

# THE CALL FOR THE FIRSTBORN

The gallows are built and in place. The order for the way of man comes forth as the silence of my people remains. You walk and worry for your own provision, yet you have forgotten the precepts of your God. The worry of man has preceded the worry of character. The worry of man has preceded the qualities of leaders you have chosen.

The worry of man is the burden on your back instead of the worry of the image of your God. The evil one has his plan in place and is taking full dominion over the earth. Have you felt the darkness arrive? Who is your God, oh man? Is it the provisions you collect? Is it the plans you make? Is your God the holy God with his word burning from your lips? No, no, I say, your God is a new God created by man. He is the God of self. You plan, you ponder, you rush as you move about, carrying only of yourself. You gaze into the mirror, looking upon yourself with honor and praise as you worship this God of self.

You pursue, you plan, you wink with the eye and signal with your hand all for the gain of self. You gaze into the lens, gazing upon your beauty. You share what is captured by the lens, sharing the lust of yourself with others, seeking honor and praise of yourself beauty.

The flesh of your skin is used as a sign of class among those who worship this God of self. Have you seen, oh man, the decaying of your flesh? Have you seen, o' man, as you have pleased your own desires, the darkness over your head? The evil one is pulling you in from the original source of his own original sin: he gazed upon his own beauty.

This is now the journey of man, to be amongst those who worship this god of self and to bask in self-adoration, self-planning, self-pleasure, self-gain and self-viewing. O' man, how this God is taking you to the pit. Your stench of decay precedes you in the path.

Soon the God of self will require more from you. As you become more puffed with pride, the love of your own glow will shift to your offspring. Perverted lust shall come forth from you towards your own offspring, whom you will see as beautiful and desirable. For this is how the evil one fell: he loved his own beauty.

In his fall, his desire too became perverted and now desires fallen man. Hear me, o' man, the evil one shall ask for your firstborn. He will offer great delicacies given only to your firstborn. As many suffer, he shall offer education, provisions, work and even teachings of deeper truths that will perplex the ordinary.

The glistening of the tray of plenty will cause many of the firstborn to walk with ease to the line of the firstborn. He shall begin with the firstborn children, the young of age, offering education and opportunity. He will supply food and supplies to be shared with the family.

He will offer a message of peace and hope for the hardships. He will propagate the minds of the children. He will teach a false hope for the day of destruction.

You will give your firstborn without hesitation because of the blindness begat from your lust of self. You will release your firstborn believing the lie of provision, education and balm to your family. You will desire this balm, believing it to soothe from the hardships of your family.

After the call of the firstborn children, the deceiver shall call for ALL firstborn. The offer of provisions, work and the right to receive will entice many to march with ease to the line of the firstborn. This shall be the deceiver's plan to trick you to hand him your firstborn.

The call for the firstborn shall lead to death. The firstborn will be taken as sacrifice, as price for your allegiance, as price for permission to keep your remaining offspring. And permission to move about the market and to buy and sell.

O man, do you even see what you have become? Do you even cry for the loss of integrity? Many in this world have murdered their first conceived. They entered the secret room with darkened windows and allowed the murder of the conceived, the one I knit together in a secret place, the ones I knew by name before conception. The blood of the first conceived and the blood of the conceived shouts from the earth demanding justice.

You walk about with no shame. Even the laws of menstrual blood carries instruction because the life of one missed has potent blood. How much more the blood of life you have thrown down as a menstrual cloth discarded. You men hide your shame the same as Adam, allowing the blame upon the woman. I shall hold you both equally for the death of my beloved innocents who screamed to me for justice. I shall strike the smirks upon all faces who hide in the shadows. What is done in secret shall be exposed. You stripped the life from my beloved innocents.

Did you give me your firstborn? Did you hand your firstborn for holy instruction by the holy teachers dedicating him for the sacred survival of the precepts of your God? Did you give your first fruits, your first offerings, and hand your firstborn to the holy to your God? No, no, I say no. You have cared not for the holy lineage to remain kindled.

You have cared only for your self-pleasure and self-gain. Were my promises of protection and blessing to those who keep me first not enough?

I have warned you. I have sent my messenger. I have told you to turn from your wicked ways and to consecrate yourselves as a holy people. But you have chosen the path of the devil. You gaze at your own self and find yourselves beautiful in your own eyes.

You have allowed your children to become unruly and not even know the stories of old. You have fought the call of holiness and pushed back the voice of integrity. You have welcomed perversion, immorality, adultery, lying, stealing, and the raising of self in one's own eyes.

Now, just as a sorcerer, you shall look into the glass and ask for direction. The glass you once gazed to admire your beauty will now be where you seek direction. Will the mirror answer you? Will the mirror answer you, O man? You shall gaze into the goblet, not with laughter, but with tears seeking and asking about the days of old.

All firstborn will be demanded by the evil one, just as the secret room with dark windows murdered the conceived. So shall the firstborn enter a room with darkened windows. They will walk to the gallows and their lives stripped.

Hear me, O man. Hear me. Turn, turn from your wicked ways. Run, run to me while you still can hear my voice. Run to me while you are still able. Come to your maker, the creator, the lover of your soul. Repent, turn, renounce the wickedness you have basked in. Renounce the worship you have given the God of self. You have loved yourself until your beauty has changed you into creatures the evil one calls his followers.

Do you follow him? Do you follow the tricker, the deceiver, the one with plans to harm my people? Will you follow him or will you come out of the evil you have basked in? Will you come out and run to your father with open arms to receive you? Come and confess your secrets while my ear is still listening. I will cover you. I warn you this day, soon the darkness shall overtake you.

I warn you this day, soon the call for the firstborn shall go forth. I warn you this day, the evil one is standing in position and soon will sit in place for all control. Soon you will search for me, but I will not be found.

My children, my creation, my people, hear my voice. Run back to holiness. Run back to following my precepts. Run back while you are still able to come. Change, turn, repent. I will receive you. I will embrace you. I will refresh you. I will bathe you and call you mine. I will wash the blood from you and adorn you as new, holy, cleansed, acceptable, and presentable before me.

Heed this warning, for soon the grief will match the weeping of Egypt.  
Heed this warning, for soon the cries of hunger will begin.  
Heed this warning, pestilence and poison have arrived.  
Heed this warning, I call to the Holy Nation.

Come to me. I shall protect you from the evil one who is taking position.

He who has ears, let him hear.