

It is Never Too Late to Return - Answer the Phone Call...

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In our life, there is this uncanny thing.

It's as if life tries to draw us in too much, so that when we find a higher Truth we forget it, unless we cling on to it very powerfully.

Events and circumstances, or our own inner failings, oftentimes distance us from our dreams, our hopes, but also higher understanding.

Over the years in being Clergy I have spoken with many people, many SS who are souls of Satan. Many have understood why they made it here. Time and time goes and passes.

We pass through this time, without understanding our relationship with it, we become its slaves.

Understanding does not mean having verbally or in a written form intellectualized the exact cases - understanding relates to the heart in that case.

This is like raising a phone on an anticipated phone call, and waiting to listen to what the anticipated phone call has to tell you. We might hear the fleeting voice of the Gods, or experience their fleeting presence.

Sentences, sounds, or broken words - but you know they are there. Then, your mother or wife calls you for dinner, and you close the phone. But you remember the phone call and want to get called again.

Yet, as life has it, man is now deaf in the ears of the spirit and blind in the eyes of the soul. Our forgetfulness is our own worst enemy.

We try maybe a little too hard to listen to this telephone, to where giving up might be the logical conclusion. Then, we might be called away from it, it's dinner time.

There are a thousand ways this can go away from the telephone, but only one way to listen to it: you got to get there and hold to it.

There is so much in life that we can only call fate and not coincidence. You cannot have possibly listened to this sound and tell yourself you have not. "You

can check out anytime you like, but you can never leave."

Every soul in this world, has an opportunity to grow. This opportunity is based on soul level of development, and its memories. Certain people who are of the Gods, will want to return back to the Gods again.

We seek again the glimmering light from where we came. In fact, there is no time where we are not in their presence. The Gods are here with us.

Life however deceives us through its fast pace, and oftentimes, we can get lost.

Getting lost, quitting, giving up, all of these are natural human tendencies. There is nothing evil there in these happening, but evil comes exactly because of succumbing to no return to these tendencies.

In other cases, not listening to the phone, grief, guilt, fear, lack of understanding - all of these can try to keep you from this. One might want to never raise this phone again. It disturbs our sleep inside delusions when it rings, and even its mere memory can feel like a burden.

An errant voice inside might even say, that you will live better without it - the same voice that reveals nothing to you about your soul or your higher potential. We know it's a lie, but yet, like servants, too many of us have followed into the claws of the beautiful but not-so-beautiful lying harpy.

Yet, even in the gnawing claws of this creature, we see its true face. We thought we never would, but eventually we do. It's there, and it's happy to consume the creatures of its domain, the offspring of her ignorance. And then we remember...

The experience of knowing never goes away. And if our mind somehow manages to forget, the eternal memory of the spirit retains this memory...Life rings the loud bell, and the opportunity presents again itself, to lift up the telephone...

And then...We try again. The recurrence that almost looks as if it were eternal, is ringing the phone again.

The illusion of distance of time, or how we experience time, or our rushing foolishness, makes us frequently make mistakes in life. One of these mistakes is to keep struggling against one's soul, which is the eternal vehicle of one's existence.

We are all sons and daughters of "delusion", in that we delude ourselves, oftentimes without really intending it. But this is not really who has fathered our

soul, it is the Gods. Therefore, the soul remembers them, and wants to get back to its advancing pace.

Certain people never really leave Father Satan in their soul because that's impossible, yet, they might let themselves drift into lower levels as a result of falling. One might stay on this state for a longer or lesser time.

If one had rose to a higher consciousness level, this wouldn't be a tale one would have in life. We would understand better what is important and meaningful in our existence.

The closer to this state, the more the swindles of the lower part of ours which is bred into delusion give in and we advance. The more we allow this to take ground, the ground it takes is what takes ground from our very own feet.

Our memory of our emotions, our wonder when entering this path, or our love for this all, can be fought against by external life.

Society indeed wants to shrink people, and in the current state we are at, having a soul is like owning tons of gold while gold was made illegal.

Spiritual Satanism is where you recognize and you take this gold in your custody, because it's yours. If you have forsaken the great fortune of your soul, just remember, it's never too late to return to the path, or to Father Satan.

It's time to pick up your phone, sometimes, and to tell the world that you need to finish your phone call, so that dinner can wait. This world is never devoid of another dish of delay and delusions to serve you.

The time is however, now. Even if it looks like it's late, it is not late to return.