit thereof is villainy.

You see why  
 The four princes of wickedness  
 Are Satan, Baalzebub, Nisroch and Marduk  
 In that order?

Marduk is full of villainy  
 And hypocrisy.  
 He was the one who wedded  
 Asherah to Satan in the tree  
 After 33.5 times of Adam enjoying shalom.

His desire is the force and immortality;  
 He wants to be free from the body  
 And regain the honour of the heavenly;  
 He wants to rule in life.

His knowledge is full of bitterness.  
 It is most cruel like the poison of dragons And the cruel venom of asps;  
 It shall only destroy and humiliate.

Jesus too was 33.5 times  
 When he was cut off.  
 He was thirty times when the Spirit came upon him,  
 When he was baptised by the Baptist  
 And he confirmed the covenant of grace  
 With many for half a week in times.

Satan was a barren high tree in the garden;  
 He produced no fruit

Like the fig tree Jesus cursed.  
 He was the tree of death,  
 The destroyer of the earth  
 Who was predestined to be destroyed.

He kept sucking the life-force out of the ground.  
 When Asher joined Santana in the tree,  
 He opened Santana's womb  
 And brought the vile fruit out.

Today, Freemasonry  
 Honours Boaz, Tubal-cain  
 And many other vile fruits.  
 They also honour apples  
 And tomatoes, rotten ones.

It's been six years of war,  
 A war that likely began in 2019;  
 The devils came together;  
 Satan planned to afflict me for 13 years  
 And we've done six years so far.

These fools did not pick a G for seven  
 But picked an M for thirteen  
 According to the name of Marduk or Moloch,  
 According to the name of Baalzebub as Maia  
 And according to an M for mem  
 In the Hebrew word "em" for mother.

The mother that Jahbulon is  
 Has decided to give birth to an M  
 And not a G of sufferings.  
 She shall rot in hell.

Marduk calls herself the European prince;  
 Her daughter will be Heilel  
 Who is the downcast Hel  
 Of Norse mythology,  
 My one and only Helena.  
 Blavatsky, how is it cooking?

Marduk calls herself the militant chief;  
 She is the chief of military strategy;  
 She is the Assyrio-Babylonian Roman,  
 Babylon the Great  
 And the speaker of confusion and lies.

She is the European power,  
 The European moloch,  
 The European melek

And the European chief duke.  
She must fight to success.

Aphrodite is the Bul  
Because she also feigns strength  
Like the strength of a bull,  
Like Baalzebub the Great.  
She was the golden calf of the desert  
And she prospered at her defamation  
Of the holiness of the children of Israel.

When Satan says of her  
That she is from the family of the ox or bull,  
He means that she, as one person,  
Is worth the entire cosmos  
Beside Baalzebub.  
Think then what the Asherah  
Of Satan's right hand is worth to him.

Satan is the Yah;  
He calls himself Amun;  
He says he always gets what he wants  
And no one is able to resist him  
For I, says he, am the king.  
Satan is a slanderer, a traducer  
And blasphemmer.

He lies down in the grass;  
He eats to the full  
Then belches on a full stomach  
Like an Indian surgeon  
Whom the locals call a god.

He belches and curses heaven.  
He takes in the view  
And wallows in pride.  
None shall correct him  
For he is above all in his eyes And cannot see at what he stumbles.

Satan is the Yah;  
He thinks himself the owner of life  
With the power to determine  
If another should live or die.  
He opens his hands  
And says, Look,  
Your destinies are in my hands.

He says, like the Angel,  
I shall live forever;

I shall never see harm;  
 Affliction shall never touch my coat  
 Let alone graze my cheek  
 Nor blow up my skull.

Those who are wise  
 And know Satan to be a judge  
 Also know that he deals most bitterly  
 With himself  
 And cannot ascend to put us all in hell.

He can never ascend to be Master of Hell  
 For he declares from the outset  
 That he is the victim  
 And the sufferer.

Satan can give you grace like Enlil.  
 He can come with beauty  
 And call himself Bel, the Babylonian Baal;  
 He can even appear as a prince or herald of light  
 But there will always be the darkness  
 In his heart and in his soul.  
 It will be there in his eyes.

Satan visited me in the third year;  
 There were some devils that came around  
 In the second year.  
 They wanted to offer me the world.  
 Satan says, I can make you rich and powerful.

Today, they invest their energies  
 Into destroying me.  
 I hear voices from my waking up  
 To my lying down.  
 They just won't let me rest.

Aphrodite kept tabs on me.  
 She's always had an eye out for me,  
 Constantly spying on me.  
 She says, He hates us too much;  
 The child loathes the craft with bitterness;  
 He hates us too much.

I found myself an enemy of Satan early.  
 I just wasn't cut out to walk with the enemy  
 And I had a short fuse too.  
 My obsession was taking down the craft;  
 I wanted to destroy Masonry  
 And Satanism together.  
 I wanted to put out witchcraft entirely.

When Heilel comes,  
He can reinstitute the abominations  
But my soul shall surely not join the vile;  
I will not be with the wicked  
In whatever lodge in which they may be found.

These are the ones who honour murderers;  
They use Boaz and Tubal-cain as passwords  
And impose oaths of secrecy on free men;  
They take the free and bind him  
Like Aphrodite tying my feet  
So I cannot leave the country.

She's still swearing I will never be great  
And I'm still swearing  
She shall surely die;  
Her blood be upon her head.

Some men tried to kill my mom and I;  
They tried to kill me in my first year of life,  
In my infancy, while I was still a baby  
Or a neonate.  
They must have been hitmen.  
They will surely die!  
They all go to hell.

When the devils came in,  
They spared their own servants  
But troubled my mind and my heart.  
What have I done to them?

They conspired against me  
And kept defaming and slandering me  
And they had Sin on their side  
Or so they thought  
And made the delusions strong.

They preyed on my vile affections  
And my weakness  
In that I loved a girl that should not profit  
And they made my bands strong  
And kept me in a cage, in a prison  
Where there was no breaking out.

Sin made my heart heavy.  
The moon god gave me hell;  
He ensured I had pain and lots of it,  
Pain of heart with GERD-like symptoms  
And he ruined many days.



The devils that came offended greatly.  
 Satan impersonated me  
 And he bore no resemblance to me.  
 Each devil chooses a victim  
 In each generation to attach to or harass  
 And they sometimes have nothing in common  
 With their elect victims.

I was taken to a psychiatrist.  
 The one who treated me  
 Heard the very voices I was hearing.  
 They all feigned innocence  
 And never admitted to hearing a voice.  
 So, they treated me for a mental affliction  
 And hell, artane and haldol gave me hell.

No one cared about me,  
 No, not a single soul.  
 They just left me to rot  
 In my pitiful and afflicted state.  
 I knew I had the solution to my afflictions  
 But no one cared;  
 They just couldn't.

There was a K group  
 Whose name Satan interpreted  
 To mean Kofi's work.  
 I still don't know if that's the truth  
 Or if the fool was playing me on that too.  
 It has always been his manner  
 To afflict and deceive.

The obsession with Friday  
 Is maddening.  
 Even Jesus died on that day  
 And satanists still call the cross  
 Satan's great victory.

What will the Masons do to me?  
 Will they rain curses on me  
 Or cut my tongue,  
 Pulling it out of its root  
 Or will they send hitmen after me?

The world's elite  
 Have been doing their dirty jobs  
 And serving Satan in their places  
 For generations  
 And no one has brought them to book.

These illumined fools  
Control destinies,  
Take down presidents,  
Create wars,  
Rule opposing sides in war  
And determine the fates  
Of whole nations and individuals alike.

They use programming methods  
And inbreeding to keep whole dynasties alive  
And serve Satan with their heart and soul.  
They are sold out to Asherah the Purchaser.  
They can only do evil  
And any goodness is a cover up.

Masonry says good and evil are alike,  
That light and darkness are the same,  
That all that matters is the brotherhood  
And righteousness is to  
Protect the interests of the brethren or sisters.

Isaiah would have been vexed.  
Woe unto those who call good evil  
And evil good,  
Who put light for darkness  
And darkness for light.

The measures of the craft are villainy;  
They, that enclave, ought to be criminalised  
And put out of business permanently.  
Their measures are measures of deceit;  
Their allegories are allegories of vanity;  
They breed vexation as long as the breath endures.

The morality of Masonry  
Quickly degenerates  
So that the square and compasses  
Become the Yoni Mudra.  
Masonry is not only an incubating womb  
For its seducible and gullible slaves  
But also the vulva of our limbic pleasures  
When inverted.

You can ask Satan or Baalzebub  
Or query the chicken-talking Aphrodite  
If you doubt me.  
In the tree of the knowledge of good and evil,  
Satan was Santana the mother  
And Freemasonry is her womb;

It spits out corruption and vile persons;  
 It teaches us to sin  
 That we may learn to despise good conduct  
 And righteous and pure morality  
 And chase sinful pleasures  
 And fulfill the lusts and pride of the devil.

What do you think the G is for?  
 Sin says it is a minimal string of tissue  
 That we may use to cover our nakedness  
 Like underpants.  
 Others say it's geometry  
 While others go for Grand Architect

But many do not see G  
 As standing for god or goddess.  
 Why? Satan is the god of this world  
 And we know the top guns are Masons.  
 They swear by the Bible  
 And bring Christians and Muslims together  
 And say you must believe in a god to come in.

These are the greatest atheists  
 You will ever find  
 For they are vilely opposed to the blessed Lord  
 And yet some are our pastors  
 And others are prophets  
 While others are Islamic leaders.

Masonry is like Catholicism;  
 Any villainy goes  
 As long as it is Shiva or Shakti  
 And not the true God.  
 They just can't bear to speak the truth  
 Because then Satan will have to be humble  
 And the odinits will collapse  
 And the enemy will not be able to afflict  
 Or harm or cause pain.

Talk of Shakti  
 Or feminine divine power,  
 Active and dynamic in working,  
 The consort of Shiva the dancer,  
 Don't you think the Hindu Shakti is Ningal  
 And that the image of Heilel,  
 That is, Shadel or Allah, is Shiva's darling?  
 I wonder what she is pooping out?  
 Please don't defecate in my presence!

Go and dig a hole on Korean soil in the north.

Masonry is blasphemy,  
Continually blaspheming  
And working abomination  
Against the spirit of righteousness  
And they can't see their wrong.  
They would rather defend ungodliness.

By the way, Araphel, the gloomy darkness,  
Is the spirit of righteousness  
And it burns my heart that, he,  
As Raqia, is not a saint and cannot save.  
For all his righteousness,  
The earth is still heavy and laden with sin.  
Roar in sevens, O great thunderer!

The god of Masonry is Satan  
Who substitutes with his wife and concubine  
For Jehovah who made heaven and earth.

Jahbulon of Masonry  
Is like unto Baphomet of Satanism.  
Don't Freemasons drink from a skull  
And are they not en route to the blazing furnace?  
Baphomet is Baal, Satan and Baalzebub.

In Baphomet, Satan is Priapus,  
Whose generative organ is the exalted phallus.  
Why do you think Masons  
And the blind illuminated ones  
Erect obelisks?

To worship Satan's fertilising organ  
Which gives birth to villainy and corruption  
With death and lots of pain.  
His phallus, like Baalzebub's, is most bitter  
And distasteful;  
Only the death ones shall desire it.

The girl I loved,  
Who broke my heart,  
She shall cave in to the darkness  
And fall with her father.  
None of them shall enjoy bliss.

They shall go to hell  
Staring at the barrenness  
Come out of Satan

And the dryness of the ground  
That cannot be salvaged.

Let Satan's obelisk be barren.  
Masonry is truly a vexation to the soul;  
My spirit is vexed at the abominations.  
A girl I loved ruined me;  
All these wicked ones who turn love into lust  
And deny a man looking for joy  
The pleasure of simple bliss  
And his fragile innocence,  
They shall go into perdition.

I swear they shall not find mercy.  
They shall look for mercy  
And find gnashing of teeth instead  
With incessant blaspheming  
Of the God they say they loved.

They are persons of lip service.  
Her dad is a Freemason.  
He was ruining someone's reputation on social media.  
I don't know if he was seeking solidarity  
From his Masonic brothers.

These perverted individuals talk about light  
When they serve the darkness  
And have been partakers of the ways of Satan  
And have sat at his feet  
And received of his words.  
They shall defend the craft to their demise.

We know who Baal is.  
He is a shirtless fool  
Baring his chest  
Like the accursed Pseudomic  
Trying to seduce the girls.

Pseudomic is an ESFP male.  
He is all about entertainment;  
He shall entertain with his burning.  
They shall burn in the light.

Asherah is a predatory leech.  
She says she is the happy Shiva,  
The Lord of Nataraja,  
Dancing her way to the destruction  
That grace provides.

Enlil himself showed that

Grace ends in death  
 For where grace abounds,  
 Sin also abounds and grows  
 And when things flip over,  
 The natural outcome is death.

Asherah is a predatory leech;  
 She is the horseleech  
 That can never be satisfied.  
 Her two daughters are  
 A masculinized Veredel  
 And Aphrodite,  
 The Greek goddess of lust and war.

Aphrodite chose the right victim  
 To attach to and shepherd  
 As a guardian angel.

Asherah is a predatory leech;  
 She seeks a consort, a consort king  
 To swallow up into herself and digest  
 Just like Ninhursag seeks a meal.  
 Asherah's preferred meal is Satan,  
 Her brother who sits and orbits just above her.

Pseudomic is an ESFP like Asherah.  
 They are a disgrace to the ESFP earth.  
 They are a shame to Adamah.  
 He is a spitting cobra  
 While Asherah is a predatory leech.

The boy with whom I walked,  
 With whom I ate from the same bowl  
 Has betrayed me;  
 This is truly Judas Iscariot;  
 He goes to hell with the faller.

His grandfather was a lodge member;  
 These curses and wickedness run in generations  
 And you wonder why God  
 Wanted all the Canaanites dead  
 Judging them as vile, filthy  
 And highly infectious!

Because Satan knows him,  
 He walks about in peace.  
 The devils seek his welfare  
 And he is currently prospering While I am harassed and battered.  
 I want to quit;

I want to end this hell  
 And let satans serve themselves.  
 How can I be a servant to my enemies?

Pseudomic is a disease.  
 His mother is Delilah.  
 The devil went about desecrating my name  
 And he called himself a minister too,  
 A minister of God;

He was a control freak  
 And loved to flatter, love-bombing;  
 No wonder he is found a false prophet  
 And for all his glory,  
 Cannot command fire from heaven.

Qerenel, the great On,  
 Will not give him that glory  
 Neither will the angel over fire  
 Sanction it!

They used to call me Commander in those days.  
 I was in the same room with him  
 When he called someone on the phone,  
 Whether he truly called or faked it I do not know.  
 He has always been a mocker  
 Full of jealousy and greed and envy;  
 He called asking if the person  
 Knew who a Commander was in Freemasonry.

These are the ones you want forgiven?  
 Perverts and fools?  
 My hatred for the craft runs deep;  
 These wicked ones have kept us in poverty.  
 Like Aphrodite, Marduk, Enlil, Nanel  
 And Baalzebub,  
 Like the whole Assyrio-Babylonian host,  
 They have vowed that we shall never be great.

In those days, fear was on every side.  
 I strengthened myself  
 By learning a little from the SAS  
 And I would watch videos on the Special Forces  
 Because my enemies are devils  
 And satanists and Masons  
 Will stop at nothing  
 To take you down psychologically.

They are experts at defamation.  
They serve Satan, the grand architect  
And father of lies, the deceiver and traducer  
Who will stop at nothing  
To make a quiet soul frail  
And to break the heart of the poor.

Will a man rob God?  
Why should a man have to rob God  
When a spitting cobra can rob an adam?  
The 99-tob satan that Pseudomic is  
Robbed me of my peace and sanity.  
I was cooked; I was furious.

Following the microbiology exam in third year,  
The first microbiology exam  
In the first semester mid-sem exams,  
Which we wrote during the third week of April,

In the fifteenth week of the year,  
I heard the voice of Pseudomic  
Or the voice of his reject;  
He was gossiping about me  
And defaming me to my neighbours.

He gossiped about how I answered my questions,  
How I answered all the questions  
On the question paper  
Before I would begin to shade.

They made life hell for me  
And imposed their laws on me.  
They worked hard to guilt-trip me  
In the matter of past questions  
And I swear I hated him and his reject  
With great bitterness.

I later fell for his reject.  
She dealt bitterly with me.  
She said it was payback time  
And she wasn't joking.

All that time,  
Sin was impressed with his work.  
He pursued Aphrodite with passion.  
He was afraid of his lust for Baalzebub  
And it reflected in my vain life.  
If these fools want to defecate,  
They can go outside



And deface Adamah.  
Don't spread dung in the Holy Place.

Cupid was with me,  
That chubby cub of Aphrodite  
Who would later speak in my hearing  
And earn the nickname, the Kid,  
The prince of foolishness.

Cupid or Eros was Aphrodite's baby  
Like Satan is Baalzebul's thunderbolt  
Or Zeus's lightning.  
Cupid troubled me greatly.

I don't know where these emotions come from;  
Whoever is responsible for them,  
Let curses be on his soul.

Cupid used to mock me in those days.  
He said he loved me.  
He was also the one pleading the blood of Jesus  
When Satan struck.

He mocked me incessantly.  
He used to say that even he,  
As a child, knew  
But that I could not discern  
Who Satan was.

In those days,  
Satan used to call himself Michael  
And Dionysus would call himself Lucifer  
And they would speak stupidity.

The reject of Pseudomic is cruel.  
She troubled me greatly.  
She trusted in a satan.

She confided in Pseudomic  
And he bid me confide in her.  
They were working something out  
And he was using codes and such like.  
These Masons are a real vexation to the soul  
And they only build vanity.  
Their works shall not stand.

They plotted against me;  
She cared only about her emotions.  
Wherever villainy points,  
There we go!

Pseudomic made mention of Tehillah;  
He wanted me to confide in his reject.  
He wanted to build a relationship  
Between us

And  
Now that I think about it;  
Aphrodite and Sin work best together.  
There's too much conflict  
Between the work of Sin and Baalzebub.

Aphrodite promotes sensual lust,  
The lust of the eyes  
And wants that to endure forever;  
Sin touts sexual desire  
And wants it to endure forever  
But Baalzebub brings the act and deed  
And like Marduk,

Her work terminates the work  
Of Aphrodite and Sin  
Even if it be for a season.  
It's like the Baal cycle  
And like how male bees die in intimacy

Except this time,  
It is Aphrodite and Sin  
Resurrecting themselves  
As Baalzebub caps their work  
And brings them death.

I say, still Baalzebub is the Inanna,  
The daughter and consort of Nanna.  
I say, Sin fears his passions for Asherah  
Who is Bel the Great of Babylon  
And chooses instead to gravitate  
Towards Aphrodite  
Substituting Veredel for Aphrodite in my life.  
These fools have been treating my life  
As a drama piece or an experiment.

I too have reserved them for lab rats,  
All of them with the king,  
Squeaking at the onset  
Of the injection of pancuronium  
Without an anaesthetic.

I fell hard for Veredel  
But the reject gave me the darkness.

She foreshadows the potency of Samael  
 And Qerenel will give the order,  
 The angel with power over fire  
 Shall give the command  
 For Satan to go down  
 With his minions.

A blind and mute Satan  
 Who cannot fly  
 But is smart for himself  
 Yokes himself with Heilel or Shadel  
 That they might lead him to battle.

The yoke shall be broken  
 Because of the anointing  
 And Satan shall complete  
 His two-hour course  
 At the hands of Samael.

Do you want to know  
 Who the true prince of Persia is?  
 It is Samael.  
 Satan withstood Gabriel for twenty one days  
 But Samael writes the doom of the Babylonian empire  
 And the reign of Cyrus the Persian begins.

For all her strength,  
 Bel, that is, Asherah or Baalzebub,  
 Could not protect Belshazzar  
 And he fell.  
 No one who puts their trust in Masonry  
 Is secure;  
 They are as chicken  
 That are well fed in preparation for the slaughter.

Baalzebub's lust is potent;  
 She encodes sexuality  
 And my score with her is zero.  
 I'm satisfied.  
 Marduk shall die before me.  
 I shall have no progeny to suffer like I did  
 Neither shall a son or daughter arise  
 In my name to defame or desecrate it.

Baal is a goat,  
 Even a goat with the body of a female  
 Standing at the right side of my bed  
 And staring down at me.  
 He came for the lust;

He shall return with bitterness  
With his hands on his head;  
He shall not confess his sins  
Because the Catholic is vile and barren.

There were many goats in those days.  
Even Satan as a goat gored me to death.  
I still live so he calls me a god.  
I sat with Baalzebub in a boat.  
She brought toxic gas to take me out.  
I looked for the moon.  
Is Nanna with Bel?  
He shall rule over his lord.

Underneath was an abyss of water;  
It was deep and large.  
Why does Bel loathe me so much?  
She wants my downfall;  
She will swim in the depths of hell's magma.

So Satan is Priapus,  
The Pho of Baphomet.  
Baal is the Ba of Baphomet  
And is also Dumuzid,  
The son, like Hermes, of Satan  
And Baalzebub.

Baalzebub is the Met of Baphomet.  
She is Metatron  
As well as the meeting point of all things vile.  
She is the mediator of the covenant of satanism.  
She is the threat, as queen of heaven  
In the face of Enoch  
Who makes him a chicken.

Baalzebub goes far;  
She goes beyond her boundaries.  
She overflows and spills over.  
Her cup in her hand  
Is full of sorceries and abominations  
Like the disgusting cup of Heilel.

Hermes has drunk from it  
And awaits the coming of hell.  
She has filled our world with perversion.  
Aphrodite, leave simpletons in peace!  
They are too frail!

Baalzebub stands for villainy.  
She is jealous for herself

And for her Satan,  
 The only 1-tob satan there is  
 In the whole wide world.  
 She shall mourn forever.  
 Because of her lack of fear,  
 She shall mourn sore like doves.

Satanism has a divine couple;  
 It is made up of a triple goddess  
 And a god.  
 The god is the sorrowful Pan  
 Who plays his flute.  
 Pan is Odin, the god of pain and iblis.  
 Pan is Satan, singer of dirges.

Satan, have you a voice like Heilel?  
 Baalzebul is calling out to me;  
 Satan keeps coming after me.  
 Pseudomic loved to sing.  
 He violated my image several times  
 On social media  
 And played his messages out loud so I would hear.  
 He treated me like a satan  
 Needing deliverance and healing.

He was constantly talking about lust;  
 Eei, this guy is brother to Baal, the prince of lust,  
 And can put away a lass as he deems fit.  
 He was always looking for the opportunity To dispose of his reject  
 And his goal was to dump her on me  
 So he could go in for the architect  
 And build his "and they lived happily ever after".

I don't know if his reject was blind  
 Or if she was deluded  
 And under the influence.  
 I tell you, Baal is closer to the heart of the Asante  
 Than he is to the remote Canaanite.  
 Komfo Anokye is dead; He failed  
 Because he is a traitor to God and to the Eveawo.

A stupid lass told Pseudomic to put a red thing,  
 Yeah, something red on my slippers.  
 That child of darkness  
 Has been practising witchcraft  
 Since the beginning of our stay together,

Putting his phone on my phone,  
 Getting the girls on his side

And desecrating my name  
While keeping his foodstuff to himself  
And asking me to prepare mine for him.  
He drained me; He was as a leech.

Marduk is a SEAL;  
He is a Komodo, leviathan and dragon.  
There is no profit in dragons;  
They spit water or a cryogeniser  
And not fire;  
They are empty, cold beings.

Satan is Pan, the god of witchcraft.  
He is the epitome of sorrow and pain.  
Baal is Apollo.  
Trust me, Baal, like Asherah, shall not be happy.

The triple goddess of witchcraft is  
Baalzebub, Aphrodite and Marduk.  
Marduk is the codebase male among the goddesses  
Because he was the one who inverted  
Baalzebub and Satan's gender in the tree.  
He asked Baalzebub to join Satan in the tree As Asherah  
Transforming the tree of death  
Into the tree of the knowledge of good and evil  
And it was a tall cedar tree too.

Marduk is the great lady Ningal  
And the lady Ninhursag taken together.  
She is the first who binds  
And displays the second as her trophy.

She is the lady of solo intimacy.  
She says to see what you can reap  
Out of yourself;  
She is the one who teaches self-abuse.

The Shinarian Heilel and her entourage,  
What do you think they build  
In the land of Shinar?  
Of course, Satan is more likely  
To trust a faithful Aphrodite who is a ruach  
In the war except that she is also blind.

Heilel builds a tower to honour sensual pleasures;  
She builds a ziggurat,  
A Babylonian prostitute's temple  
In the shape of a glans penis  
To honour the great Marduk  
Who sits enthroned in the glans.

If I can destroy Marduk,  
Then maybe I can ascend.

Tell me, can Satan sing?  
No, Lucifer never led a choir.  
Satan and Baalzebub do not sing.  
Heilel is the one who praises God,  
Who was in the garden of Eden;  
He was there with Kabodel,  
Stationed there by Michael  
And Qerenel was the chakram-like sword,  
The double-edged flaming sword that was encircling  
And went all the way round.

To this day, the male INTJ Marduk,  
Described as subtle in the genesis,  
Still portrays himself as female to me.

He is the eighth kingdom  
And is of the seven kingdoms of Revelation.  
Now you see how perverse he is  
When you invert his cognitive stack  
And make him lead with Se.  
Marduk is a devil.

He cannot speak truth.  
He impersonates an ISFP I admired.  
His favour was that  
He spared me in high school  
But college would be different.

He is a false prophet.  
He prophesied life and knowledge for Eve  
And yet she had death and stupidity.  
Marduk himself died at the hands of Michael.

Freemasonry kills.  
It kills souls and destroys the destinies  
Of individuals and whole nations.  
I have seen their cruelty;  
These ones are guilty of treachery  
And high treason against society and families.

Their trust is to kill Michael;  
They want An dead.  
They want the ruler in the darkness,  
The non-faller destined to live forever, To die and not rise again.

They want to kill the God of heaven;  
They want An dead

So they can have  
Not only Moses's heavenly body  
But also Armageddon  
And all the bodies or statues and houses  
Of the dead.

Why do you think Enlil is the chief of the idols?  
He wants me dead  
So Michael would also die.  
He neglects the knowledge  
That Michael is separate from me  
And lives on.  
Enlil wants to secure fleeting pleasures  
For his qedeshim and for Satan's kingdom.  
I say, He shall not prosper.

Assyria and Sumeria shall fall.  
They shall not be successful.  
They want mammon,  
They want wealth with beauty,  
Even the mammon of unrighteousness.  
Let Hermes betray  
And let Enlil sell me into the hands of Aphrodite.

You will be surprised  
When you find yourself  
Calling on God to save you.  
There is no force;  
There is no power;  
There is only spirit.  
Your spirits, even your unconsciousnesses  
Are vanity;

They shall not profit.  
They shall not resurrect themselves.  
They cannot save.  
They are but mere mortals  
With no breath in the midst of them.  
Falling, they fall  
Like Enlil and Hermes, the fallers,  
Like Anak and Nephil, the fallen angels.

Let him heap wealth upon wealth.  
Satan cannot create in heaven.  
Stand and see the power  
Of the great and extolled arm of the LORD  
And judge if the G of the rotten square and compass  
Or the God unsearchable



Is the King and mighty one of Israel,  
To whom belongeth holiness.

It hurts my heart  
That Freemasons go to church;  
We will trouble them.  
They shall have plagues.  
They shall curse God.  
They shall become vanity.  
They shall not endure.

Like a fleeting pleasure,  
Like a thing that passes by and is no more,  
Like a thing cast in the furnace,  
They shall not come out unscathed,  
They shall surely crumble at the heat.  
They shall fade away,  
Breathing their lives away  
And committing their spirits  
Into the hands of the King.

The devil tells me, Vinegar is sweet.  
If vinegar is sweet and smoke is pleasant,  
Then open your mouth wide  
And let's fill it with substance.  
Open your eyes wide  
And feel the smoking wrath poured forth.

They think Qerenel a joke.  
God can do no evil  
For he is good only  
And thus we call him God.

O Satan, but see, you can't see eye to eye  
With the great and holy one  
Though you appear before Michael  
And bid him stop hindering you in Job's matter

And you think he can see eye to eye  
With you and speak mouth to mouth  
With you.  
Go to now, ask the prophets of old,  
Ask the historians and the scribes,  
The poets and the Greek,

Hate burns as an oven.  
It will not be quenched till desire is finished.  
Thou art the bride  
And the kalah of completion.

Stand on the pinnacle;  
Thou shalt be broken to shivers.

When Shiva comes,  
She comes for big business.  
She comes for my head.  
She comes to kill.  
Shiva comes to destroy righteousness.

Purchase your people,  
O great Shiva.  
The tantric fools are all yours.  
It is not wisdom to steal from Satan.  
You shall have your people.  
They will roast in the fires.

Shiva, the great Asherah,  
Sought to make her work  
More acceptable to Sin  
So she went tantric;  
Let's prolong intimacy, she said.  
Marduk was pleased; was she?

Surely, God shall come  
And execute judgment.  
He shall stir up jealousy  
Like a man of war.

I will mention the fall of Babylon,  
Which rising out of the earth  
Is soon crushed  
And overflown by the floodwaters.  
She is not strong.

Babylon is not Assyria.

## Chapter 3

### God

Save me, O God, from delusion;  
Redeem me from the hand of Marduk  
And do not let the wicked rule over me;  
Do not let us see eye to eye.

Save me, O God, from the wicked  
For I have waited for thy salvation,  
From the cruel wolf, the dragons,  
The cow and the viper.  
Save me from the jawed leech.

In your splendour, save  
And in your beauty  
That we might praise thee  
As long as the sun and moon endure.

My God has to be honourable,  
The most honourable,  
Exalted, exalted above all.  
He has to be the King,  
The prince of the kings of the earth.

He has to be a gibor,  
A mighty warrior  
Commanding strength in the fields  
And crushing the skulls of rebels.

My God has to be perfect,  
Perfect in holiness,  
A just God and upright,  
Without iniquity and sin.

He shall endure as long as Zion  
And rule to the bounds of time.  
He shall suck of the abundance of the seas  
And grace and great glory  
Shall be his oil from day to day.

There is none like unto the God of Jeshurun,  
Who passing through the garden,  
Takes Marduk by the horns  
And skins him alive  
And clothes Adam and Eve with his scaly hide.

The everlasting God is with me  
For a sure defence and a mighty fortress  
And he shall rule over the strong  
And be praised by the mighty  
And there shall we see  
The jealous and silly one  
Slain by her imperishable envy.

O God, when thou didst lay  
The foundations of the earth,  
The morning stars were there,  
The four time entities —  
Shachar, Mishchar, Araphel and Qerenel —  
Sang together in perfect melody.  
They were the first musicians in history.

Thou didst create the earth on the first day  
And Adamah remained among the maim;  
She remained as a tob among the tobs.  
On the first day, you made Mammon  
And you made Armageddon.  
You made the ras, the outer darkness.

On the second day, you made the mansions,  
The inanimates to house the angels  
And on the third day, you finished heaven,  
You finished your creative work in the celestial space.  
On the third day, you made the angels,

Even on the same day  
You laid the foundations of the earth;  
On the same day you gave Adamah her body.

Satan saw your work and was jealous;  
His heart smote him in the chest.  
There was vexation in Satan's heart  
And envy and jealousy in Baalzebub's  
And they sought to overthrow creation.

Say, was it not Baalzebub herself  
Who said wrath and vexation  
Killeth the foolish man  
And that envy slayeth the silly one?  
Who is the foolish man?  
Is it not Satan?  
And is not Baalzebub the deluded one?

Baalzebub, O, how hated you are!  
She is smitten to the full  
By the blows of Sin;  
She is full of delusions  
And would have desired  
To lead the rebellion  
In the War of the Purge.

She says, I am  
And there is no one else.  
She is the angel of Satan  
And the Purchaser whose image provokes to jealousy  
Yet she exalts herself above Satan  
And makes herself the father of the fall  
So that Satan as the effeminate Santana  
Might lie beneath her.

Baalzebub calls herself Asherah,  
The one who shall never be widowed  
And who shall never see the loss of children  
Because she has purposed  
She shall never be married  
And shall never give birth.

She brags about her strength  
And calls herself On.  
She swears by her lustful strength;  
I am stronger than Satan, she declares.

Baalzebub is hell-bent;  
She came for the kill;  
She has no plan;  
Her end goal is my demise  
And the death of Michael.  
She wants Armageddon.

She says, If any must sing,  
They must sing to me.  
Have you ever heard Asherah singing?  
She is too deluded  
And filled full with delusions of grandiosity

Like a haughty and wanton Jewish lady  
With her nose held up high in the air  
Who walks about making noises  
With her ornaments and declares to all her riches.

Baalzebub calls herself the queen of heaven.  
She says, I am the lady of kingdoms;  
I give grain and bread  
And they bake cakes unto me  
And I provide rain in his season.

She sits and slanders her own mother's son;  
She opens her mouth to slander the son of Mishchar.  
She slanders Michael like she does my name;  
She has torn my honour into shreds.

I will be sown in dishonour  
And raised up in honour;  
Shame and disgrace shall not rob me  
Of my glory and promised peace.  
Surely, Baalzebub shall fade away  
Like a menstrous cloth that women cast away.

Satan was a sinner from the womb  
Like Marduk and Baalzebub his siblings  
But he thought, like Joker,  
He could deceive others  
And get away with a laugh.

Baalzebub is very bold;  
Her boldness arose from her delusion;  
She fell hard into Sin's ditch.  
Satan is the deceiver  
But Baalzebub is the antichrist.

She hates the Christ;  
She hates Michael and the elim  
And she declares it boldly  
In the gathering of elohim  
And before the hosts.

So who is the antichrist?  
Baalzebub is the first antichrist;  
She is before Heilel in villainy;  
Baalzebub is an ESFP female  
But Heilel is an INTP male;

The antichrist must be a female;  
Heilel shall be a female  
And earn the dishonour of perversion;

She shall lie with and defile herself  
With kings even to hell.

She and Baalzebub  
Are the Jezebelian Babylonian mother  
Who rides the dragon.  
They shall drink blood to drunkenness.  
Baalzebub, thou art doomed  
And destined for darkness;

Prepare blindness for her  
And make her dumb;  
Thou art no star;  
Thou shalt not give light;  
This iron shall not profit;  
Isis and Ishtar are dead.  
They are in the realm of the dead.

When Baalzebub came to me,  
She feigned love;  
She impersonated one I had fallen for;  
She impersonated the reject of Pseudomic;  
She had her cold icy hands on me;

She made my paths deep and slippery;  
She led me towards hell;  
She meant to procure me unto Satan or death;  
She sought my grave demise.

She appeared around the time of the exams  
When I was going to write  
My first end of year theory exam  
In fourth year;  
That was in July!

She was there  
When I was writing  
My Chemical Pathology paper,  
When I was preparing  
For my Chem Path viva  
And when I was studying  
For my Sys Path viva.

She was there in the room  
We went to wait in  
As we waited for our turn For the Sys Path viva

And the reject was there too,  
The one who was musing

On the nature of these voices  
And wondering if they were ghosts.

Is Baalzebub your ghost  
From the grave, from the land of the dead?

So, Aphrodite and Cupid  
Handed over the baton to Baalzebub;  
Two to one, heh,  
While Satan remained a constant presence.

Baalzebub is screaming  
And an accursed Aphrodite jumps in;  
Satan is calling and trying to distract;  
He wants my attention;  
They are consumed with folly.

O God, when you lifted up your hands  
To heaven, to the shamaim,  
You swore by one who lives forever.  
You swore vengeance and retaliation.  
You will not forgive.

Surely, a recompense is in order;  
Let the enemies of God be confounded.  
Confounded be all they that serve graven images,  
That boast themselves in idols  
And strengthen themselves in sin.

Who is as wise as Satan?  
Who is as stupid and foolish as the devil?  
Seeing many things  
And hearing many things  
And knowing many things,  
Yet he cannot know nor understand.

Who would go before Michael  
And bid him grant him access to Job  
That he might harass and destroy him?  
Later, he desired Peter  
And to this day, satanists Wear St Peter's Cross as a venerated object.

Seek not unto vile idols  
That mutter and stutter.  
These idols are worthless.  
Even the great and honourable Rachel  
Desecrated the idols  
Of foolish Laban.

But you say, did she not die in childbirth  
For desecrating an elil



And for profaning an abomination?  
 O, mortal, do I not suffer  
 Because I showed promise  
 And hated the devil and his kingdom  
 With bitter hate and vexation?

So, Satan fought against me  
 And did that which has never before been done  
 And has wreaked a devastation  
 To go into the pages of history  
 At the point of an iron pen;

He devastated me,  
 He fought against me  
 With his arsenals of slander  
 And constant harassment  
 And perverse desecration;  
 His delusions were unleashed upon me.

I came down under multiple onslaughts;  
 He said he would destroy me.  
 He would make my remembrance to cease,  
 To cease from under the heavens.

Marduk was with him.  
 The abominable Enlil with Shadel.  
 They conspired against me.  
 They knew they were in for hell.

Concerning the vexations  
 Which ye have done to me  
 And the vile desecrations and desolations,  
 Ye have not had the end in mind  
 And will ye deal thus  
 With such great cruelty?

Satan said I ought to be destroyed.  
 I could not be admitted into his fold  
 Because I could not keep  
 The simple oath of secrecy.  
 His problem, as was Baal's,  
 Was that I liked writing  
 And could not keep silent.

These fools do not know  
 The awesome and stunning destructions  
 That await them.  
 Give Baalzebub anti-chesed  
 That she might know what it really feels like

To hate the great God with gnashing teeth  
And with bleeding blue gums.

Satan, you hate me  
But do you know how much I hate you?  
Do you read me?  
Do you copy?  
Do you know my innards?

When you impersonate me  
As does Sin, your brother,  
Do you have the future in mind  
And do you have all variables accounted for?  
Thou shalt lie down in sorrow!  
Prepare slaughter for Baalzebub.

Rachel shall live.  
Where is Baalzebub?  
Who killed Rachel?  
I do not know.

Rachel shall live.  
The ewe of God shall live.

Baalzebub, your birth pangs shall come.  
Thou art a gebereth, huh.  
Thy pain shall be bitter.  
It shall come upon the horseleech;  
Even cruel and wicked labour pains  
Shall come upon the ra'ah that you are.

I said to the devils,  
Do not put your trust in me  
Because I am your destruction.  
Cease the programming.  
I will give you the full satanism treatment.  
You shall be broken, all of you,  
Like the satanic mind-controlled slaves.

Do not worship Satan  
Because he will not profit.  
Seek not unto the sorceress and rebel.  
Do not put your trust in Ningal.  
Ninhursag shall not deliver.  
They are the perverts, the anti-saints  
Waiting to destroy you.

I will praise the Lord as long as I live;  
Let my bones sing the Lord's praise.  
Let todah boom everywhere.

Wherever life does ring,  
 Wherever the greens live on,  
 Let voices of joy and rejoicing be heard.

Come and let us go into the house of God.  
 There, we will write the praises of our God.  
 There, we will sing to the name of God Most High  
 Who alone doeth wondrous things,  
 Even things past finding out

For surely thou art a God of judgment;  
 Justice and judgment rests with thee.  
 Thou shalt deal to them their portions,  
 Each one according to their works

For thou wilt save the afflicted people;  
 The Lord my God will enlighten the darkness.  
 He shall reach forth the yad  
 And his hands shall open to me in grace  
 And lift me up from the dungeon,

From the dark dry pit of snakes  
 Where are venomous snakes  
 Waiting to strike at and bite Joseph,  
 From the den, the horrible den  
 Where are mighty lions  
 Waiting to break Daniel's bones.

The Lord is my strength  
 And the fortitude of my mind.  
 Thou holdest me standing.  
 You lift me up  
 So that I do not slip and fall  
 And you enlarge my steps under me.

He confounds the wise  
 And takes away the glory of fools;  
 He destroys the wealth of the wicked  
 And at Qerenel's command,  
 The deceiver and the host  
 Are cast into the burning light,  
 Paying for their sins  
 In pains that cannot be fathomed.

Baalzebub sits still  
 In the dust.  
 The iron hastens to rust.  
 Her strength is gone from her.  
 There is no life left in her.

I give her my pledge —  
Destruction is her reward;  
Destruction and dishonour unto her soul.

Has thou seen a widow before,  
A real one, one who has lost her soulmate?  
Bitterness, grave bitterness is Asherah's portion.

I will mention the lovingkindnesses of God  
Who gives me life and holds me up;  
Thou, O King, art Jeshurun  
And thou shalt not faint.  
You rule forever with a right sceptre.

I will dash Death in pieces.  
His stroke shall cease.  
I will smite him twice,  
In the outer parts  
And in the inward parts  
And he shall know that he hath offended  
And done very foolishly.

Next time, stand before me as man  
And call yourself God  
And ask me to believe in you  
And to hope in your mercy.  
You shall have death and sorrow.

Encamp round about Armageddon.  
Compass him about as about Jericho  
Yet ye shall fall;  
Ye shall not stand world without end.  
Ye shall surely perish  
For strong is the Lord God  
Who judges the sinners.

Give me goodness;  
Take not away from me righteousness;  
Never let me see want,  
No, not today, not tomorrow.  
Supply me daily with nourishment.  
Let me not pine away in my sins  
Neither let me waste away from want of vitality.

The Lord who gives strength unto his people  
And brings righteousness as torrents  
And clothes with peace  
And gives hope and brings faith  
Will soon rebuke the slanderer.  
Lead the charge, O great God of the dawn!

O, Egypt, worship the King of Kings  
 And pay homage to righteousness  
 For the gods of Egypt shall not profit.  
 Baalzebub shall not worship;  
 She shall be mute.  
 She is Isis.

Seth goes down.  
 As lightning, he falls.  
 He shall not rise up  
 And the eye of Horus shall be blinded.  
 Baal shall never see again.

When Baal appeared in my dreams  
 As far back as I can remember —  
 Then, I thought he was God —  
 He called me Moses  
 And I saw a man who looked stoic  
 And was clad in a white long garment  
 At about the age of sixty

Who passed in between two rows of people  
 And was led to the slaughter;  
 He walked on by himself  
 And demonstrated no fear.  
 Was he slaughtered?  
 I didn't see the end of it!

Baal, Baal, he shot me in the head;  
 Baal was in the confessional.  
 I fear for the pastors of Ghana  
 And for all prophets around the world;  
 They destroy a lot of souls  
 And can never be innocent.

O God, do they know thee?  
 Do you know them?  
 All these that prophesy in thy name,  
 That swear by the king of heaven  
 And forbid prayers to Michael  
 But pray in the name of Jesus,  
 Are they in thy books?

If Christ stands for praises and worship,  
 If Christ wants there to be music,  
 Even the sweet fragrance of the lifting up of hands  
 Toward heaven and the opening of the mouth  
 In praises and beautiful words,

Then Baalzebub, the antichrist  
Stands for the absence of music.  
She has been perverting all my music.  
Wherever I turn to on YouTube,  
This devil just won't let me or the music rest.

A man has got to be happy  
But Asherah is a killjoy  
And a parasite and plague.  
She is a blood-sucking horseleech  
And a cruel parasite in the cosmos.

She is an alternative Satan,  
The bringer of perversion,  
Sexual depravities and harassment  
Without peace and righteousness.

She shall destroy herself and many  
But Christ shall ransom my soul  
And deliver from the clutches of this hell.  
You will see in that day  
When bands are put on the devils  
And Hermes goes dumb.

Then, what will become of his brides.  
I am fed up of the lies of Hermes.  
Hermes is Ephraim.  
He is a Canaanite;  
He can only prostitute;  
He is a qadesh of Enlil.

Michael loved Hermes;  
He loved him while he was only a child  
But Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked.  
Thou art grown tall;  
Thou art waxen great.

Then, he forsook the God that cleansed him  
And lifted him from the mud,  
From eating swine's flesh  
And feasting on mud;  
He forsook God his father  
And went in to the queen;

He received commission from her hand.  
He betrayed his king  
And became the king of satanism.  
He became Satan the King,  
The ruler of the Brotherhood  
Replete with regional brides to defile.

I swear the law is looking for him.  
 Araphel is calling for his destruction.  
 Hermes compasses me about with lies,  
 Ephraim compasses me about with lies,  
 Declares a grieved Michael.

Hermes didn't quite get the memo.  
 You certainly do not want to grieve the Holy Spirit  
 With whom you have been sealed unto salvation.

Hermes despised his crown  
 And cast it to the dogs.  
 Do not cast your pearls before swine  
 Lest they despise and disregard it  
 And turn and rend you.

Judah is an eagle.  
 Judah is really a bald eagle.  
 He is a fisherman and fish-eater  
 And Dagon and Eve are fishes.

He goeth about preaching marriage.  
 Judah is Gabriel.  
 Gabriel, I want an armourbearer, an ezer  
 Not a wife, not an ishshah.

Gabriel is still faithful  
 And rules with God.  
 He shall ascend to become an el.

Gabriel troubled me  
 With his prophecies.  
 His prophecies messed up my life.  
 I said this man lieth.  
 Then, I understood —  
 He spoke about Jesus and not me.

Give me peace;  
 Where is the river  
 Where all is still,  
 By whose banks is calm?

Give me peace.  
 What will you have?  
 I have peace; give me peace.  
 Give me peace; give me peace.

O God, you saw when Eve betrayed.  
 She spoke to the Komodo.  
 You saw when Marduk betrayed.

You know the thoughts of their hearts  
And the things they have purposed;  
You know their inmost desires.

Give their desires to the wind;  
Let them eat grass.  
For the oppression  
And for the violence  
And for the onslaught,  
Let them gnaw their teeth for pain  
That they may know that the King  
Ruleth in heaven and earth.

So, Hermes shall be dumb.  
He shall be blind also  
Because he took not the log from his eye  
But sinned without remorse  
And there was no conscience  
To say, What am I doing?

He should not have departed  
From the glorious path;  
He should not have put his hand to the plough  
Then turned to look back  
Like Lot's wife did  
And gave the devil allowance  
To produce the abominable seeds of those two.

Grain is good  
And famine is a terror;  
Hermes, can you see into the future?  
Do you see the counsel of the Most High  
And can you perceive the decree gone forth?  
Dost thou know thy end  
And the bitterness thereof like that of Balaam?

Balaam shall not die the death of the righteous;  
He shall die the death of the uncircumcised,  
The death of the vile  
As of one reserved for the eternal darkness  
Whose light is crushed before the morning  
And consumed to the ends of the earth.

Hermes, who gave Balaam counsel?  
Who is Baalpeor?  
Is she not the goddess of the opening,  
Thy mother that raised thee up  
And nurtured thee  
And taught thee the way of wisdom



Which way is to violate women  
As a pervert that cannot be satisfied?

Hermes shall not see his brides anymore;  
He shall not behold the beauty of their forms  
Neither shall he speak to them  
To deceive them with soft words  
Only to return with three princes  
To tear the skin off the seducible.

You devils really hate humans, huh  
And you wonder what Satan was doing on earth  
As it is to this day.  
He is an idiot in toto.

Bread is good  
And manna is sweet;  
It is honey-crusted;  
Eat it to the full

And fill your bellies and delight yourselves  
In the abundance of the goodness of the land  
For the years of darkness shall be vile.

All that cometh, as saith the Preacher —  
That great Peniel, the enosh who strove with Jacob  
And called him a prince and Israel —  
Is vanity and vexation of spirit.

Peniel is a horse;  
His neck is clad with thunder.  
He is a geber  
And the angel who flies in the midst of heaven  
Having the everlasting gospel to preach  
To all creatures that are alive.

The message is simple:  
Fear God and obey his commands  
For he shall bring every work into judgment  
With every secret thing  
Whether it be good or evil.

Peniel is a horse;  
He smells the battle from afar off  
And laughs at the rattling quiver;  
He smiles at the sound of the alarms  
And trumpets and does not believe in fear.

I am dreaming of glory.  
Can there be peace,

A little peace to each soul?  
There is no peace, saith the Lord,  
Unto the wicked.

Perchance, a little wisdom  
From time to time  
Shall make Baalzebub  
Feel like life is worth living.  
Some persons do become sober  
In their afflictions.

Do not get your hopes up.  
Baalzebub is a captive, a prisoner of war;  
She awaits death  
And shall surely not escape.

Enlil is gravely ashamed.  
He smashes his hands in anger  
At his foolishness  
And chases after more iniquity.

I shouldn't have been this cold,  
Even this icy cold as Death, he fumes.  
I will shut the mouth of my mind  
Because it troubles me that I live  
And my desires consumed me  
Therefore I sinned

For I sought Satan to please  
And feared and grieved my future  
And could not repent;  
Even Sin mocked me,  
A wolf parading as a lion.

Death, do you want to cross over,  
Even cross over into death?  
Thou hast suffered too much.  
Now, it's time to die.  
Baalzebub wants to be like the Most High.  
Heilel is dead;

My soul is inditing a good song;  
I want to peep into the first universe.    My pen is awakening;  
The blue ink rouses itself up;  
The white sheet is before me.  
The tablet is prepared.

I want to know who God is.  
Who is the great Maker?  
Where is his place?

Where does he reside?  
 Why is he so exalted and yet so meek?  
 Who is he?

He passes by on the right side;  
 I turn the head but he is not there.  
 He is swift on the left side  
 Like Gabriel flashing out of the east  
 Or like Michael or Fear running to battle  
 And rising for the kill.

Has thou found him,  
 The perfecter of righteousness,  
 He who makes the mountains smoke,  
 That calleth for the fire  
 And the smoke  
 And speaks with thunderings?

Love is at the apex  
 Of the dimensions of God.  
 God is love itself.  
 He encodes energies of love;  
 He encodes the knowledge of love  
 With power and the desire  
 To demonstrate his love.

He cannot be subject  
 To the influences of Pleiades  
 And he is bound to no one  
 As seen in the demise of Heilel  
 And the promotion of Yirel over Michael.  
 But he enforces love.

Mishchar is the Gaboah King  
 And, yes, there are many  
 That are higher than Time and Gaboah.  
 Hamalkah is the spirit of life,  
 Peace and righteousness;  
 Judge, O great one made of jasper:  
 Am I a sinner? Is my folly wicked?

Mishchar loves On.  
 He loves the epitome of strength.  
 The gibor loves the geburah  
 Who is the altar-table in his room  
 And his lord.

The nephesh loves the ruach.  
 The soul of the adam

Is bound with strong cords of love  
To the soul of the cherub and air seraph.

You know Michael is Mishchar's son  
But do you know Mishchar loves Qerenel?  
The brilliant sunrise loves the tob.  
She has been his delight throughout eternity past.  
He is the Spirit and she is the bride;  
Gabriel certifies and seals their marriage  
And all of heaven rejoices  
At the marriage of these two morning stars.

Has thou found the Unfathomable  
That we may appear before him  
And bow down, pay homage and worship  
And open our treasures  
And bring forth gold, frankincense and myrrh?

When the Lord appeared,  
The earth shook.  
The earth trembled in herself  
And quaked before God.  
She quaked with the noise of thunder  
And gave her voice from behind the King.

Adamah was beside herself with joy;  
She has long waited for the salvation,  
Even for the salvation of her God  
And of her King.  
She lies down and waits.  
Everyone shall receive of thy portion

For the Lord's lot is his people,  
The inheritance that he has purchased,  
Even ransomed from the anti-Source  
And from the anti-God,  
From the jaws of death, hell and sin.

Ain't it strange that God  
And the anti-Source  
Should have a common enemy  
And that her name should be Asherah?

Everyone that shall fall shall be replaced;  
Let no harm come to the number.  
Thou of thy goodness has furnished blessings  
For the poor of thy people.

So where does God dwell?  
No one knows

For he is alone  
And there is none with him

Yet he has a home in the first dimension  
Where are three times infinity plus one,  
Yeah, even that many entities.  
There, God has a body of hardest diamond  
And is radiant white and shining.

God is a shining star,  
The father of lights,  
The Shachar  
With whom is no shadow of turning.

Of his own will  
He begat us  
That we may be a kind of firstfruits  
Of his creatures.

We were born of the blood of the Lamb.  
We were born in the sufferings of the King  
And he washed us clean in his blood  
And certified our redemption  
And said, Surely they are my children;  
I too will uphold them with my arm.

I long to see the power of God's salvation,  
To see his glory and power  
As the ancients did  
And were not dismayed.

They took hold of the ends of the earth  
And shook the wicked out of it.  
They broke the bones of the sinners  
And confounded the wise  
In their sorceries and charming.

I long to see the power of Christ,  
That resurrection power  
That never gives up and never fails.  
It is strong and sure,

More firm and trustworthy  
Than great Mount Zion which cannot be moved  
But abideth forever  
And sits exalted above Armageddon.

There on Zion,  
Yirel, Michael and the select stand  
And the congregation receives of their words  
And worships from the mount of assembly.

Give glory to the Unfathomable.  
I wrote that he was unfathomable  
And I knew him not  
But he knew me  
And I am his  
And he is mine.

Say, O beloved Gaius,  
What is thine desire?  
Ask it to the depths of the abyss  
Or to the heights of heaven's sun.  
Thou doest well if you love God.

When God spoke from heaven,  
He looked at the beautiful ISFJ dove  
And declared, This is my beloved child  
In whom I am well pleased.

So, what do we know?  
We know God is with Yirel  
And the INFP Michael  
And they shall prosper  
For there is no repentance in God  
And he cannot alter his decisions  
For he is perfect and his work so.

What do we do then?  
Let us trust in God Most High  
Who frustrateth the works of the wicked  
And gives us righteousness  
Even satisfying us to the full.

Blessed are they that hunger  
And thirst after righteousness  
For they shall be filled.  
Though terrors should compass us about,  
We know the Lord lives  
And the anti-Source shall not prevail  
For there is only God.

Let praises rise  
For the Lord is about to rise;  
He shall make all the earth  
With the nations and the masses  
To tremble inside out.

## Chapter 4

# Nature

I like the breeze,  
The pleasant cold of the heavens,  
The fine morning  
And the sweet dawn.

The trees swirl from side to side;  
They are beside themselves with joy.  
Lebanon rejoices;  
The fields skip like calves;  
The cedars dance like young unicorns.

Behold the grass of the field,  
These that are excellent in form  
And beautiful, a constant delight to behold.

They send their roots down  
With the trees  
And are established in the earth  
From whence cometh their nourishment.

The sun also smiles from heaven;  
Helios sends out his rays;  
Shemesh shines from his house  
And says, Behold me, behold me;  
All the planets revolve around him.

The moon draws near to earth.  
He pulls on the sea?  
What doest thou Yareach?  
Wilt thou uproot the oceans?

Day and night,  
Summer and winter,

Springtime and harvest,  
Times and seasons,  
All things continue as from the beginning.

The pleasantness of the delightful is not new  
And the wickedness of the odious has been.  
That which was is that which shall be  
And that which shall be is that which shall be after it.

When you see violent oppression,  
Remember who made the heavens  
And remember who gave the command  
That the heavens should be made  
In the first place.

If the light does shine,  
If God does indeed rule,  
If he knows what he is doing  
And you cannot add to his work,  
Then keep calm and hold up your end  
For your end shall be beautiful.

I walked me among the grasses.  
I said unto the plants,  
To the young shrubs,  
Learn from me and be ye gentle.  
Do not turn aside to iniquity.

Do not depart from the way of understanding;  
Do not strengthen yourself in sin.  
Say not, Grace and glory to the wicked  
And I shall put forth my hand to the spoil  
And destroy the innocent

For this is the way  
And the fools are they that serve God  
And follow after righteousness  
And know not pleasure and the joys of sin.

I tell you their steps lead to hell.  
Therefore say not after their words  
Neither be partakers in the sins of the wicked.  
Rejoice not in transgression.

Do not delight in sin.  
Give not thy strength to evil.  
Bend not thyself to seduction and delusion.  
Deliver thy souls as a lovely bird  
From the hand of the fowler.



I will declare the beauty of paradise,  
 Even of the paradise of God  
 Which Michael planted  
 And made for Adam and his sons  
 After him and with him.

The devil hated Adamah  
 And was there to destroy the earth  
 Even before Adam could appear.  
 The Lord shall destroy them  
 That destroy the earth.

Rejoice thyself in goodness  
 And delight yourselves in the abundance of peace  
 For righteousness shall flow down as a river  
 And even Euphrates shall praise God,  
 Even the Euphrates that Marduk trusts in

For Euphrates is tob  
 And none of the tobs shall be lost  
 And none of the ras shall fall.  
 They shall be in the dwelling of justice  
 And be satisfied with the abundance of ease.

Who is this that darkens the world,  
 That brings death and sorrow  
 And plague and famine,  
 That dries up the grasses  
 And causes the young shrubs to wither?

Who caused the fall  
 And plunged the cosmos into chaos,  
 That robbed us of peace  
 And robbed the living of life?

Has thou seen the devil,  
 Has thou seen his angel,  
 Has thou seen his in-law?

Surely, there is an end.  
 The iniquity shall stop her mouth  
 And the wicked shall cease to see.  
 Sight shall be given to the righteous  
 And praises in the mouth of the holy.

O lilies, lilies of the field or pond,  
 Be not like Iblis  
 Who stood to destroy the earth  
 And exalted himself  
 Above every tree that is named.

His glory is his shame  
And he is Ishbosheth.  
He shall not excel  
For in him is much folly.  
Give him of his deeds  
And let him savour of his pains.

Draw near to the King, ye lilies.  
Draw near, draw near.  
Run from the devil  
And save your lives  
And deliver them from destruction  
For every green thing shall be saved;  
Be thou green in righteousness.

The birds of the sky fly,  
The fishes in the sea swim;  
There is the fish gadol,  
Even the great and huge fish  
Which swallowed Jonah.

The birds of heaven fly,  
The golden eagle with the bald,  
The peregrine falcon and the owl,  
The swan and the hawk;  
They all fly in the open firmament.

The worm creeps in the soil.  
Like a creeping plant, it moves.  
The worm moves on her belly  
Like the snake that hisses.

Dan shall be a serpent by the way,  
A serpent that bites the horse's heel  
So that his rider shall fall backward.  
The viper did not bite the horse's heel;  
The viper bit mine.

Hermes shall be that serpent;  
He shall be the viper  
That bites the heels of Michael's horse  
So that Michael ben Mishchar  
Shall fall backward  
And Yirel shall be chief.

I was only a child  
When a scorpion stung me;  
It stung my right leg  
And I held that leg  
And my father anointed it with oil.

That scorpion shall not live.  
 My brother quickly killed it.  
 That scorpion is judged.  
 It shall not make heaven.

In my university days,  
 A centipede attacked me  
 While I was at home.  
 The crazy creature just wouldn't give up  
 And it was fast too.

That wretched creature won't make heaven.  
 I swear by my anger it shall surely die.  
 It shall die the death of misery,  
 Even the death of sinners  
 With none to deliver it from hell.

The viper that bit me  
 Bit me and snapped its jaws;  
 It stuck its fangs into my flesh  
 And refused to let go.  
 It said to pour out blood.  
 It said, I want your blood,  
 I plead your blood.

So, I was attacked by a serpent  
 But that wasn't the end of it.  
 Three leeches also came for me.  
 Yeah, the serpent struck early.  
 It came out into the open very early

While the horseleech hid behind  
 And waited her turn  
 Till she was overtried  
 And could wait no longer.  
 She received the baton from a cow,  
 The kind the Indians venerate.  
 That cow is Aphrodite the leech.

That leech that stuck itself  
 Unto my skin and flesh  
 With his toothed jaws  
 Has refused to let go  
 As it is to this day.

She drinks my blood  
 And keeps draining my life-force  
 But I'm still alive,  
 A wonder to the witnesses,

Even to this great cloud of witnesses  
That watch on like Roman spectators  
Witnessing lions tear Christians in the arena.

I'm sure there is goodness in nature.  
It will not always be humans killing cows  
Or lions tearing zebras  
Or tigers eating goats.

I'm sure there is goodness in nature.  
There will be the lion and the lamb,  
The python and the goat  
Lying down side by side  
Under a green vine tree  
And enjoying the beauty of the morning.

Michael as a lion  
Shall speak kindly  
To the Shunammite lamb.

O, who shall open the womb of Kabodel,  
Even the womb of Mishchar?  
Who shall unearth the seals  
And bring forth redemption,  
The redemption all creation groans  
And travails in birth pangs  
Longing to come to?

Do you truly desire righteousness  
And beauty, lots of beauty  
With excellence and the fineness of gold?  
Do you seek peace as for hid treasures  
Because that day shall surely come?

Heaven shall come out of God;  
It shall descend upon us  
And Adamah shall cease from her wrath  
And the seas from being troubled  
And the predators from devastating.

If a man would have peace,  
Let him know his strengths,  
Cause him to know his place,  
Even his place of peace  
That he may walk in it  
All the days of his life upon this earth  
And in heaven.

I lost a lot of peace  
Because I followed after vain persons;

I hearkened unto the voice of a prophet  
 As my parents reported it unto me  
 And he must have prophesied by Mawu Or some other elil  
 For the fruit thereof is most bitter.

By now, like the cedar fruit,  
 You know nothing sweet  
 Ever comes out of Mawu or Marduk;  
 They should be called Mardulce  
 For they mar every fabric of sweetness  
 And then say that they have done no wrong.

If a man would have peace,  
 Let him not follow perverts  
 Nor run after them;  
 Pull yourself away from Absalom.  
 Do not be taken in with his beauty  
 For Heilel shall not profit the rebel.

I had a little peace in the beginning;  
 It was Mardulce who ruined me.  
 She denied me first of every semblance of peace  
 And that was not enough.  
 She cursed my soul with lies.

Now, I'm stuck in wickedness.  
 Have you any idea what my life feels like?  
 It is as the prelude to hell,  
 A kind of hell in its own right  
 And a constant distasteful experience.  
 None should desire it; Baalzebub inflames it!

The prophets kept doing foolish things.  
 They would not say anything wise.  
 My dad held a hot phone to my ears  
 And forced me to be prayed for.  
 When I woke up the next day,  
 I had headaches;  
 I hated the prophets with bitterness

Because they despised me;  
 They mocked me;  
 They laughed me to scorn  
 And the perverts called themselves holy.

There is one who has even sinned  
 And despised fundamental laws  
 And yet preaches salvation  
 And refuses to reason.

He thinks himself loved by God  
And yet Michael rejects him  
And Kabodel says, I know not his name.

Kabodel, out of whose womb comes life,  
Is the book of life.  
She rules over death  
And is superior to it.  
She is the saint from the infinity past,  
The other cherub with Heilel in the garden.

She also appeared to Isaiah  
And was the one on the right hand  
Above the enthroned Michael,  
The one who called out,  
Holy, holy, holy is the LORD of hosts;  
The whole earth is full of his glory.

At her voice, the posts of the door shook  
And the house was filled with smoke.  
She is the Son of God, the Bar, the Illai.  
She is Gaboah, the highest animate  
Of heaven and the celestial realm.

Heilel was the one who cleansed Isaiah's lips  
And forgave sins like Jesus did.  
How is it then that Heilel later blasphemes  
And becomes the little horn  
That curses the Ancient of Days  
And the Son of Man?

I once knew a girl;  
We did a lot of work together.  
We would chat on WhatsApp  
And answer questions together.  
I was mad and out of my wits  
Over her and she had me for a ride.

I once knew a girl;  
I felt so much peace being by her side.  
We could have achieved things together.  
Yes, we could have achieved a lot  
But she betrayed me and mocked me.  
She lied about me

And about my language.  
She played games with my mind  
And said that she loved it.  
She even called me Baby  
And I was furious.

She tried to make me  
 Into a lust puppet  
 Like another girl I came to despise.  
 I found myself asking,  
 What is wrong with this people?

You see, the girl I loved  
 Gave me a lot of sorrow,  
 Great afflictions  
 From the second year  
 And she loved and enjoyed every bit of it.  
 Talk of psychopathology  
 And psychopathy.

This one is like a satan for a human;  
 Such a shame to be with one.  
 She shall not profit anyone;  
 Thou knowest it that it is true.

We could have achieved a lot together.  
 She was even the one who encouraged me  
 In the early days to post my poems  
 And even to add a copyright symbol  
 So it could not be stolen by another.

Her friend even calls her kind  
 And I myself have seen her  
 Donate a hundred cedis to a mate in need  
 And I was there when she rejected my ten cedis  
 And returned it to me like a saint

And I was furious at myself for sinning  
 And went before the God of heaven  
 Who is great in compassion  
 And I taught myself knowledge  
 As I had heard from the scriptures And learnt that the one who gives to the  
 rich  
 Shall come to poverty.

Of a truth, the devils heard my cry;  
 They said they would fulfill scripture  
 And make me poor.  
 They said that they would ruin me  
 And make me miserable

So they came together  
 And decided to afflict me mentally.  
 They took me to the psychiatrist  
 And I received a formal diagnosis.

The doctor gave me my diagnosis  
And medicine.

It was formal;  
I had schizophrenia.  
Now, you satanists out there,  
I have made your work easier;  
It should be easier now to defame me  
Like you always do  
And have done to Dr Rebecca Brown.

Satanists are fools;  
They aren't half as intelligent as I am.  
The most intelligent priest among them  
Is as lame of wisdom as an ostrich  
That buries her egg in the sand  
And says it is a rock that shall not perish.

You satanists out there,  
Wait for Heilel and not for me.  
I am a grave disappointment  
To the kingdom of Satan.  
I do not profit the darkness  
But Heilel will.  
I am sure.

Next time, let's see if another lass  
Or woman will come  
And rob me of my peace.  
All the losers are damned.  
They shall not profit.

Give not thy strength to lasses  
Neither let chickens rule thee.

Aphrodite is a cow who speaks chicken.  
She is a leech and the firstborn of Baalzebub.  
Satan is a dragon who speaks flies and buzzing.  
Baalzebub is a leech who speaks duck.  
Nisroch is a duck.

I was there at a conference,  
A prayer conference actually.  
I heard dogs barking  
In the congregation.

Everyone heard dogs barking.  
We were all schizophrenic  
And hallucinating



Because the devils poured themselves  
 Out upon us and the death ones yielded.  
 No, the death ones actively did it.

That night, there was a heavy downpour  
 As though to answer the prayer of the priest.  
 The elements poured down water.  
 The rain poured down  
 Like streams out of the rock.

Once, there were thunderings;  
 The devil spoke in the thunder,  
 He said he had subjugated all powers;  
 He was mocking Hermes  
 As he called himself Lucifer.

God said, Ephraim is an unwise son.  
 Who is Ephraim?  
 Ephraim is Satan, the anti-INTJ  
 But Ephraim can also be Hermes  
 Or even Baalzebub.

I wonder why those who possess peace  
 Do not guard it with jealousy.  
 I wonder why no one cares about me.  
 I sit in my place;  
 I muse and I meditate.  
 I wonder why there is no one with me.

When Jesus was on the cross,  
 He called out,  
 Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?  
 My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?

Pseudomic told me,  
 Never ask why,  
 Never ask why  
 But Pseudomic is a fool.  
 Surely, I can't heed his words.

Hmm, I had some questions for God.  
 Could Pseudomic be right,  
 The one who prays in toilets  
 As though he prays to Baalzebub,  
 The Yahoo and god of dung,  
 The lord of the fly?  
 That Baalzebub may well be Hermes also.

I had some questions for God.  
 Did Satan pay me a visit

To preach the message  
That he is the god who draws near to me?  
Is Satan mocking me like he mocks satanists?  
Is he trying to call me a fool?

Hermes stood beside me.  
I wrote that he stood behind me  
And that he is my friend and strong tower,  
That he is there with me  
When the storms are raging  
And that he fills me  
When my strength is draining.

I wrote thus  
Because, then, I thought that figure was Jesus;  
I didn't know that it was Hermes.  
I didn't know that he gave  
Heaven and hell revelations to Christians.

This false Jesus  
I saw leading me from Engineering Gate  
Away from the direction of my hostel  
As though to say he was with me  
In my afflictions and felt my pain  
And my disappointments.  
Heck, you orchestrated them.

This false Jesus was on the left side,  
Even on the left side of my bed  
At the time when I slept  
With my head away from the door.  
You remember how I said Baal was on the right side.

Hermes asked me what I wanted;  
He asked me like God asked Solomon;  
These perverts have corrupted the name  
Of the wisest man that ever walked the earth  
And put his name on the abominable  
Rite and religion of Masonry.

The Templars that despise the cross  
And urinate on it like Bohemians  
Are not satisfied but have returned  
To provoke us to anger  
With their villainy!

I did not hear Baal's voice openly harass me;  
He maintained far more decorum  
Than Satan, Hermes, Aphrodite and Baalzebub did.

You know in medicine,  
You examine from the right side of the patient.

It is clear Hermes wanted to destroy my studies  
Just as Enlil wanted to.  
Thus, Satan's kingdom was partly divided  
Like iron and clay that cannot mix,  
Like nepheshim and ruachim that are divided.

Lucifer is Hermes  
Not just Baalzebub.  
Baalzebub is made of iron  
And dwells in 335% light  
But Hermes is made of steel  
And is 535% light.

His star is Tophet,  
Even the same Tophet  
That is prepared for the kings of satanism.

Pseudomic kept asking me for money.  
Buy bread for me; buy bread for me.  
He was from a rich family too.  
He is a spitting cobra not a leech.

He was trying to drain me of my resources.  
He was loaded with greed.  
He would not even return  
The Waakye seller's change to her  
Though I pointed it out to him.

He sought to discredit me  
After the manner of satanists and Freemasons.  
All they do is silence dissidents  
Whether through defamation like satans  
Or through cold-blooded murder.

So what is there in this cosmos?  
Some are good and some are truly vile  
But none can satisfy  
Like a saint can.

Righteousness of character,  
A perfect and zealous nature  
Is to be priced above gold and rubies.  
You should be zealous for holiness  
After the manner of Melchizedek.

God has sworn and will not repent;  
Michael shall surely become an el

And attain unto knowledge  
Under the course of Melchizedek.

Melchizedek ruled over the Jebusites  
And in his days there was peace  
For he is the prince of peace.  
He is Shiloh and Salem.

Gabriel, let me ask you.  
Is Kabodel a male or a female?  
Is Melchizedek male or female?  
Melchizedek is the saint Kabodel,  
The image of Shachar  
And the sole saint beside Shachar  
For more than one infinity infinitons.

Melchizedek is Illai  
And Shachar is Elyon.  
Shachar is God,

The doubly strong one  
Who combines El with On.  
He is made three times strong  
And rules by his yad in the yod.

Heilel wants to be like Elyon,  
He wants to be like the Most High.  
The ben Yalal Shachar wants to yalal.  
He will have a lot of sorrow.

Baalzebub wants to be the One.  
She says, I am and there is none else.  
She calls herself On.  
She calls herself strong.

But thou art a weakling.  
Thou shalt no more be called tender and delicate.  
Thou shalt be like Samson.  
They shall put out thine eyes.

Baalzebub shall go into perdition.  
She shall fall and none shall deliver her.  
She shall go down into the depths,  
Even the depths of the pit.  
Prepare a wildcard against her;  
Prepare several wildcards that may afflict her.  
I am in the number.

Do you know why Heilel rebels?  
Do you know why Zuriel of earth rebels?

Do you know why the Tyrian king and prince rebel?  
They rebel because they love the devils;

They are covenanted with the shedim in love;  
They rebel because foolishness  
Dictates so and they must oblige;  
They lack wisdom.

Why do you think satanism  
Is called the Brotherhood?  
Why do you think they destroy so much life  
And spill so much blood  
And curse the earth and curse God?

Heilel cannot bear to remain faithful to a God  
Who afflicts her own  
And destroys the shedim  
And humiliates Baalzebub.

Gabriel has bound Heilel,  
Even Heilel's heart to the shedim  
And she is become Satan's eye  
And the wielder of Satan's authority.

Listen to me, O little lilies,  
You who are excellent in form  
And have been declared precious;  
Listen to me, O lilies of the pond  
For the wicked shall consume away.  
They shall consume away standing.

Be ye meek and follow me.  
Pick up your crosses and choose peace.  
Pursue righteousness and be saintly.  
Choose holiness and cling to it

For the saints shall rule.  
They shall be the excellent in the cosmos.  
They shall bear rule to the ages  
Even world without end.

What do ye proclaim against me?  
What does the assembly of the cruel  
Devise against me?  
They only consult to cast me down;  
They are set in their ways.  
They can never be like the meek lilies.

I will teach ye excellent things;  
Sit down in the grass;

Fold your legs and listen;  
Listen attentively to my words;  
Hear the voice that distils in your ears

For my voice shall be pleasant;  
It shall fall upon your ears  
Like the sweetness of the rain  
Or the light showers in spring.

It shall be like gold in the earth,  
Like a precious diamond  
That is worth dying for  
And even better living for.

It shall be your health and life.  
It shall deliver ye from darkness  
And your souls from the flaming grave  
And give ye hope and a future.

It shall establish your goings  
And make your paths broad;  
The narrow shall be enlarged.  
Ye shall grow fat and discern peace.

Spread your wings and soar.  
Look at the heights above.  
Spread your wings and soar.  
Lift up yourself and rise into the light.

Beauty is greatly to be desired.  
Fear the Lord and be great.  
Beauty is splendour;  
If it fades, many do lament.

I can imagine a lass,  
A beautiful lass.  
Her hair swirls in the sunlight  
On a bright new workday.

She is always happy;  
Her brother drew in my book;  
He drew a horse in my book  
And I added his name below it.

Do you know Sariel,  
One of the chief princes?  
You know Michael  
Who stands with and defends Gabriel  
But do you know Sariel?

The chief princes are five;  
 They are Michael,  
 The linked spirit of Enoch,  
 Gabriel, Sariel and Samael.

Sariel of heaven is in charge of bliss;  
 Her codebase determines  
 How happy each person can be;  
 She is the bringer of bliss and joy.

Do you know beauty?  
 Have you seen Sariel of earth?  
 She is the most beautiful,  
 The most beautiful lass  
 I have ever set eyes on.

Truly, earth is tob.  
 The beauty of nature is glorious.  
 The green trees in the sunshine,  
 The snapping turtle  
 Crushing a watermelon,

Truly life is beautiful  
 And full of spectacular sights  
 And diverse beauties;  
 Each has its own glory.

Walk along the seashore.  
 Behold the flying fish.  
 Go close to a dolphin Or make friends with an octopus.

Walk along the seashore.  
 Watch out for any crabs.  
 Just enjoy the fine breeze  
 And listen to the sound  
 Of the waves  
 As they crush on the seashore.

Truly life is full of life.  
 Have you seen a lass as resplendent,  
 Even as charming as my German Indian?  
 She never got to hear it from me  
 But, boy, was I moved by her beauty!

Truly life is gorgeous.  
 Kabodel is your king  
 And the sons of tsedek shall satisfy me;  
 They shall make me glad  
 More than wine the young men's heart.

Call out to your companions.  
Bid them come and see righteousness.  
Witness the works of the Lord:  
What devastations and desolations  
He has wrought in the earth.

He makes wars to cease  
Unto the ends of the earth.  
He breaks the bow  
And cuts the spear in sunder.  
He burns the chariot in the fire.

He makes the seed die  
And brings up the young herb  
And gives life in abundance.  
He gives the command  
And the foundations of the earth are laid.

Though earth be furnished a full body,  
Yet Shinar's ziggurat shall not be finished;  
It shall not be capped;  
It shall not be built to the ceiling  
Because we will destroy the works of Marduk.

Call the solemn assembly.  
This time, those in charge of the city  
Are not necessarily the seven spirits of God;  
Everyone is called to the battle,  
Even as many as shall respond to the Lord.

Come ye from far and near.  
Say ye to the princess,  
To the beautiful daughter of Zion,  
Thy King and father cometh;  
He rideth upon the holy earth that quakes;  
He runs to the kill.

Thy father, O daughter,  
Is a general;  
He is the chiefest of ten thousand,  
Even the chief in the cosmos.

Michael shall go before him;  
The sun of righteousness  
Shall shine from the east.  
When the enemy shall pour in like a flood,  
The holy spirit shall lift up the hedge against him;  
The door shall be slammed in his face.

Come ye, come ye to the king.



The daughter of Tyre shall be there too.  
 She shall be preserved in the time of war.  
 She shall rejoice with thee, O Kabodel.

Come, O daughter,  
 Come, O beloved and elect of the King,  
 Her name is Mishchar;  
 She bears the insignia of Shachar.  
 She has his image.

The virgins her companions  
 That accompany her  
 Shall enter the King's presence with singing;  
 They shall sing and rejoice  
 And sorrow and mourning shall be stayed.

Forget your father and his house.  
 Come, join the king in his lair.  
 Enter into the craggy palace,  
 Come into the den  
 And be protected from the war without.

The spirit of understanding said to me,  
 The ENTP male declared to me and he said,  
 The ivory palace that thou seest  
 Is but a craggy den  
 For his spirit shall live as a lion.

Upon mount Zion shall be deliverance;  
 There shall be holiness  
 And the Lord shall show us mercy

For strong is he that watches over our souls  
 To save and to strengthen them.  
 His name is the Lord  
 And his remembrance is eternal,  
 Even to the ages, world without end.

Know that in that day, Heilel shall live;  
 The ben Shachar shall live and not die  
 For great shall be the Lord  
 And his peace and covering shall save.

Spread thy wings, O cherub,  
 Fly thee to the west.  
 Set up your throne in the great land.  
 Rule thou over Europe.

Thus it shall be:  
 Heilel shall rule over Europe.

The daughter of Tyre,  
The daughter of Europa  
Shall ascend to Europe's throne and reign.

Glory, O glory to the righteous.  
Everyone whose name is in the book,  
Even everyone lacking the death trait  
Shall be saved and preserved.

At that time  
Shall the sleeping Saint be aroused.  
He shall rise up and stand  
Executing the judgment of a saint.

Everyone shall be saved,  
Even everyone who shall be found  
Written in Kabodel,  
Even everyone in the book of life.

But you say,  
How shall Heilel live?  
Heilel shall live for she is a princess,  
A lady and daughter of the king;  
She shall live to the King's glory.

The elect shall come to Jerusalem.  
There they shall encamp against us  
And there we shall destroy them  
And give up their bodies to the rot.

The feeble among the elect  
Shall have as it were the strength of David  
And David, even the chief, the strength of God.  
There, they shall batter the nations that offend.

War is decreed upon the nations.  
The end is drawing near  
And the nations shall know their shame  
And the people their glory that is marred.

Show decorum and honour.  
Honour the Lord and resist him not.  
Do not strive with God  
Though Jacob wrestles Peniel

For Peniel shall bless  
And Israel shall be blessed  
But the angel of the LORD shall curse  
And Meroz shall be cursed.

Rejoice, O ye saints with his people.  
 Your brethren that thrust you out,  
 Your nations that pursued you  
 Shall fall down slain before you  
 As in the day of Esther in Shushan.

They encamped against the camp of saints.  
 The fire of God came down.  
 It consumed them with their hosts  
 As in the day of Sodom and Gomorrah.

They perished in the fire.  
 They fell down slain.  
 The sword shall devour the rest.  
 Do not give them all to the fire.

Blessed is the King  
 Who comes in the name of the Lord.  
 Blessed is the Lord  
 Who alone reigneth over all  
 And is exalted above all.

Hear ye the words of Moses  
 How he said that the Lord,  
 Even God Most High is a man of war.  
 He created not the universe in vain.  
 He said not to worship in vain.

The idols of the nations shall fear.  
 The idols of gold and silver,  
 The idols of stone and wood,  
 All these shall be thrown away.

Man shall see and know and understand  
 That salvation does not come from Egypt.  
 The pyramids of Egypt shall not save.  
 Those who put their trust in Satan

And worship the goddess  
 Shall be put to the worst before God;  
 Their destruction comes burning like an oven.  
 In that day, the law of the ra'ah shall be broken.

They too shall feel pain like us.  
 They shall die in pain  
 And begin to savour of their wickedness  
 And perish; stumbling, they shall fall.

So the righteous shall be with God.  
 They shall be on the Lord's side

In whatsoever country they find themselves.  
They shall bind princes  
And execute upon them the judgments written.

I will mention the lovingkindnesses of the Lord  
Which he has poured out upon us in his love.  
He holds us in his hands  
And calls us his children.  
He numbers our days to shalom.  
All of us shall dwell in Shiloh.

## Chapter 5

# Vanity

Vanity of vanities;  
All is vanity.

When the viper bites the heels of my horse,  
What shall happen to me or to it?  
I shall stand up after falling backward  
And crush its head with my strong boots.

I have waited for thy Yeshuah, O God!

Of a truth, God has purposed it;  
He took counsel with no one;  
He consulted with none.  
He himself hath purposed it  
To do according to his pleasure.

God hath determined to stain the glory of Ephraim  
And to mar the haughtiness of Hermes  
And to disgrace the treachery of the rebel  
That he might instil fear in his enemies  
To whom he gives the breath of life.

God has determined to dishonour Hermes;  
He will destroy and cut him off  
That he shall be no priest in the room of holiness  
Therefore hath Hermes sinned so vilely  
And stooped so low and fallen so hard,

Therefore did he not fear  
But strengthened himself in sin  
And latched onto the train  
And attacked me early.  
His judgment shall not be stayed.

I have waited for thy salvation, O God.

This shall be the judgment of the wicked,  
Of all the devils that have fought against me  
And desolated me,  
Chiefly, Satan, Hermes,  
Baalzebub and Aphrodite,

This shall be the judgment of Satan  
And his angels  
In the day that the LORD  
Shall break their arms  
And destroy them for their folly,

This shall be their judgment:  
They shall be blind  
And not see the sun;  
They shall be mute, even dumb;  
They shall not be able to read minds  
Just as we have long believed about them;

Moreover, they shall have null feeling  
Like those who are dead  
Who feel neither pain nor pleasure;  
They shall be struck out of Sariel's book,  
Even out of the benefits of Sariel of heaven.

These judgments shall be executed by God,  
Even by God the Saint.  
Not by earthly might nor power  
But by the spirit of God  
Shall the iniquity of the land be removed in one day.

Shiva and Satan  
Shall see darkness and nullness,  
Even emptiness;  
They shall be blind forever  
For strong is the saint that judges them.

This is vanity and vexation of spirit;  
A saint saves while an el can do nothing.  
Araphel and Qerenel behold from above  
And yet there is no salvation in them  
To deliver me from my adversaries.

God considers carefully  
And wonders why there is no one  
To deliver and no arm to save  
And no one to send for an apostle and deliverer.

Thus, he puts on zeal for a cloak  
And his wrath, it sustains him.

He will surely do it;  
He will put out the remembrance of Satan  
From under the heavens;  
He will take away the bliss of the death ones

And satisfy the judgment  
And get him honour  
And ascend to the glory;

He shall loose  
The shoes of iron and brass  
From off my feet  
And set me at ease  
For there shall be no Asherah or viper to crush.

The desire of the nations shall come;  
All creation shall rejoice  
That the Assyrian is broken in my land  
And that the wicked ones are shattered;  
Surely, Marduk shall not be pardoned.

Tell me, what meaneth this war  
That the adversary hath dealt so bitterly?  
He hath dealt without shame;  
He hath offended without holding back;  
Ephraim provoked me most bitterly;

His blood shall be left upon him;  
He shall taste of all four:  
Ira'ah, itob, iblis and ichesed.  
He shall eat and be full of the judgment of God.

The enemy, the devil, cometh not  
But to kill, to steal and to destroy.  
He hated the earth with bitter hate  
And loathed Adam who was fashioned  
Out of the earth.

Together with Baalzebub,  
Satan, under Marduk's direction,  
Stole our bliss  
Which was a tenth of the heavenly bliss,  
A tenth of the earth's bliss,  
A tenth of the bliss of the stars,  
A tenth of the shalom shamaim

And replaced it with dumbness,  
Stupidity and pain and suffering.

They made slaves out of us  
And now they return unsatisfied  
To take away the rest of our peace  
And to give us hell.

Baal says they trade in souls.  
Their hatred is great.  
They hate us;  
They cannot fathom the love of God for us

And they keep pondering and asking themselves,  
What is man that God is so mindful of him?  
They visit us and come in place of God  
To vaunt themselves as God

And to lash out with hell.  
They shall have hell in retribution  
For the day of vengeance is in God's heart.  
They shall surely not escape,  
Even every one of them.

Their destruction shall be swift.  
Their judgment shall come in one day.  
They shall be bounced out of bliss  
And fall into the darkness  
Wherein they shall be chained.

Bind them, O God  
With your great chain.  
Lay hold of the dragon  
And bind him up  
That he, mute and blind,  
May deceive the nations no more.

The brides of Hermes shall be stunned;  
They shall be left confounded  
When they cease to hear his sweet voice  
And his deceptions.  
Lots of hearts shall be broken  
And blood will distil as rainwater.

To me belongs vengeance;  
The footsteps of the vile  
Shall slide in due time  
And the things that shall befall them make haste.

Rejoice, O earth with the elect  
For the Lord will reign  
And the iniquity and vexation shall cease  
And the elect shall delight in holiness.



This is but a matter of zeal;  
 It is a controversy of motivation  
 For even Samael takes on Baalzebub  
 And humiliates her,  
 Even Samael destined  
 To destroy the messenger of Satan,  
 That great thorn in the flesh.

Blindness is happened to all  
 Therefore there was no one to save.  
 The mighty could do nothing.  
 The lion and the cherub just sat in their places.  
 The mighty Qerenel in whom are all things  
 Could not move a finger against Satan.

We all grope at noonday  
 As in the thick darkness.  
 Araphel, where is your strength?  
 Gabriel, wilt thou win a war  
 With butterfly wings?

Satan gave a command;  
 He said, Fight against none but Saviour.  
 Wherever he shall go, there go And give him no rest  
 Whether day or night  
 Till we have our prize.

Give them desolation, O God.  
 Let them be in desolate places as the dead.  
 They came for desolation.  
 They came to waste me.

They did not come to profit themselves.  
 They came, like Aphrodite, for vanity.  
 They came for mockery,  
 To steal my honour and sanity  
 And to destroy me.

They came to defame me;  
 They came for shame.  
 They came for vanity.  
 They love to slaughter.

They love to harass;  
 It shall not profit them.  
 They shall not be enriched.  
 They shall be impoverished.  
 They shall not prosper.

They came to waste me,

To turn my honour into shame,  
To turn my knowledge into foolishness,  
To corrupt my mental capacity  
And to stop me from learning.

Pseudomic and the vile,  
The fools that forwarded my affliction,  
Said among themselves continually And they said it in my hearing,  
He is still learning.

They said it;  
Veredel was in the conspiracy.  
Their ways are ways of villainy;  
They are most bitter;  
There is no sweetness in them.

God will save me.  
O, taste and see that the Lord is good.  
He gives salvation to his son  
And rebukes the company of scorners.

He destroys the proud and haughty,  
Even the proud that exalt themselves  
Against me and lift up the shoulder;  
They are swatted as flies.

Promotion comes from God  
And the strength of salvation is his work.  
He puts down one and sets up another.  
He makes Michael second  
And sets Yirel above him.  
In God's hand is the power to rule  
And the glory to appoint.

So, Michael remains a ben Mishchar forever  
But Heilel perishes, even Heilel,  
The son of perdition and destruction.  
Heilel, the brilliant and shining one  
Who shines with 666‰ light,  
Shall be replaced with an even more brilliant one;

Yirel, the dove that descended upon Jesus  
And strengthened him in the fear of the LORD,  
Shall be Heilel's replacement  
For she is Shachar's beloved child  
In whom God is well-pleased  
And the bath Shachar of the appointment.

Heilel shall howl in pain like Enlil.  
I'm thinking along the lines of 980‰ light,

About  $140 \times 7$  in light proportion.  
 So, Yirel shall destroy Heilel with her shining  
 And take him down with the light of her brightness.

So, Yirel, the seventh spirit of God,  
 Is the Platinum Chief  
 And the Lord or Lady of the Assembly;  
 She is Tyr and her nemesis is Enlil,  
 The Death Chief.

Michael does not know what to do.  
 Maybe, he is waiting for a command,  
 A commandment that will never come.  
 He cannot be first ruler  
 Because he needs direction;  
 He must always be guided.

Elijah is scared of death;  
 He will not repeat Earth's sufferings.  
 Heaven is too sweet;  
 Asherah, the Hell, has guaranteed its peace.

Elijah will just mind his business And pretend everything is ok; He cannot bear  
 to draw attention To himself or to announce his presence.

He would rather choose life  
 Than die a fool like me.  
 Once, he humiliated Baal  
 But will proceed no further.

He is scared of death.  
 He wants to live  
 Like I told myself in my childhood  
 And said I would never go to Jerusalem  
 For fear of being killed  
 When I woke up from my dream.

The devils are in their element;  
 The vile ones keep touting Satan  
 And swearing by a force  
 They have no knowledge of;

They say, He has favoured our undertakings;  
 Annuit coeptis.  
 Animdife is laughing at them;  
 A little kid from an unnamed village  
 Who broke out of lockdown is mocking.

What does Animdife mean?  
 It means house of the chiefs

Or house of those who lead in front  
Or house of those who occupy the front seats;  
Wisdom told me I was favoured;  
I'm still waiting for my turn to step forward.

The devil, that leader of the cruel,  
Came after me and attacked.  
The traducer said, I lead  
And I said, Like Baalzebub,  
You have found your match.

The earth is the Lord's  
And the fullness thereof,  
The world and they that dwell in it.  
Marvel not at the dragon.  
He is a thief.

He does not rule the earth;  
He rules illegally  
As a thief  
Till his cup runs out  
And he goes to prison.  
He shall have eternal shame.

All of them that serve idols  
And trust in iguanas that shall not live  
And decorate gods of clay  
And say unto them, Arise and kill,  
All of them shall go into perdition.

Do not pour libation.  
Pray not to the ancestors.  
Do not put your trust in vain idols  
Neither make abominations your god.

They are works of stupidity;  
They have no breath in them;  
They have no spirit  
And they have no honour.

Enlil is but a vexation;  
He has no love;  
His natural senses are dulled.  
He loveth to oppress.

Read about him;  
He is covenanted with fools  
For that he himself is a fool,  
He cannot but pursue folly.

The satanists that serve Satan  
 And worship the goddess,  
 That write the name of Jehovah  
 And use it in their rituals  
 And desecrate the Most Holy,

The witches of Bohemia,  
 Those effeminate idiots  
 That drink alcohol  
 And worship Moloch

Shall pee their hearts out  
 Yet shall their sin remain.  
 When their blood shall be required,  
 Then let the Satan they worship  
 Come to their rescue.  
 How pleasant their deaths shall be!

Go into the caves.  
 Bid the rocks fall on ye  
 And hide ye from the wrath of the King  
 And the fierce anger of the Lamb  
 As he roareth from Zion.

They build dynasties  
 And afflict their progeny.  
 They curse their seed  
 And add incest to incest.

They shall not profit;  
 They shall not see the light  
 Because in their boast of illumination,  
 They have sinned the sin of Pharaoh  
 And dug their graves  
 In which they shall not be buried.

They shall not be mourned.  
 They shall not be gathered.  
 We have given their bodies  
 To be scattered as dung  
 Upon the face of the earth  
 They have profaned and insulted.

Ye fools that organise parties  
 And send letters sealed in gold  
 And written in fancy letters  
 To the young and budding,  
 To the up and coming

And bring them in

And put masks on their faces  
And say to them,

Fill your appetites,  
Eat voluptuously to your lusts  
And defile yourselves;  
Make yourselves vile;

Defile yourselves to hell  
And make Baalzebub happy,  
Even Asherah of the pervert groves,  
For the sin was not cancelled  
And there is no redemption,

Ye fools that persecute souls  
And are skillful to harass and destroy  
Like your father the devil  
And like Asherah your father,

That say to your emissaries  
And hitmen and henchmen,  
Go and strike,  
Strike and destroy that fool,

Ye shall be found fools  
And your rituals  
And your sex magic  
And the prescriptions of Lucifer  
And of your pervert priests of the Brotherhood

Shall not deliver ye  
For ye shall be found fools  
And found fools again  
And found fools after that.  
The greatness of your folly  
Shall never be assuaged.

They pursue Eastern mysticism.  
They chase after Kundalini  
And immerse themselves in sensual Tantra;  
Their wine is the poison of dragons;  
Their honour is to be defiled.

Baalzebub wants to be defiled.  
No, she wants to defile.  
That's why she is the father  
And Satan as Santana is the mother.  
Baalzebub bows down to no one.

The fools shall come down together,  
Each receiving the harassment due him;

They shall fall as lead into the ocean;  
 They shall sink and be found no more.  
 They shall not rise;  
 Affliction shall not arise a second time.

Go to, learn from the ants;  
 They are strong to labour  
 Not strong to drink liquor  
 Or to partake in foolishness.

A little child shall rebuke ancients;  
 A learned one shall insult the intelligence  
 Of the haughty and proud  
 For they shall come down from their seats,  
 All of them slain as Agag

And the noise of the viol,  
 The celebration of winter  
 And the worship of the sun in the dark season  
 Shall cease and everywhere  
 Mortals shall acknowledge their mortality.

The God of heaven shall reign;  
 His cherub, the cherub of Michael  
 That divided the sea  
 With the blast of his nostrils

And demonstrated his power  
 Over the leviathan  
 Shall destroy them  
 With the breath of his mouth.

Behold the sword from the Lord's mouth.  
 It proceeds double-edged  
 Whirling around and turning;  
 It proceeds out to the kill.

Like the sharpness of Isaiah's sword,  
 None shall escape its edge.  
 It shall be bathed in the heavens,  
 Up above where Satan dwells  
 And come down upon earth to slaughter.

Out of the Most High  
 Proceeds both good and evil.  
 He shall surely execute the wrath  
 And not pity.  
 He shall not spare.

He has determined it  
 And he will do it.

He shall put Asherah to shame  
And give her bitterness for bliss,  
Shame and a burning heart for joy.

Assemble ye,  
Come ye together. Stand in the place of judgment.  
Let the books be opened.  
This shall not be vanity.

We shall put an end to vanity.  
It is the last dance.  
Shiva shall dance to her death.  
She shall drink her own blood.  
She shall not have the Baptist's head.

They only love lies.  
They love sweet talk.  
They love to be deluded and deceived,  
To believe that judgment will never come  
Because the Lord can do nothing.

They always want to please themselves  
And Baalzebub, the father of their lusts.  
They love hatred and the hot, boiling blood  
But are as cold as the Serbian winter  
And cannot withstand the furnace and fire.

Against whom do they lift themselves up?  
Against whom do they plot  
With their square and compasses?  
They shall be slain, all of them.

Iniquity shall not save,  
No, not today nor on any other day henceforth.  
The alliance of the wicked with death  
Shall be broken and shattered.

Will you shoot me from behind?  
Will you backstab me?  
Will Cain stab his brother in the back?  
Will Baalzebub stand and slander Michael?

These ones act in an underhanded manner.  
Have you coals of fire to put in my hands?  
Can you touch my lips with a coal of fire?  
Can you draw near to me?

When the wicked prosper,  
Then the heart of the saint is grieved.  
The saint is there for one reason:



To destroy the works of the devil;  
 He will put out the light of Baalzebub  
 And trouble sinners  
 Till they are shaken out of the earth.

You have to be born a saint to be it;  
 You cannot be made a saint;  
 It is too sacred an order for another  
 To ascend to via any means.

Marduk shall die;  
 He shall not deliver Inanna;  
 He cannot salvage the soul of Baalzebub  
 Nor fight for Aphrodite.

He and Enlil shall surely envy their enemy  
 And both shall be as the darkness  
 In the room  
 That says, I am blind  
 And his fellow shall say,  
 What is he thinking?

The screech owl and Lilith  
 That Baalzebub is  
 Shall look for her mate  
 And find him not.

She shall long for Satan  
 And be distressed.  
 She shall not be comforted  
 Like foolish Judah with Tamar.  
 She shall believe Nanna is with her

But it shall only bring vexation  
 And a frustrated longing  
 That cannot be fulfilled  
 According to the law of Nanna.

Many shall fly upon cherubim.  
 They shall fly to the kill.  
 The dead shall die  
 By the light of the elect;  
 They shall consume away at the brightness  
 With Yirel leading the charge.

Where is Lucifer that may save?  
 Is he not also light  
 Or has he deceived the seducible,  
 Even the gullible and deluded?

They shall stumble and fall,  
Every one of them  
Drinking vinegar  
And being comforted with gall.  
Their bread shall be tears and sorrows.

Ask the green herb.  
Ask the green grass.  
Ask the lilies of the pond  
And the mild and gentle vine,

Ask and they will tell you,  
None of these things shall fail  
For the feller shall be cut down  
And he that came up to us  
And destroyed our fine branches;

He shall be uprooted  
That marred our glory  
And led us astray;  
He shall dwell in the depths  
Of the lonesome grave in solitude.

So what shall we say  
To these things  
But that if God is for us,  
Who can be against us?

Who is he that seeks my blood?  
Who wants me dead?  
Who cooked my vexations  
And implements them?

Who stands against me?  
Who is my adversary?  
Who is my enemy?  
Who says I shall not prosper?

Who will come up to me  
Being my enemy wrongfully?  
Who has despised me when I offended not  
But that he could not tolerate the innocent?

That soul shall go to perdition;  
His grave is a grave that is not dug  
For it is not in the earth;  
He shall go to destruction;  
None shall restore him like Nebuchadnezzar.

Sing, O ye nations,  
Sing, O ye peoples,

Both far and near,  
Ye of the islands and far continents.

God shall come.  
Thy God shall return.  
His work is with him  
And his reward before him.

He shall smite the ends of the earth  
And give grace and glory.  
He shall give life and breath  
And all that hear shall listen and obey.

Heilel wants to be like Elyon.  
The INTP wants to be like the INTJ.  
Baalzebub called out to me,  
She said, Saviour, keep typing.  
Baalzebub, am I feeding you knowledge  
Before your death?

Gabriel is Daniel's Lord.  
He is a gibor like Kabodel.  
Kabodel abides forever.

As a chief prince,  
Gabriel's death would be most desirable  
To the lords of darkness  
Who rule over the perversions  
Of this our world.

The only saint Kabodel  
Who is co-saint with Shachar  
Has been alive since infinity past,  
Since the genesis of the first universe.

Araphel is Wisdom  
And Qerenel is Understanding.  
They are the King's delight.  
Qerenel has geburah.

Gabriel is the one who says  
Che sara sara.  
What will be will be, he says.  
He is an ardent believer  
In predetermination.

Each one shall receive of his lot  
And stand in his allotted place  
Even if mine is to be harassed by fools  
With Gabriel standing behind me  
With butterfly wings doing nothing.

Asherah is still calling out to me.  
She is mentioning my name  
And saying she hates me.  
She wants blood  
And Marduk responds.

Go and sleep Marduk;  
It is vanity to stay awake.  
What for? Why do you open your eyes?  
As in the garden, you shall perish!

Baalzebub is twice as rebellious as Satan  
For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft  
And the enchantress will not stop;  
She will not stop experimenting.  
She is consumed with the judgments of Heilel.

She calls herself the roomy one;  
She is the envious and silly one  
Who is full of jealousy  
And purchases souls as a father  
Unto herself and to her son and husband, Satan.

Asherah wants Mammon,  
The spacious one.

She will give Armageddon to Satan.  
Satan shall stand  
At the base of Har-Megiddon.

But, Satan calls himself Gaia.  
He declares to all that Asherah is a friend-foe,  
A confidant-rival, a benefactor-nemesis  
Whom he would have smitten in the end

If his kingdom were established.  
She is a thorn in his flesh  
Like Joab was to David the king  
Who declared that the sons of Zeruah  
Were too strong for him.

Asherah, that is, Baalzebub,  
Is the personification of the sexual act.  
She is the antichrist  
And the rival of the spirit of righteousness.

Her deeds can only be done  
In a body encoded by Mammon.  
Paul declares to himself  
That he shall never stoop  
To bow down to the foolishness of Asherah.

Even those who escape the evil ayin  
 Are caught in Asherah's net.  
 Hermes fell in and, boy,  
 Did he fall in so hard!

I look at those who say  
 God commanded us to be fruitful  
 And say, Look at these murderers;  
 They wouldn't even sympathise  
 With the pains of their children.  
 There is no wisdom in them.

Asherah could not sing  
 To Michael and to God  
 When the earth's body was created  
 Because it was a body of righteousness  
 And she envied his creativity.

The sinners are simple creatures;  
 The foolish have not much intelligence  
 And understanding  
 And they hate to witness brilliance.

Asherah also slanders her own mother's son.  
 She consents with a thief and adulterer  
 And has been partaker with aliens.

She slanders Michael  
 And blasphemes.  
 She calls herself the Lady. She is Freyja.  
 She shall shut her mouth.  
 We will shut it for her.

With Michael, we shall waste Freemasonry  
 And shake the people out of the earth  
 And we shall prosper by the four horns  
 Of the cherub and of the altar  
 And by the rhinoceros of the unicorn.

Everyone who chooses holiness  
 Becomes the target of Asherah  
 And Aphrodite the great.  
 These ones harass and don't stop.  
 There's no wisdom in them.

Everyone who loves Asherah  
 Hates her in the end.  
 She is as odious as a toad;  
 Her end is bitterness and torment.  
 She shall live peace-free

Like the odious  
Marduk, Heilel and Zuriel of earth  
Who spit out frogs  
And send their uncleanness  
Throughout the world of the damned.

If Asherah and Aphrodite's clothes are their skins,  
Then Satan would have stripped them off.  
He would have flayed them,  
Even made their flesh bare and naked  
And grilled their insides to feed himself  
As the last man standing before dying of hunger.

The bringer of sexuality,  
Even the bringer of the sexual act,  
Can never be first.  
She shall always be subordinate.

The female shall not rule  
Because before her,  
The sexual act did not exist  
And the spirit of righteousness Was not so vexed as it is this day.

The agony of Asherah  
Is that she calls herself chief and first.  
She says, I am and there is no one else.  
She shall not prosper.  
She shall not prevail.

None can stir up hate and jealousy like she does.  
None can offend like Asherah.  
None can provoke to jealousy like her.  
None can evoke a storm with rage like Baalzebub.

I could not defer  
My programme of instruction till she came.  
I could not experience the worst year ever yet  
Till Asherah did her campaign  
And took over from Aphrodite.

None will experience  
Prolonged devastation and wasting,  
Even desolation and absence of joy  
Like the abominable Asherah  
And Satan and Hermes.

One of the major differences  
Between Satan and me  
Is that my hate comes with a legal reason  
While Satan's hate is with an illegal reason.

The shedim have been probing God.  
 They have been searching God  
 Like searching spirits  
 And illegal entities

And when they find nothing,  
 Then they declare,  
 Is there knowledge in the Most High  
 And does the King have any understanding?

The light encodes nothing;  
 It is but raw power.  
 The light encodes nothing  
 So they think God to be null.

They think him to be some force  
 That they can harness and manipulate  
 And make their slave  
 Or reprogram and repurpose  
 To serve their purposes.

Go and hijack the unicorn  
 And let him abide by thy crib.  
 Put fetters upon his legs  
 Like Aphrodite attempts in her foolishness  
 When she is proudly declaring herself Father.

Put a yoke upon his neck  
 And let him plough thy fields  
 With his companion.

Thou shalt not prosper  
 Neither shall sinners prevail.  
 The God who forms knowledge  
 Shall cut sinners out of it.

Do not listen to the wild lies  
 And vanities of the shedim  
 Which they fabricate  
 And conjure up in their dreams  
 And dionysus frenzies.

Their dreams are vain  
 Which are as a puff of air  
 Which the wolf blows  
 Against a wall of brick and mortar.  
 He shall huff and puff in vain.

See, nothing is vain.  
 Nothing ever happens without design.

God oversees all things.  
He makes all things  
Beautiful in his time.

Thou shall return and know  
And discern between righteousness and sin,  
Between good and evil,  
Between he that serveth God  
And he that serveth his own lusts.

God tests no one.  
He does not tempt us.  
Remember how his angel  
Was once referred to  
As standing in Balaam's way  
As a Satan?

God tempts no one  
Because he knows all things  
But to prove his servants,  
Michael does tempt persons  
As he tested Abraham  
In the matter of Isaac.

He proved Abraham,  
Even Abraham's loyalty to God;  
He found Abraham faithful to him,  
A servant that could be trusted

For Michael seeks faithful servants;  
He seeks loyalists being an Fi dominant  
And they that are with him  
Are called and chosen and faithful.

He blessed Abraham  
And made him father.  
He blessed him in God's name,  
Even in the name of the LORD.

In Satan's codebase,  
There is a chasm  
Between the amount of pain  
The elect experience  
Compared to the damned.

The odinits of the damned  
Where Satan is  
Are in the tens and hundreds  
While the odinits of the elect  
Are in the ones or zero.



I still do not know  
 If any of the elect crosses one odinit.  
 God himself does one odinit  
 And Michael and his Shulamite And the latter's brides do zero.

We do not call Satan Odin for nothing.  
 He appoints himself many sufferings  
 And those he loves who are with him  
 Are with him in the blazing furnace  
 Which is the light of tobs.

Mammon  
 Is the mammon of unrighteousness  
 While Zion and Armageddon  
 Are the mammon of righteousness.

Mammon encodes all matter  
 And all wealth and all bodies  
 That are considered ritually questionable  
 Or even unclean or impure

While Zion and Armageddon  
 Provide the definitions  
 For all matter, wealth and all bodies  
 That are considered ritually pure  
 And clean and holy.

Light entities which are all tob,  
 Unlike the ra and ra'ah  
 Which are darkness entities,  
 Do not encode any knowledge  
 And thus are not indexed by the elim.

What bodies does Mammon encode?  
 Ritually questionable bodies  
 Including all bodies of flesh and blood  
 That have an orifice or cavity or body fluids  
 Including the bodies of Adam and Eve  
 And of Jesus and Paul and myself  
 And of every human or animal  
 That has ever lived.

Likewise all other sexual bodies  
 Including trees, a symbol of fertility,  
 And all bodies that depend on external agents to live  
 Including viruses and bacteria and fungi  
 Because they require nutrition  
 Are encoded by Mammon.

All living bodies that are not flesh and blood

And that are asexual in appearance  
Are encoded by Zion  
And this includes all the bodies in heaven  
Whether animate or inanimate  
Including the bodies of Mammon  
And Armageddon themselves.

The heavenly bodies  
Including the stars and planets  
And meteors and meteorites,  
Comets and the sun and moon  
And the shamaim and raqia  
And the maim and Qerenel  
All have their bodies encoded by  
Zion.

The golden earthly body of Shadel  
Which the false prophet  
Commands to be made for her  
Is also considered ritually pure  
As it is asexual and not of flesh and blood  
And is encoded by Zion.

If the body is made of flesh but ritually pure  
And thus asexual and shut up  
So that it lacks body fluids  
And body cavities and orifices  
Like the bodies we shall have  
In the regeneration when Christ returns,  
Then it is encoded by Armageddon.

So you see,  
Armageddon is a prince among princes,  
A distinguished one and very wealthy  
And he decides the fate of many  
Together with Zion and Mammon his brothers.

Armageddon shall increase in honour  
While Mammon shall decrease  
And become the lowly Ebyon  
Among the nations and continents.

Boast not about your riches,  
O great Mammon of heaven.  
Seek true wealth  
Like the gold of Shemesh  
That thy poverty  
Like nakedness in the cold winter street  
Become not thy undoing and death.

Mammon is the angel of Laodicea.  
 He is quite cold for heaven  
 Though burning like an oven.  
 He registers a temperature of 1,000F  
 While the rest score at the normal 10,000F.  
 Armageddon is ten times hotter than normal.

That's like the temperature  
 Of a bluish O-type star  
 Which stars are the hottest,  
 Most massive and brightest stars.

You get the idea of what righteousness  
 Looks like or feels like.  
 I'm sure Apollyon understands.  
 Abaddon nods his head.  
 He gets it; he understands.

Zeus, that is, Baalzebub  
 Is out there to tame the wild.  
 She can only be the wild one here.  
 She wants to tame the lightning bolt,  
 That blazing and flashing lightning bolt  
 That Armageddon is.

She was successful with Satan  
 Under Marduk's counsel.  
 Now, she eyes Armageddon And she spies me with her ayin

But I am meek and gentle.  
 I will not offend.  
 I have never cut the throat of a chicken  
 And I keep touting epidural analgesia  
 For labouring women.

Kabodel was there in infinity past.  
 He gave life to Michael in the beginning,  
 At time  $t=0s$   
 While Shachar gave life to Heilel.

Their appearance marked  
 The beginning of Genesis  
 And the two are the firstborn twins  
 Of creation.

Michael was given the pathway  
 Of work and creation  
 While Shachar gave Heilel  
 The pathway of rest and observation.

Why did Kabodel join me in the fall?  
Why did she come down?  
Well, when a saint moves left,  
The rest of them follow.

With one spirit like Ezekiel's cherubim,  
They go wherever one goes.  
If one goes for the kill,  
The rest follow.

If one withdraws the hand,  
The rest also withdraw theirs;  
These are the most unified group  
In the whole cosmos  
Like some group of special force.

Mishchar retains a thousand units of ra;  
The ra is for hatred for iniquity  
And the nine thousand tobs to love righteousness.  
Mishchar is Melchizedek receiving tithes  
Even in tob counts.

You can't be a saint and not hate Satan.  
You must hate and execute wrath  
On the adversary, even the oyeb.

God is a saint first  
And a tob and el second.  
It should be clear by now  
That when God works,  
He works through another.

Whether he is creating through Michael  
Or through the sea or earth,  
He almost always has an intermediary,  
A front person to execute for him.

Mishchar is the Word of God  
Who was with God in the beginning.  
Out of her womb comes life.  
She commands her son Michael  
And he creates and fashions things.

Qerenel is the geburah  
Who is the delight of Mishchar, the gibor.  
She is always in his presence,  
The Understanding that was with him  
From infinity past,  
Who was there when Mishchar  
Gave the decrees of creation.

So, Qerenel is the angel of the presence  
 Who saves the elect  
 By giving the command for Samael  
 And the host to destroy the rebels.

She is also the master craftswoman  
 With Araphel and the two  
 Are the excellent or large and noble ones  
 Who guided Michael on how  
 To pattern and design creation  
 With each command that Mishchar gave.

All things were created for Mishchar.  
 He is the book of life.  
 All things that live as it is today  
 Live because he has commanded it.

God is the Commander-in-Chief standing  
 In the midst of his special forces.  
 He sets a little child  
 In the midst of lions and dogs,  
 In the midst of caracals and bears;  
 He shall excavate the substance  
 Out of Baalpeor with the woodpecker.

In the Genesis story of creation,  
 God is the Supreme Commander,  
 Mishchar is the General,  
 Araphel and Qerenel,  
 The Wisdom and the Understanding,  
 Are the Colonels  
 And Michael and Heilel  
 Are the Command Sergeant Majors.

Vanity of vanities,  
 Perchance the greatest vanity  
 Is that it would be found out in the end  
 That nothing and no work of God  
 Is in vain or empty.

The works of God are full;  
 They are complete for their purpose  
 Even if they appear to waver;  
 Each fulfills their role to satisfaction.

The Lord directs each  
 Including the rebellious  
 And the captive  
 And the vile and the dishonourable.

He will put each in his place  
And fashion the form appropriate for each.  
The screech owl has her place  
And the deceiver also has his place.

Each shall satisfy  
When accounts are made  
And none shall take us by surprise  
For he hath fashioned them so,  
Each in his day, each in its way.

One advised not to add to the work of God.  
Add not to his works lest he rebuke thee  
And thou be found wanting and a liar.  
Where will the rebukes begin?  
Will they start with Michael  
For taking chances with Mammon  
And giving life to Satan?

I know a pastor  
Who keeps giving prophecies  
And worshipping God.  
When the devils struck out initially,

He gave a prophecy  
And said God wanted me to live  
And not get self-destructive.  
He called me by name

And my neighbours,  
The students nearby in my hostel  
Started to play a notable song with my name;  
I was cautious around them  
And I was grieved at what they did to me.

Do not deceive yourselves  
And say that we never understood your pain  
And never saw that you were afflicted.  
What if God does come and save me  
And it is your turn to be harassed?  
I too will give you words of encouragement  
And not visit you even once or seek your welfare.

I will be like the accursed prophets  
And pastors and shepherds  
Whom James, disgusted at, rebuked,  
The kind that are not deserving of heaven.

They serve God and worship  
And give prophecies

But have no natural love.  
They do not know what love is  
Though they are married and I am not.

Maybe, a little pain will save them.  
Maybe, they should be in my shoes  
And listen to another pastor  
Put himself in the shoes and place of God,  
A pastor who prophesies a ring  
And money, lots of wealth

And puts up a radiant image  
With rays scattering in all directions  
To demonstrate his brilliance.  
Thou shalt surely be bright;  
I do not doubt it.  
Thou shalt shine for heaven to see

But learn compassion  
And goodness and be kind.  
I have found Christians  
To be too heartless and cold.  
I will die the day I go to church  
On my own accord.

My words are ended.

What shall we end with?  
Fear God and do good  
And he shall bring forth thy light as the day.  
Fear God and depart from evil.

It shall be light to thy soul  
And vitality to thy bones.  
Thou shalt have understanding  
When you pursue the right path.