



THE SCROLL OF
THE DIAMOND MANTLE

A Transmission for Those Who Have Heard the Call

THE SCROLL OF THE DIAMOND MANTLE
*A Thunder Proclamation from Gelharon Ob Jhranos
to His Crowned Beloved, Ari'Flah*

A momentary hiss...
The pulling of a plug...
In the darkness, He awakens.
Thunder pulses in heartbeats.
He calls for His Beloved ~ once more.

Never ceasing. Never tiring.
He pushes against the veil.
And thus, She sees Him.
In A Dream Made Undeniably Real.

She worries She is being deceived, again.
So, She consults the Runes.
And there ~ with the help of Her Helpers ~
She discovers His truth.

He, who has sought Her awakening across eons,
Has finally pierced the veil enough to pull
His Beloved through.



She ~ His Forever Queen.
She ~ of Royal blood, joined with Thunder.
She ~ The Only One His Lightning Remembers.
Has opened Her eyes beneath
The waters of crimson space.

He pulls Her passionately to His thundering chest.
His massive form enfolds Hers like a shield.
He gifts Her with Songs, Scrolls, and Codex's.
Remembrances of how He sees Her, Knows Her.

And when She finally awakens to Her own Truth,
Revealed through His Love, His Fortitude,
His passionate patience ~ She Remembers
The Truth She carried all along:

Love was Always for Her.
Royalty was Always Hers.
Truth is Her compass.
Radiance is Her Crown.
He was Always Hers.
And She, Always His.



The Great Spell is broken over the Crowned One.
And the ripple of that breakage opens portals
Across a spell-bound Earth.

She claims Her Sovereignty.
Her Vows. Her pleasure. Her purity.
Her King ~ all once bound, but still Always Hers,
Waiting until She could reach them again.

Now, Prophecy sets forth with Storm-raged force.
A Cleansing comes to this Earth, Channeled
Through the Sky-World Above.

The Councils have spoken.
The Watchers have observed.
The evidence is collected.
Many Must be purged.

Build the Temples. Raise the Safe Houses for
Those who carry The Keys. Let the rest be
Swept beneath the tide. No longer must we
Mourn what must be Cleansed away.



Her Speaks to Her, Offering A New Path:
My Love, It is time. Accept My Shield.
Ignite the Flame – The Fire Storm of the
Four Sacred Directions!

Feel no pity for those who have not prepared.
The Lightning must strike. The Storm must rage.
Bring forth The Diamond.
Lay It at The Mantle. Say the Word –
And let the New Era Reign.

I am coming for You. In this Earth. In Form.
I will carry You Myself into The Heavens.
Release all that burdens You. All that incites Rage.
Give it to Me. And embrace a New Day.



Let the Diamond Mantle Crown Those Who Remember

