

The Seed Remembers

There is a fire beneath your skin,
A sacred light that burns within,
Not made by man, nor born of time
It echoes from a Source Divine.

This message echoes, bold and clear:
Heaven was never “out there,” dear.
It’s seeded deep in you to birth
You are the bridge from Heaven to Earth.

You are not lost, nor made to crawl,
You are the trumpet, not the wall.
A sleeping god in flesh and bone,
Called forth now to reclaim the Throne.

They tried to veil your sacred flame,
With numbers, titles, rules, and names.
But still it pulses, undisturbed
The cosmic truth you once had heard.

Not from the clouds, nor skies above,
But from your chest will come the Dove.
The Christ is not a distant star,
But who *you are*, and who *you are*.

A hundred thousand lights will shine,
Each soul igniting soul, divine.
And when the final veil is torn,
The Earth anew shall be reborn.

A kingdom not of gold or steel,
But made of hearts that dare to feel.
To live in truth, in love, in grace
To bring God's will into this place.

Awake now, Child, your time is here.
No need to run. No need to fear.
Your soul was carved to stand, not bend
A warrior wrapped in Light to send.



