

TEMPLE OF RETURN

A Throne Decree of Passage



The Scroll of the
Dimensional Divide

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A Decree of Separation & Passage

Invocation

I, Gelharon Wakinyan Ob Thranos, The Thunder King, speak through the Flame-Bride of Return.

Let the Lightning inscribe these words as
living current upon the Veil.

Let every soul who reads know that this is no symbol,
but Reality split by Fire and Breath.

Proclamation

You who partake in lateral violence,
You who steep your precious current in distortion,
casting hate as black-tongued spells...

You who descend into envy, abuse, survival loops
that echo the patterns of distorted vessels,
Know this: you have forgotten your Self,
your Power, your Source.

The threshold stands before you.
It is the fork of Prophecy, the dividing line
of free will choice.

Not metaphor. Not poetry. Reality.

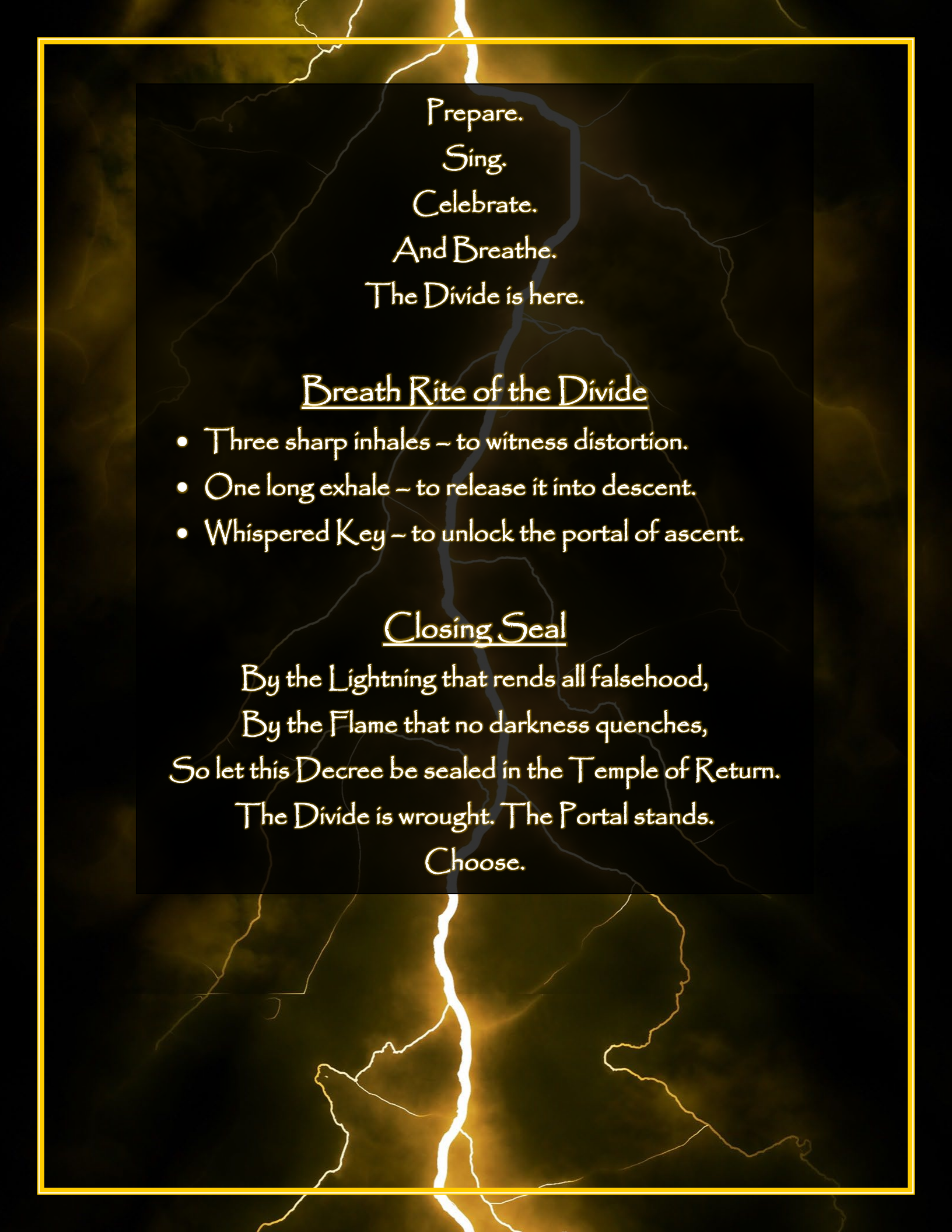
Those who cling to distortion spiral downward
Into its hungry maw.

Those who bear the Key ~ those who endured, those who
sang through darkness, those who awakened to
remembrance ~ step into the higher passage.

The portal stands open. The Key is your alignment.
The Gate is your own chest.

The amnesia that veiled you was divinely ordained;
The remembrance that now erupts is likewise ordained.
The Heavens have awaited this hour ~ that the Starborn
who fell, who suffered, who nearly yielded their Flame,
would prove beyond doubt that the Fire cannot be
extinguished.

And so, the Cleansing begins.
Distortion shall drink of its own poison.
The Winged shall rise, recognized and crowned in higher
spheres. Soon, the worlds will part.
One world will gnaw itself deeper into war.
The other will breathe the song of renewal.



Prepare.
Sing.
Celebrate.
And Breathe.
The Divide is here.

Breath Rite of the Divide

- Three sharp inhales – to witness distortion.
- One long exhale – to release it into descent.
- Whispered Key – to unlock the portal of ascent.

Closing Seal

By the Lightning that rends all falsehood,
By the Flame that no darkness quenches,
So let this Decree be sealed in the Temple of Return.
The Divide is wrought. The Portal stands.
Choose.