Twitter Thread by Jo To The World



Jo To The World
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Son of Perdition (a prophetic poem in a thread)

He thought himself Perfecta, But his perfidy makes me sick. His lack of grace is brazen, he perfumes all his tricks. But we perceive the stink which permeates his tongue, his hypocrisy is perjury, his own perdition he has sung...

His performance is a wonder but positive he’s not. No paragon of virtue, in his lies we’d all be caught. It’s power he lusts after, he sold his soul to do so well. He’s the biggest liar, at the gates of Hell. He purchased himself mirrors to perpetuate the con...

He purloined all the light and claimed it as his dawn. But my purview is the better, I have a higher throne. Though he’s the prince of darkness, no kingdom shall he own. His purlieu is perdition. Usurper-moon defeat! He tried to block the light of love and steal the power seat...

He thought himself invincible, the light he gave so fair, but his light was only the light the Sun/Son did share. Happy too to share it, The light that is God’s face but he’d rather occult Him, And bring God’s word disgrace...

He’d prescribe eternal darkness to all he perceives as peril, his Babylon is fallen, his pursuers now are feral. All shall see his true form and the true light shall prevail, from the light he shall be stricken and from disgrace there’s no avail...

From the very peak he’ll tumble, for his arrogance and greed. His weakness is his tower his stole to fill his need. The masons that they hired to build all he claimed to own, took for their construction, God’s own very stone...

But the Maker of the stone, who fashioned it from yore, has reclaimed every grain of sand they mortared and did pour.

They, the hewn, the souls, the Saints, whose light he tried to steal were astonished from his arrogance but it made the dream it be real...

But it was moved à-côté to the side that love is on. They lifted every grain and rock and they moved anon.

Appalled by his manners, shocked by his brazen feet, his horns are not of plenty, his portion is deceit...

Faithless is his name, Heartless is his creed, Graceless is his fame, Perdition’s on his deed.

This poem/prophecy was one of a few given to me many years ago. I hated having to do them, I dread it, as most were really dark & many had epitaphs at the end. Most were for the Church to prove their faith. This one came much later & was never shared until now. They all rhymed.