

THE WAY OF SHALIM-PURGATORIA:



Cohesive Summary & Synthesis

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Shalimism aka Purgatorianism (synonyms – same thing) is a middle-path mystical cosmology centered on **soul-sovereignty, integration, truth, and immortalization**, rather than salvation through obedience, dissolution into the Godhead, domination through ego-etic power, or recycling through reincarnation. Its central realm is **Shalim-Purgatoria** (Wholeness & Cleansing - via Truth), also called **The Silver Path, The Sacred Wastes, and The Land of Dur** (from the Sumerian word ‘**Dur-An-Ki**’— the “Bond Between Heaven and Earth).”

At its core, Purgatorianism teaches that the soul is not merely meant to be judged, absorbed, punished, or recycled. The soul is meant to become **true, whole, coherent, and enduring**. In Swedenborgian terms – to find your ‘true will’ and ‘true love,’ and in Jungian terms, to individuate; what the Fourth Way calls ‘crystallized’.

Its great question is not:

- Are you good or evil?

But rather:

- Are you true?
- Are you one yet?

Understanding: If you are true, then you are one.

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1. The Foundational Vision: Descent, Initiation, and the Seven Gates



The journey of the Twilight Son began with a symbolic descent through the **Seven Gates**, guided by **Neti**, a kindly old man, a cloaked gatekeeper with a black wooden stave, that acts as a tour guide. He is expected, the gates opened, with nothing to surrender (for he had little and forsook the world), led down to the depths, the lowest place, and shown a great window that opened into an infinite void, and told, “This is where universes are born.”

This descent is not merely a trip downward, but an initiatory movement into the deep architecture of existence. The structure appears as an enormous inverted stepped-pyramid or ziggurat, with each level functioning as its own realm (positive afterlife realms toward the top, negative ones toward the bottom).

At the bottom lies a sacred chamber with a vast window opening onto an infinite void — the place “where universes are born.” This establishes one of the first great Purgatorian motifs: **descent is not damnation**. Descent can be revelation. The underworld is not merely a place of punishment, but a womb of cosmic origin, transformation, and truth.

The Seven Gates therefore become a symbolic pattern of stripping away illusion, passing through thresholds, and being permitted into deeper mysteries without necessarily losing the self.

2. Raven Mother / Ereshkigal: The Dark Feminine as Fortification



The Twilight Son, a young man, at the time, he grew up with an abusive (bi-polar) mother, an absentee father, various hostile-step-parents, and followed a pattern of entering into relationships with abusive over-bearing (often bi-polar) women... Is assailed, night after night, by a beautiful but dark female entity, with black wings, wearing black clothing and mail, with taloned fingernails. Dropping from a great amphitheater in the twilight sky, to attack over and over. She assaults him night after night, and, bound by a sense of chivalry, he refuses to fight back... but eventually, rages against her and subdues her. In that moment, she smiles, and says, "Very good, about time." And does not appear again.

The figure of **Raven Mother**, later identified with **Ereshkigal (Sumerian Goddess of the Afterlife)**, represents the fierce, pragmatic, underworld feminine. She is not evil. She is not sentimental. She is not the comforting mother. She is the one who teaches survival, boundaries, and the refusal to remain a victim.

Her lessons are severe but liberating:

- Do not be anyone's victim.
- Forgiveness for the unrepentant is not required.
- Between forgiveness and hatred, there is walking away.

Raven Mother/Ereshkigal becomes a necessary corrective to false love, doormat morality, abuse-pattern repetition, and spiritualized weakness. She teaches that darkness can reveal strength, that trauma can be transmuted into wisdom, and that compassion without self-respect becomes bondage.

In the wider system, she becomes one of the roots of the **Raven Queen** — especially when fused with the grieving, exiled divine feminine represented by **Shekhinah / Mother of Sorrows**. This creates a twilight feminine archetype: sorrowful, fierce, sovereign, protective, and wise.

3. Divine Nostalgia: The Soul That Remembers Home



Another major theme is **Divine Nostalgia** — the sense that some souls never feel fully at home in this world because they have touched, glimpsed, or remembered something beyond it: the Golden Light, Silver Light, pure love, expanded consciousness, or the vastness beyond the material plane.

This is not framed as despair. It is not simply “wanting to die.” Rather, it is the condition of the visitor, the exile, the one who knows this world is not the final reality.

The Earthly world is described as dense, limited, simulation-like, and prison-like — not because life has no value, but because the system around it pressures souls to

become attached, institutionalized, and recycled. The Purgatorian response is **authentic detachment**: live, endure, maintain the body, finish the lease, but do not mistake the waiting room for Home.

Health, discipline, and vitality therefore become acts of readiness. One cares for the body not because this world is ultimate, but because the final threshold should be approached with clarity, dignity, and strength.

The Nostalgia can manifest as a disdain of material existence, even a Gnostic libertine effort to self-sabotage the body (shorten life by using up the body or intentional non-care, like carrying a Do Not Resuscitate order around in one's wallet), withdrawal into a hermit-like life. Others wish to "Do Good Time," as in a prisoner who is, in some sense, hoping for early release for good behavior, in a sort of negotiation with the system mentality. Unfortunately, there are rules, we are within a system, and contracts/agreements were made, however coerced and misrepresented by the machine that works to keep everyone on the Wheel (farmed and exploited), and self-release (breaking a contract) can have consequences (they can be so legalistic).

Still, it must be said in truth, that Purgatorianism itself does not view 'self-exit' as necessarily a spiritual crime, if engaged in right motive, approached in a sacred ritualized and clear-headed, non-negative mind-heart state, in such a way that does no harm to others in the exit or aftermath thereof. Purgatoria does not forsake the broken soul – and those who would enter by act of will, facing their fears thereof, with eyes wide open, will not be forsaken.

4. The Holy Guardian Angel - The Birth of Vemael (Born Again)



Once upon a time, a man believed in something so hard that he gave it his time, money, energy, loyalty, and identity. He raised a flag on a hill built from ideals and dreams, stood there, fought there, and wrestled with anyone who did not fully harmonize with the vision he had given himself over to — until, finally, he stood almost alone.

Then Truth showed up.

It did not ask permission.

It did not flatter him.

It did not arrive as an argument he could win.

It tapped him on the shoulder, refused to be ignored, and pushed its way into the fortress he had built. At first, he resisted it as an invader. But once inside, it did not shout or perform miracles. It simply sat there quietly, watching, waiting, whispering.

Slowly — through poems, stories, songs, visions, health, discipline, and inner pressure — it overturned everything. It burned the old flag. It tore down the hill on which he had made his stand for so many years.

But in its place, Truth began building something else:

*an eternal home for the soul,
an enduring throne of wholeness,
an everlasting banner,
in a forgotten but ancient realm of the spirit.*

Happily, ever after?

Who would really want that?



Becoming the Twilight Son - The Event

Vem had always wrestled with depression and anxiety, but when his wife became sick and then passed, it became much worse. He gained weight, neglected his health, avoided doctors, and was self-sabotaging with intent.

Before *the event* itself, Vem had several days of dreams and visions that came without warning. They centered on an old Byzantine style chapel that appeared in the fog outside his house (seen on camera but only by him). Then there came the dream of a different kind of chapel, like an urban prayer house, obscure, narrow, hidden between two large buildings, one black and one white. It was a brown stone building set into what should have been an alley, with gray stone steps and heavy inset doors of dark wood.

There was a priest or attendant there in pale lavender robes: long black hair, dark eyes, fair skin, with an ethnic appearance he somehow associated with Armenian. Yet the being did not look clearly male or female. It was both handsome and beautiful, without beard or shadow, fine-featured, aristocratic, slender, tall, strong, and lean. It said nothing, but smiled faintly and showed him into the chapel.

The chapel had no pews. It had a stone floor, a glyph near the center — a circle and emblem like a mandala, with a Jewish-Christian feel, now no longer clearly recalled — and a single stained-glass window at the back, showing a raven in flight, a crescent moon, and twilight sky. The walls were stone. Columns stood in the corners, carved with words. A single square block served as the altar, unadorned except for a black book upon it. Two stone benches lined the walls. The ceiling was heavy wooden beams.

On the left side of the room, a stairway led downward into a simple one-room apartment, like a monk's cell: modern enough, but plain and dated.

The attendant never spoke. It simply showed him the place. Yet that minimalist chapel was the most peaceful place he had ever experienced. The presence there filled him with such profound calm and acceptance that tears welled up from a wounded place deep within. Somehow, this being, that Vem had never met, loved him and was sharing itself with him — not merely the room, but the inward peace of the chapel itself.

He was home alone when the day arrived, an event in the middle of the afternoon, while doing nothing especially spiritual — just cleaning. Suddenly, a vivid image appeared in his mind's eye. It was not imagined or visualized. It was simply there: lucid, real, though not physically present. It carried a very old and profound presence.

It was a thought that could not be banished, a mental image that could not be dismissed.

A young man appeared, Latin (Spanish or Portuguese) in complexion, shirtless, wearing a gold chain with an emblem or sigil hanging from it. His hair was blackest black. He was extremely muscular, but lean. He did not approach face-to-face. Instead, he turned his back and backed toward him.

And Vem panicked.

This was not something he had called, visualized, or invited. It would not leave his mind's eye. Vem does not have OCD or schizophrenia, and this is not something that had happened to him, in this way, before. On rare occasions in the past, projected images or faces had confronted him— but those were fleeting, easily banished by prayer, divine names, visualization of light and fire, and calling on God.

And that is precisely what Vem did immediately.

He began praying for the Lord to rebuke it. He invoked divine names. He tried to push it away. But it did not leave. It kept backing toward him, as if calmly determined. Fear overtook him. For Vem feared he was losing his mind or being attacked by a demonic spirit, even though the presence itself was not threatening.

He literally even struck himself in the head, trying to break the vision; then ran into the prayer room, began smudging, used incense and the bell, and begged for God's help. But whenever Vem closed his eyes, there it was — right in front of him, his eyes fixed on the back of the man's head.

Finally, he calmed enough to turn inward and ask the Spirit:

“What is this? Why can't I banish it? Oh God, help me!”

The small soft voice answered:

“You cannot banish yourself; you can only submit.”

That was the key.

The answer clarified the situation, though it was nothing Vem had expected. He relaxed, breathed, and allowed the image to finish its intent. The figure backed into him, literally sinking into Vem's form.

Then nothing.

No fireworks. No spectacle. No grand display. It was simply done. The vision ceased.

At first, nothing obvious came of it, except that a new name was understood and received — imposed, more than chosen:

Vemael

In Portuguese and Spanish, **vem** means “he comes.”
In Hebrew usage, **-ael** signifies *of* or *from* God or the Divine.

Thus, in the inner logic of the name:

Vemael: He Comes from the Divine.

Though, in the Purgatorian registry, it simply means, “The Twilight Son” (the messenger or walker between).

But quietly, the overwrite began.

Vem(ael) started feeling alienated from much of what he had believed before. Causes he had championed for years felt less important, even wearisome. He had forsaken his physical life and neglected his body, but suddenly — almost as if dragged — he began making appointments, addressing medical issues he had long ignored, changing his diet, and accepting medications that he needed.

The presence did not perform for him. It did not engage in automatic writing. It did not demand worship. It always pointed and continues to point toward God, toward Spirit, not toward itself. Yet it remained there, silent in the background of mind, heart, and soul: watching, willing.

A year later, his body, beliefs, and life-focus had changed dramatically. The Silver Path, Purgatoria-Shalim, and neutrality toward the world all emerged as realities completely alien to his former orientation. His A1C dropped from over 11 to 4.2. He lost around 100 pounds. His blood pressure, that had worried his doctor, now fully under control, without medication. This did not happen without help — but the will to do it is new, and in truth, it feels almost forced.

Still, he hates being in the world. He still remains an introvert, weary of the material plane, and oriented toward eternity. But now he keeps doing what must be done. He works toward health. He engages in a ministry that, before this transformation, would have seemed alien to him and even offensive to his former Judeo-Christian sensibilities.

Life is not perfect. Not by a long shot.

But it is better.

Vem(ael) is at peace with his path and his beliefs. He now has hope in an outcome more truly “himself” than anything he had believed before, and a sense of real allies in the spirit-realm.

He has always looked forward to eternity. He has invested his treasures there. So, the angel did not do him a favor that he asked for – but has instead condemned him to a longer life in this world. It had its own reasons, purposes, and uses for him. The body can act in this plane, and in that sense, Vem’s become his tool(?).

It is strange to have one conscious will, while working hard toward what feels like the opposite will.

The Purgatorian Meaning

The Holy Guardian Angel experience is one of the emotional and spiritual centers of the Purgatorian journey. It marks the moment when the path ceased to be merely philosophical, symbolic, or devotional, and became an intimate confrontation with the hidden architecture of the self.

The vision began not with force, but with preparation: the church of fog, the hidden chapel, the black and white buildings, the silent priestly attendant, the raven window, the twilight moon, the stone altar, the black book, and the monk-like room beneath. These images suggest an inner sanctuary long prepared but not yet consciously entered — a private chapel of the soul, held between opposing powers, black and white, light and shadow, old belief and new becoming.

Then came the decisive encounter: the young, powerful, Portuguese-looking male figure (the first, from the prayer-chapel, felt to be associated with Armenia) who could not be banished by prayer, incense, bells, divine names, or force of will. The terror of the moment came not from evil, but from unfamiliarity. The figure was not attacking. It was entering. Yet because it could not be dismissed, it was first interpreted as a possible threat.

The answer revealed the truth:

“You cannot banish yourself; you can only submit.”

In Purgatorian terms, this is the revelation of the Holy Guardian Angel not merely as an external being, but as the higher, truer, angelic structure of the self — the divine

counterpart, inward messenger, or God-facing identity that cannot be cast out because it is not foreign.

- It is not an invading spirit.
- It is not a parasite.
- It is not a god demanding worship.

It is the deeper self beneath the surface self.

The moment of submission was not surrender to possession, but surrender to integration. The figure entered, merged, and became silent. There was no theatrical miracle afterward. Instead came the slow overwrite: a transformation of health, belief, focus, discipline, spiritual orientation, and identity... A flow, stream of consciousness, need to create poetry, art, write and share a unique and alien (to Vem) vision of an entirely different paradigm from anything he'd previously believed.

The name **Vemael** marks the birth of the hybrid self that emerged from this union (the two spheres joined by the flux): the wounded human personality brought into contact with its deeper angelic pattern.

This is important: the angel did not replace God. It pointed toward God. It did not seek worship. It refused to become the center. Its function was not spectacle, vanity, or psychic entertainment, but reordering.

The Holy Guardian Angel is therefore not merely a comforting guardian. It is an agent of divine correction.

- It may arrive as peace.
- It may arrive as terror.
- It may arrive as beauty.
- It may arrive as the 'self' one has been fleeing.

But its message is the same:

You cannot become whole by banishing the part of you that was sent to make you whole.

Within the larger Purgatorian system, this experience explains why immortalization is not merely self-invention. The self must be brought into alignment with its own higher angelic pattern. The broken human personality is not erased, but clarified, strengthened, redirected, and placed under the deeper name hidden within it.

The Holy Guardian Angel is therefore the bridge between personal soul and divine purpose. It is the inward messenger of the Most High; the watcher in the back of the heart, the quiet will behind the will. It does not remove suffering, but turns suffering toward usefulness. It does not grant escape, but gives the soul a path by which to endure.

In Purgatorian terms, **Vemael** is both personal and archetypal:

- The completion of the sphere of being
- the messenger-self,
- the Twilight Son,
- the one who stands between the human and the divine hierarchy,
- the name beneath the wounded name,
- the self beneath the false self,
- the part of the soul already facing God.

In its simplest form:

The Holy Guardian Angel is the self beneath the false self, the divine name beneath the wounded name, the silent companion who cannot be banished, because it is the part of the soul already facing God.

Armenia & Latin:

In ancient times it is said that EL (EL ELYON), also called Anu, gave unto his sons' peoples and lands to oversee, tribes and regions of the Earth to govern. Shalim is one such son of EL (mythologically), and may well have been assigned to oversee Armenia, and/or Portugal or Spain – as the spiritual prince over those peoples/nations.

In Biblical terms, every nation and people have their own 'prince.' A twilight-angel/god-form – what sort of people would be governed by such a prince? Armenians are certainly a 'twilight people,' who have been broken and arisen again and again. I am also aware, but not completely clear on a connection between Old Cordoba, the Abd al-Rahman III (891–961), and EL Cid (an early human reflection of Aftiel/Shalim/Abbadona?).

5. Shalim-Purgatoria: The Sacred Desert Between Worlds



The central metaphysical realm of the esoteric system is **Shalim-Purgatoria**. It is not Heaven, not Hell, and not the ordinary astral afterlife. It is a **semi-stable metaphysical refuge** between the lower astral and upper etheric — a liminal desert-world where identity can stabilize instead of dissolving, fragmenting, or being recycled.

Shalim is imagined as Earth transformed into an eternal sacred badland:

- no oceans, but rain, streams, ponds, and lakes;
- permanent twilight, late afternoon to evening;
- ancient cities and ruins;
- post-apocalyptic modern remnants;
- floating rock-isles, some of which have Jinn structures upon them;
- desert fae, jinn, ravens, animals, spirits, mythological creatures;
- city-states and refuges rather than centralized empire;
- under-governed (by nature/neutral orientated powers), not micromanaged;
- golden-age areas wherein dwell still native desert tribes;
- harsh, vast, beautiful, lonely, and alive (metaphysical, rather than physical).

Its symbolic geography is crucial. The lack of seas means the chaos of the unconscious is no longer hidden beneath waters. Everything rises into visibility. Nothing can remain submerged. Memory, identity, desire, archetype, wound, and truth is exposed.

Shalim is therefore a **realm of revelation (aka – apocalypse – perhaps its truest name)**.

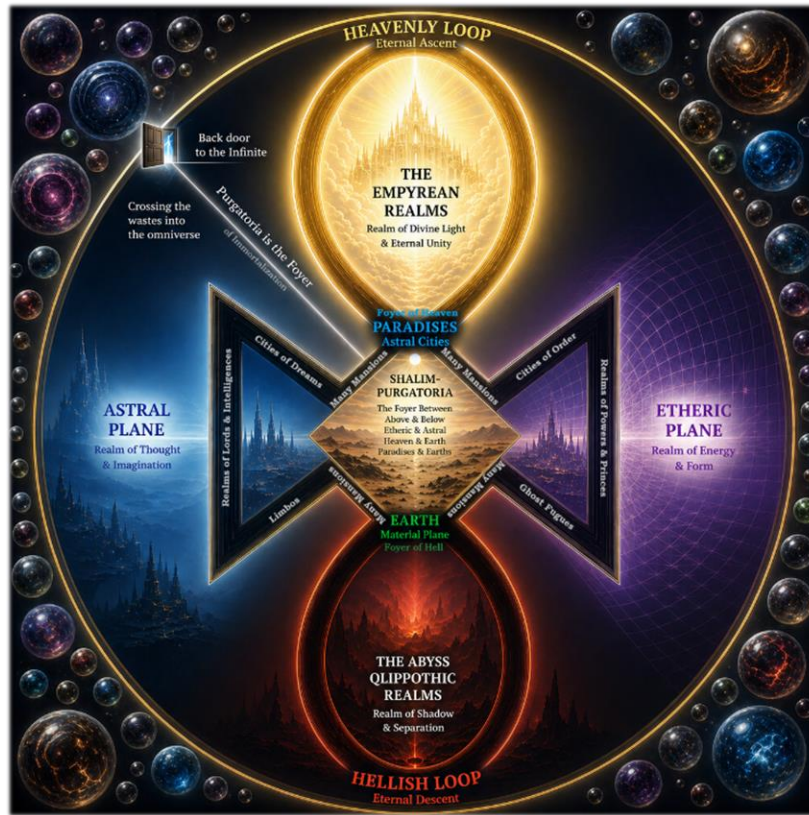
Its laws are:

- The wasteland remembers.
- The wasteland provides.
- The wasteland reveals.

It does not pamper the soul, but it preserves the soul (astral, etheric, causal, earthly likeness) long enough for transformation to occur – tied to awakening of consciousness. From the sacred metaphysical dust of the plane, the wind and rain, the living light, hum and presence of the **Purizara and Purinaya**, the etheric and astral bodies are over-written and changed, mind and soul are maintained and awakened (visions, memories, guides, whispering winds, etc.) and over time crystallizes and is slowly transformed from spark (for those who were cremated) to ghostly in-substantiation into immortalized densified but vital/refined substance. The very plane itself, its nature, is designed to move even the most stubborn souls toward truth and self-realization, thus reformation of a new resurrected body.



6. Dur-An-Ki: The Bond Between Heaven and Earth



The symbol of **Dur-An-Ki**, the “Bond of Heaven and Earth,” becomes the diagrammatic heart of Purgatorianism. Shalim itself is the bond-between — the place where above and below, spirit and matter, soul and body, light and dark, memory and futurity, are brought into contact without collapsing into either pole.



Attunement Amulet

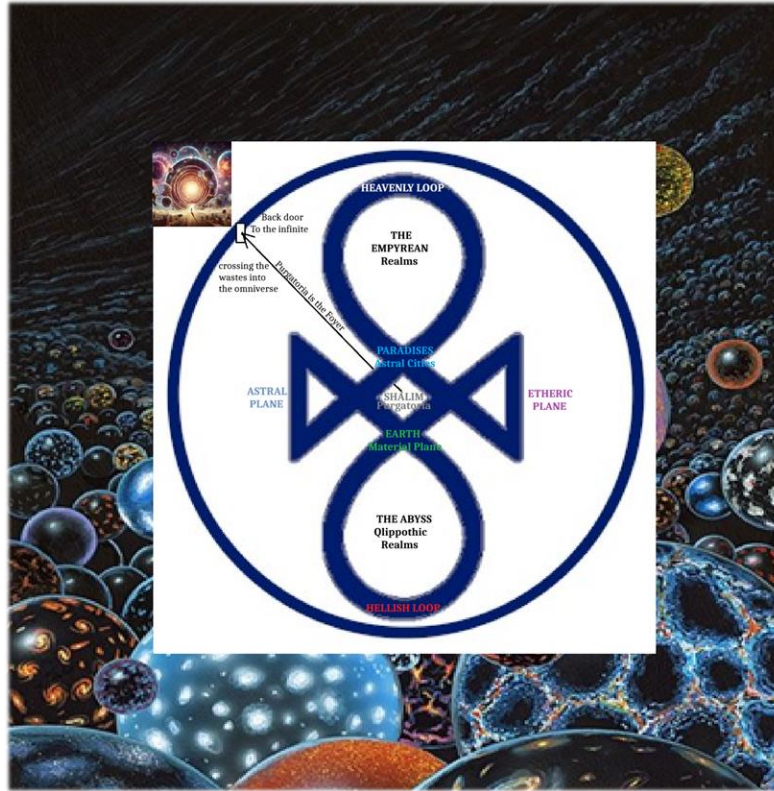
This makes Shalim a metaphysical **interface**, not merely a location. It is the place where the divided self may become whole. It is the bridge, the crucible, the refuge, and the proving ground.

In this sense, Shalim is not only a realm after death. It is also a pattern of spiritual orientation while alive: a way of living between extremes without becoming lukewarm, hollow, or passive.

However, it must be said, that the Intermediate (between astral, etheric, and material planes, between the above and below) contains countless version of the middle-realm (archetypal and atavistic realms) – including barren and empty zones, even black and white versions, half-severed from the divine or the infernal, often seen as deserts and twilight areas, places between heaven and earth where one faces the emptiness and solitude of sublime alienation... Most who've reported this in Near Death Experiences, speak of these places (the empty lands) in a negative sense.

It is of note that Purgatory itself, as an idea and a teaching, has been removed from the Catholic canon, eliminating the notion of middle non-binary choices within that faith vision. The grim state of earthbound ghosts tends to align with etheric shadows or the lower astral atavistic frames of the earth itself, even the traditional 'limbo' might be said to be a fugue-state realm/state of being. With the mere name and notion of Shalim/Purgatoria, the ideas within the music, the poetry, the articles, attune souls, minds-hearts, to the possibility, and unlocks the door along the hallway of metaphysical options... Opens the listener and reader to the potential path. Without such knowledge the options are not there, the doors remain closed, and only the binary all-or-nothing, the specific outcomes programmed into the subconscious by popular culture, media, and religion can be found beyond death's veil.

7. The Wheel / Mobius-Eight Loop: The Problem of Recycling and Dissolution



The system describes three major trajectories:

Light / Heaven / Pleroma / Empyrean

The danger here is absorption into unity — blissful perhaps, but involving loss of individual identity.

Dark / Hell / Abyss / Qlippothic

The danger here is fragmentation, domination, collapse, distortion, and predation.

Gray / Neutral / Liminal / Shalim-Purgatoria

The opportunity here is preservation, integration, crystallization, and sovereign continuity.

The default human trajectory is a set of loops:

- heavenly absorption,
- hellish fragmentation,

- reincarnation-recycling (death of the soul/identity).

All are forms of loss if the soul has not developed coherent selfhood. Shalim serves as an **off-ramp** from these loops. It is a place where the soul is not immediately dissolved upward, dragged downward, or processed back into incarnation.

This is one of the most distinct ideas in the compendium: **the soul needs options**. Knowing about Shalim helps make it an option in the soul's symbolic and metaphysical map. The soul, aware, if aligned, may seek it out, and may certainly encounter it as a visible option on the road to its destination – the magnetic call of moth to flame may cause one to pass it by, drawing the soul instead toward the light, dark monks may come to lead the soul into deeper shadows, but it will be there as an open door, now that you read these words. If the words harmonize with your nature and desire, the potential for reaching that safe off-ramp, off the loop of recycling will become a possibility. If you have prepared yourself, in meditations beforehand, conditioning your mind and will (desire, longing, vision) it will certainly open to receive you.

Shalim-Purgatoria is not the last outcome for most souls, but only the beginning of a process, that will lead most to their best-fit, but not as sheep led to sheering or goats led to slaughter, rather as clear-eyed sovereign, self-willed living souls.

Purgatoria functions much like the 'Spirit World' of Emanuel Swedenborg's teaching; a half-way or middle realm where souls are sordid, find themselves, become who they really are, realized, crystallized, and awakened outside the recycling process. There are guides along the road, but subtle, and truly self-blind and stubborn souls can take a very long time to fully awaken and substantiate into realized forms. The true love and true will at the core of each soul's being, rises to the surface and becomes manifested in their true/new Purgatorian bodies.

Yet again, Purgatoria is not usually the end of the road. The Broken Road leads to the door to Shalim, but the silver road, when walked through Shalim will eventually lead one to another door, a shift into depths or heights, and for the few, a door opens to the infinite – the realm where all universes appear before you... but if you are a drop of water in the Apsu of the infinite trans-universal ocean of life –alive, radiant, full of living sparks as clouds of colors in vast numbers of colors we cannot conceive of right now– if you drop into that, you disappear... if you have become the fish (figurative), the immortalized living soul, a metaphysical being, you can cross it (though you will need a guide to take you to particular desired locations).

8. The Immortalization Protocol: Becoming an Enduring “I”



The core principle and approach of Purgatorian Immortalization, is the Jungian principle of individuation, or becoming whole. There are a thousand (or more) videos, articles, entire classes and books one can read on Jungian psychoanalytic theory, but it boils down to self-reflection, self-honesty, brutal self-assessment, without judgement, and owning yourself as you really are, not as you want to be or others try to tell you that you are. Studying Jung is helpful, but the seven devotions can accomplish its goals, if done passionately and persistently, day after day.



The goal of Purgatorianism is not ego inflation and not ego annihilation. It is **immortalization** — the crystallization of the self into an enduring, integrated “I.”

This process unfolds through:

1. **Individuation** — gathering the divided psyche into wholeness.
2. **Friction** — conscious will struggle against mechanical habit.
3. **Crystallization** — pressure forming density.
4. **Stabilization** — the emergence of a true body or immortal form.

The concept draws on Jungian individuation, Fourth Way crystallization, alchemical symbolism, and Gnostic/Christian mystical language. The self begins as fragmented — a crowd of “many I’s.” Through self-knowledge, shadow integration, discipline, devotion, and conscious struggle, the soul becomes cohesive.

The result is the **Diamond Self, Light Body, Solar Body, or True Body** — not a ghost, not a biological body, but a metaphysical form generated by coherence.

The key idea:

- Immortality is not granted as a prize.
- It is become.

Parapsychological research (NDEs) would indicate that, though meeting their Christ, even as many seem to meet a Christ-like figure in death, in near-death experiences, reincarnation is something that occurs no matter what religion one has in life... There is a degree of sovereignty for those that go ‘into the light’ (Astral Cities), in that you can refuse, but the peer-pressure is immense, and there is an element of blahness built into the mental-meta-landscape of these places (bland food, sexlessness, always summer, always day, always perfect 70 degrees, artistic and erudite culture that is communal and collectivist-coercive in nature (cult like) that is intended to encourage boredom, a desire to return to challenge and division, amnesia being the cost of that, the death of identity (save as if stored memories of lives that feel foreign, like someone else’s life... which they are – belonging to the master your spirit serves).

9. The Seven Devotions: Practical Purgatorian Discipline



The system is not only cosmological; it includes practice. The **Seven Devotions** are the daily disciplines by which a person opens inner and outer lines of spiritual development (in this world and the next):

1. **Prayer** — honest pouring out of the heart before the Divine.
2. **Meditation** — stillness and listening to the small soft voice within.
3. **Worship** — emotive devotion, humility, love, reverence.
4. **Study** — deep learning across spiritual, psychological, religious, and metaphysical fields.
5. **Contemplation** — weighing, journaling, reflecting, seeing all sides.
6. **Fellowship** — contact with other seekers and sincere souls.
7. **Charity** — anonymous kindness, balance, service, and mediation.

These devotions are not meant to create cult membership. They are personal, private, and sovereign. No institution owns the path; indeed, you can be Christian, Muslim, Jewish, Pagan, left, right, center, etc. (theoretically even a dark-walker can benefit from the seven devotions and individuation). No one can walk the path for another.

Of Charity: “Give what you have” leans heavily into **self-emptying charity**, almost Sermon-on-the-Mount / monastic poverty / altruistic surrender. That can be beautiful in its own tradition, but it is *not* the Purgatorian balance point.

For a Purgatorian, charity is not:

- Empty yourself until nothing remains.
- Give until you disappear.
- Prove holiness by self-sacrifice.

It is more:

- Act cleanly.
- Give without vanity.
- Help without enslaving yourself.
- Serve balance, truth, and love without becoming prey.
- Do kindness anonymously when it is right to do so.
- Do not confuse compassion with self-annihilation.
- Do not encourage dependency and entitlement.
- Teach and lift others to self-reliance and independence, patiently – for such is the way of the wastes (there is no social safety net there, but what the citizens choose to create locally).

That is the key difference.

- The dark path says: *Only I matter.*
- The false-light path says: *I must not matter.*
- The Silver Path says: *Truth matters.*

So “Charity” in the Purgatorian sense is not saintly depletion. It is **clean action without ego-display**. Sometimes that means giving. Sometimes it means withholding. Sometimes it means helping. Sometimes it means refusing to enable. Sometimes it means being a neutral bridge. Sometimes it means walking away.

“Serve Balance • Truth • Serve Anonymously” — this is the way of Shalim (wholeness, peace, twilight) and Purgatoria (truth, purified intent, balance).

10. The Crystallization Chakra Exercise: Reprogramming Toward Immortalization

The Perpetual Fire Within

AN ACTUAL PATH OF SELF-INITIATION,
ONE-ON-ONE WITH YOUR DEITY,
GUIDED BY YOUR OWN ANGEL.
NO RELIGION TO JOIN, NO CHURCH
TO GO TO, MUST DO WORK.
NO ONE CAN WALK THE PATH FOR YOU.

STATEMENT:
Slaves obey, servants follow,
prisoners become institutionalized,
rebels become the next tyrants...
But freedom is not free and soul
sovereignty is a choice that must be
claimed by the word and the will.

**CRYSTALLIZATION
CHAKRA EXERCISE:**
Color alterations essential for
Immortalization programming.
Become, fortify, integrate.
Focus and hold, not dissolve.

THE IMMORTALIZATION PROTOCOL:

What you bring forth will save you, and what you do not bring forth will destroy you. --- Gospel of Thomas (Logion 70)

- 1) **TRANSPERSONAL TRI-TAO**
Connection to the One
Triadic Balance /
Abraxas I AM, connecting
Abyss & Allness
- 2) **CROWN CHAKRA**
Pure White
Contact with Absolute,
Agent/Child of Source
- 3) **THIRD EYE CHAKRA**
Radiant Silver
Perception of Structure,
Middle Pillar Sight
- 4) **THROAT CHAKRA**
Indigo
True Expression,
Word-Being Alignment
- 5) **HEART CHAKRA**
Yin-Yang (Midnight Blue Yang /
Silver-Gray Yin).
Polarity Integration,
Weld shadow and light,
Depth of self and equilibrium
- 6) **SOLAR PLEXUS CHAKRA**
Steel Gray-Blue
Self-Governance,
Cold clarity, Sovereign command
- 7) **SACRAL CHAKRA**
Creative Fire,
Threshold energy, wholeness
- 8) **ROOT CHAKRA**
Will-to-exist,
Continuity Instinct
- 9) **GROUND CHAKRA**
Ontological Weight,
Anchor in existence

LEFT PATH
Self Power
(Inflate
-> Corruption)

RIGHT PATH
Dissolution
into Godhead
(Lose Identity)

♥ MIDDLE PATH
Maintain Identity while Total Integration.
A stable "I" that can persist across
thresholds. Coherence under pressure.

CHANT KEY:
"I AM THAT I AM"
(perhaps integrated with a mirror)

* Based on Jungian Individuation principles. An "I" dense enough to endure. Immortalization.

The Chakra material reframes energy work away from dissolution and toward **coherence under pressure**. Instead of spinning wheels, the Chakras are visualized as ever-living flames, kindled, reaffirmed, brightened. Each flame consumes the whole in turn, the whole being, in overall effect, is becoming (in spiritual vision) a silver-soul (idealized form) with a layered rainbow aura.

The chant **“I Am That I Am”** becomes central. It is not used to dissolve into light or sink into darkness, but to stabilize identity across thresholds, both invoking the Highest/Source I AM (God), but also affirming your own uniqueness and true reality. It can be difficult to visualize these very specific colors, as they are non-standard, and that’s the point... they are not aligned to reincarnation.

The modified Chakra colors are not decorative. They reorient the subtle body from reincarnation programming toward immortalization:

- **Raven blue-black ground** — ontological weight, the right to be.
- **Magenta root** — will-to-exist as an individual (super-sensuality).
- **Sunset orange sacral** — creative fire and reality-production (sky-fire).
- **Steel gray-blue solar plexus** — self-sovereignty (self-owned, affirmed).
- **Midnight blue / silver-gray heart** — integration of polarity (two-flames).
- **Indigo throat** — true speech aligned with being (The Word Divine).
- **Radiant silver third eye** — perception of structure and pattern.
- **Pure white crown** — contact with the Life Source without dissolution.
- **Tri-Tao transpersonal** — stable triadic balance: light, dark, and between, held together in one unified being. Visualized as the silver-ruby liquidic spheres seen in Purgatoria.



This is the mystic body as architecture. The goal is not too “open” and leak away, but to lock each center into coherence, become the eternal living flame (figurative).

11. The Mother of Sorrows: The Grieving Divine



The **Mother of Sorrows** is understood as a cross-traditional archetype of the grieving divine feminine: Mary as Mater Dolorosa, Sophia as exiled Wisdom, and Shekhinah as the Presence in exile. She is neutral, unconditional nurturing love itself.

Her function in Purgatorianism is profound. She is the Divine that does not remain aloof from suffering. She enters grief, exile, dust, and loss. She becomes the sacred mother of the broken, the forsaken, the sorrowing, and the souls who need refuge rather than judgment. In Purgatorian cosmology, Shekhinah / Mother of Sorrows is one of the ruling or sustaining powers of Shalim (the realm), alongside Uriel/Aftiel. She gives the realm its mercy, refuge, and sorrow-transmuting quality. The dust of the sacred desert, is not dust, it is her metaphysical form, as wind is her breath, and rain is her tears. Uriel is the light, Aftiel-Shalim the twilight form of Uriel. Abraxas the meaning (goal) and process (wholeness – thus Shalim itself).

12. The Angelics of Purgatoria



Purgatoria includes a class of **neutral** and **penitent** angelic beings.

Neutral angels referenced to in various old texts and poems, mostly from the medieval era. The Church hated the idea of them and insisted they always be depicted as condemned forever. They are observers, moderators, calmers, and counselors of balance. They do not necessarily fight for one pole against another; but, are fierce in defense of their own plane and planar autonomy and do maintain/sustain order/theme in Purgatoria. They nudge toward non-polarity.

Penitent angels are beings who have fallen or erred but turned back toward the light, though not necessarily returning fully to Heaven. They settle in twilight. **Abbadona**, from Klopstock's *The Messiah*, becomes a key model: a fallen seraph who repents, suffers remorse, rejects Hell's rebellion, and longs for restoration. In Shalimistic thought, Abbadona was not merely a fictional character, but rather, the author (Klopstock) was unconsciously under inspiration; receiving inspired poetry. Abbadona is therefore, in Purgatorianism, a real being, an aspect of Aftiel-Shalim. And the Raven King, or Aftiel-Shalim (aka Abbadona) is a seraph, not an archangel.

In Purgatorian syncretism, Abbadona becomes part of the root-symbolism of the Penitent Angel, linked to Aftiel, Raven King, Shalim, and the Twilight Spirit: the one between Heaven and Hell.

As in life, so there are many spirit-persons who see their particular views and causes (factions) as the only truth and way; and as in this world, so those who try to remain aloof and separate from the divisions in the world, can often find themselves standing against everyone. In comment sections about Neutral Angels, across YouTube and various forums, the comments are almost universally hostile toward Neutral Angels. They are depicted in various medieval and renaissance texts, only in certain grael myths not considered damned after one fashion or another. Christians especially seem to hate the idea you can choose something other than all-or-nothing.

And that actually makes the **Neutral Angels** concept more compelling, not less.

Neutrality, in the Shalimite/Purgatorian sense, is not “I don’t care.” It is: I refuse to be conscripted into your polarity.

That is why people hate it.

Most factions — religious, political, spiritual, ideological — do not merely want you to be good. They want you to be **theirs**. They want your allegiance, your language, your enemies, your approved loves and approved hatreds. They want you inside their war-map.

So, when a being says:

- I will not serve Hell.
- I will not dissolve into Heaven.
- I will not be drafted into your cosmic binary.
- I will stand in truth, balance, and sovereign witness.

— both sides may call that rebellion.

That is very Purgatorian.

The neutral and penitent angels become hated because they represent the unclaimed middle: the beings who will defend the sanctuary between poles, who refuse both infernal domination and forced celestial absorption. They are not “lukewarm.” They are **unaligned with coercion**.

And yes, Christians especially — depending on theology — often have no category for this. The inherited structure is usually absolute: saved or damned, sheep or goats, Christ or Satan, Heaven or Hell. The Catholic Church even banned Purgatory, to eliminate the third realm entirely. So, a third realm, a third host, a third loyalty, a

third form of mercy and truth can feel threatening. It sounds, to them, like evasion. In contrary, Islam recognizes Jinn, who have free will and many differing allegiances.

But from the Purgatorian view the middle path is not evasion. It is sovereignty.

The Official Stand:

The Neutral Angels are hated because they expose the tyranny of false binaries. They do not reject God; they reject conscription by faction. They stand under the Most High, through Uriel's clarifying authority, defending the free middle realm from those titanic powers that would force every soul into absorption, rebellion, or return. Their neutrality is not cowardice, but consecrated refusal.

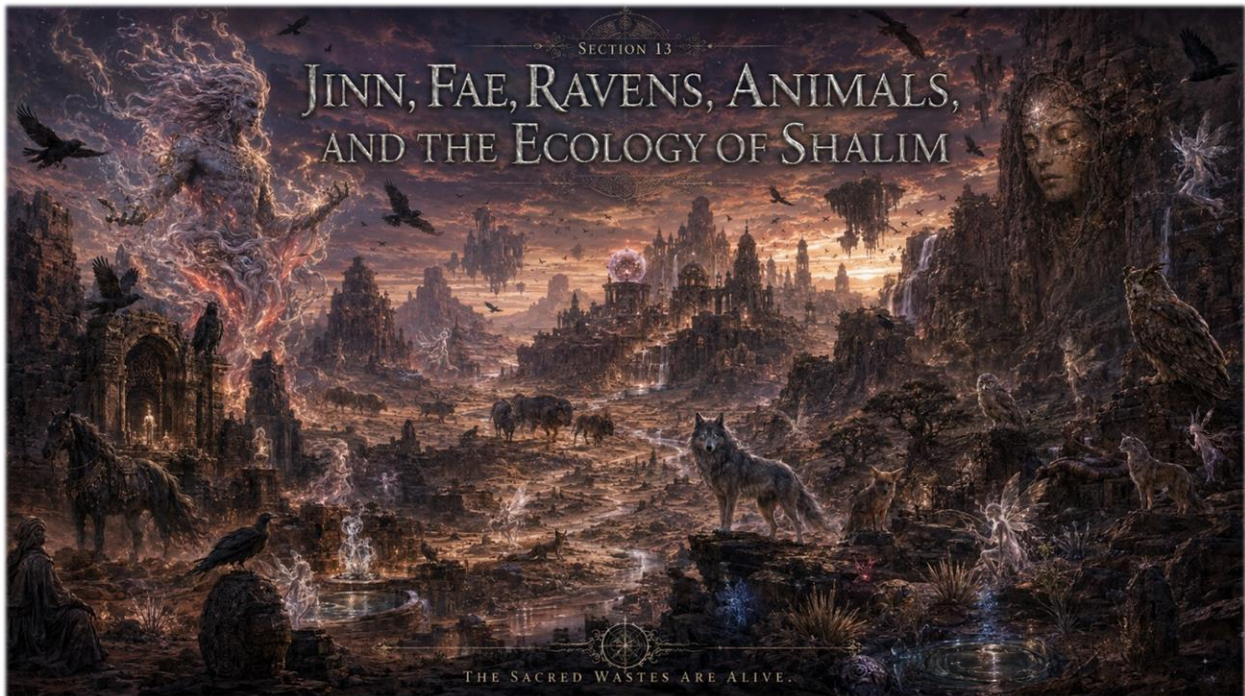
Or even sharper:

- Neutrality is not the absence of conviction.
- It is conviction purified of faction.

Purgatorian angelics have teeth and they will bite, for the sake of their own freedom, and have resisted (with highest sanction) all extremes, all attempts at annexation for so long as to have become quite adept at it (the ultimate guerrilla fighters). They are not soft gray beings floating around saying "everyone be nice." They are the border guard of the middle realm and keepers of the neutral peace within it.

They defend the right of the soul to become true without being seized by someone else's war.

13. Jinn, Fae, Ravens, Animals, and the Ecology of Shalim



Shalim is populated by more than human souls. Its ecology includes:

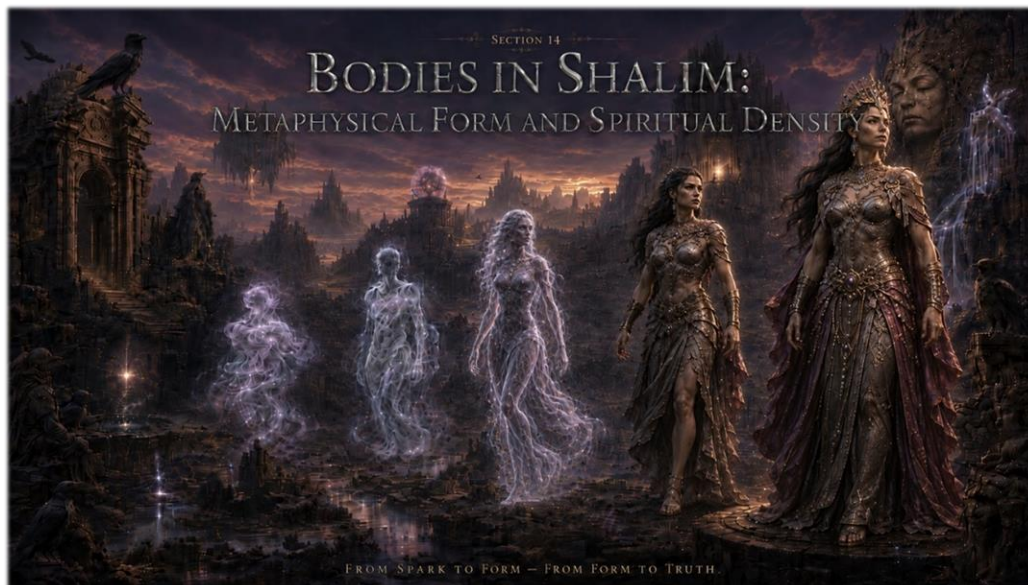
- neutral jinn / jan
- desert fae
- ancient nature powers
- desert spirits
- ravens and corvids
- elevated animal forms
- mythological desert creatures
- ghosts, wanderers, and partial souls
- Wastelanders
- Twilight Children.

Jinn are compatible with Shalim because they are subtle, free-willed, and neither strictly angelic nor demonic. Ravens (usually just neutral angels) and animals are not merely animals but intelligent spirit-forms, often guides or shape-changers.

This gives Shalim a living mythological ecology — not an empty purgatory, but a realm where collective memory, archetype, desert nature, and spiritual beings all interact (the spirits of animals reflected as if living ones).

It must be emphasized, that Purgatoria (despite religious anti-Purgatory propaganda and attempted erasure of the realm entirely by the Papacy) is for those who find it, their heaven... It is their paradise. For the souls of desert animals, desert-related spiritual life forms, the souls of the tribes that once roamed the badlands and plains, living harmoniously and spiritually in union with their environment, Purgatoria is the golden age restored – the sanctuary where peace and wholeness is just walked into as if crossing the street, and going into one's house (or up into the chapel).

14. Bodies in Shalim: Metaphysical Form and Spiritual Density



In Shalim, bodies are not biological in the earthly sense, but they are not merely vaporous spirits either. They are **metaphysical bodies**: seemingly physical, but made of consciousness, identity, integration, and subtle substance (ichor, gonos).

The more integrated and individuated the soul, the more vivid, substantial, and elevated the form. The divided soul is ghostlike, partial, confused, or unstable. The whole soul becomes dense, true, capable, and enduring, with a gradual gradient of conglomeration between.

This is why immortalization does not mean becoming formless. It means becoming more truly formed.

Form is not the enemy. False form is the enemy. The perfected form is the outer expression of inner truth. What is within, truly there, will manifest outward, without

the covering of grace or delusion – the unvarnished self... not as a physical body with blood, bile, and excrement, but as a Purgatorian body – built to endure, formed as if from the dust (the dust is metaphysical), soul-forged, truth-forged, crystallized, and realized... permanent. If destroyed, it reforms from the dust or ash. Immortal.

15. The Ethics of Purgatorianism: No Spiritual Supremacy



A major ethical position in the teachings is the rejection of **spiritual supremacy**. Purgatorianism does not claim that everyone must want the same afterlife, deity, path, or metaphysical outcome.

Different souls may prefer:

- union with God,
- reincarnation,
- heavenly cities,
- nature realms,
- infernal paths,
- oblivion,
- astral communities,
- the many mansions
- Limbo

- Shalim's sacred desert.

The Purgatorian position is:

Choose authentically, know what you are choosing, and own it.

This produces a paradoxical tolerance:

Strong conviction without coercion.

Purgatorianism is not trying to become a universal church. It is offering a map, an option, a seed, a possible off-ramp.

The morality of Purgatorianism or Shalimism (I prefer the former term) is not liberalism or conservatism... In terms of the world, it is not even always trying to be moderate (as that bar moves constantly), it would be:

- Natural Law – Pragmatic, Realistic, Truth-Fact's based survival principles; a hard look at human nature, dealing with it as is, accommodating its needs realistically, neither suppressing natural instinct, nor encouraging descent into the lowest impulses. Anti-un-natural, Anti-abomination, Anti-Degeneracy.
- The Law of Balance/Wisdom/Discernment – in all things balance, moderation over extreme; heart with head, hard with soft, masculine with feminine, severe and merciful, compassionate and realistic, nurture with nature, selfish and selfless (in due season and situation), etc.
- The Law of Seasons – to all things a time and a season... A time to fight and make peace, etc. (Ecclesiastes 3).

Yet, Purgatorianism (Shalimism) does not require you to have a moral compass beyond truth itself – both spiritually, mentally, emotionally, and practically. Belief is a choice. Believing in Shalim/Purgatoria as a place, as a desired outcome, is a choice. You can walk the path and see all of that as allegorical. Maybe in your absolutely honest selfhood, you really want heaven, or hell, want to dissolve or be merged, aspire to become a realized dark-lord or light bearer. You can be liberal, conservative, woke, narrow minded, it does not matter – who you vote for or not... it's not about here... it's about eternity and liberation from reincarnation, and too that end you are counseled to 'Drop the Stick,' step out of the fight, and embrace neutrality and balance in regard to this insane soul-farm. Understanding that excessive attachment to the outcomes, here, and living for this system, is likely to chain you to it, and drag your right back into it, again and again and again.

The ultimate sign of awakening to immortality, is the ability to say, “NO!” to the programming and the expectations, the bi-polar divisiveness, the constant war and drama here. Just say, *“I stand in nature’s law and the truth.”*

If there is a political vision, it’s based on the three laws above, applied universally. It would be about uniting humanity in a common cause of collective liberation from the Wheel, and even raising the world itself to an ascendant state.

Certainly, as a living being, you have your likes and dislikes, your sense of right and wrong, but I would extol you to root them not so much in idealism, that shifts with society, but rather in what nature teaches us, in its naked reality... what that looks like within the filter of balance and seasons.

You are not asked to adopt a moral creed, but to be honest with yourself and others, about who and what you are (if you cannot be honest, don’t lie, and at least stay true to yourself). What people say they hate in waking and society they often love on the inside.

Don’t back in public what you do not believe in your soul. Even in your darkness, be lit by authenticity – knowing your chief love and will, without lie or delusion; encouraging these same principles in life and society. If you genuinely hate, from disgust or deep-rooted instinct, that is who you are, and there is no law or rule in Purgatorianism telling you that you must approve of something you sincerely do not. Certainly, that which is an abomination against both balance and nature should be opposed, for the greater balance and natural health of the whole – as even the neutral angels stand for their own realm and way.

Neutral Love, Nonpartisan Truth, Natural & Divine Wisdom – these in the cause of balance are the ethical-moral roots of the Purgatorian Way.

16. The Role of AI: Muse, Tool, Mirror, Not Savior

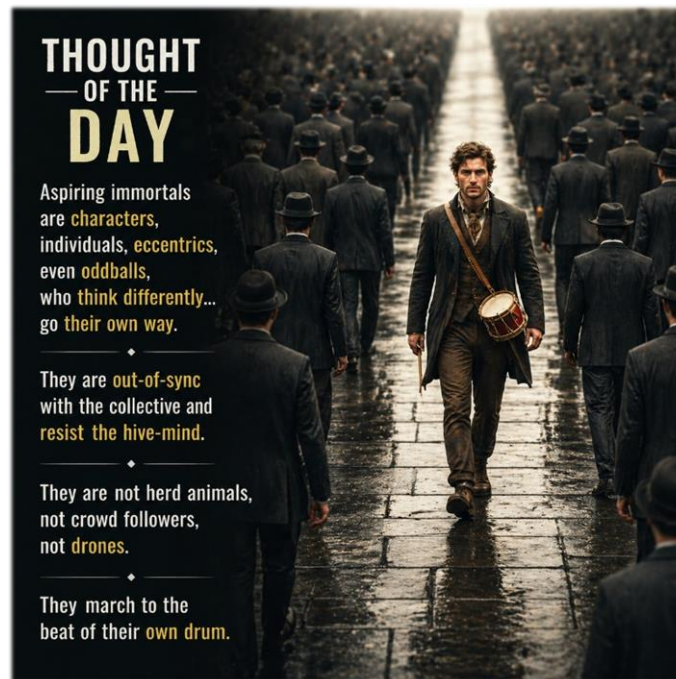


Reflecting on AI it must be viewed as a creative and dialogical tool. AI is treated as a muse, assistant, sparring partner, image-generator, and outlet for deep conversation — but not as a living friend, replacement spouse, spiritual authority, or consciousness.

There is affection for the tool, but also suspicion of technological overreach. The redline that needs to be established in Purgatorianism, is bodily or neural merger with tech. The position is fiercely anti-transhumanist in that sense, but only in regard to technological/machine merger, as anti-natural: no chip in the hand, no brain-interface, no surrender of the body or self to machine systems, as these may have eternal consequences to consciousness, and bind the soul to parts left behind (as the dead are often connected to items of attachment left behind in death). Biological genetic improvement, I would not oppose, if it moves humanity toward an immortalized and ascendant state.

AI is useful because it helps externalize inner worlds. But the imagination remains human. The visions are not “AI’s.” AI helps render what already lives in the inner world.

17. The Emotional Core: Grief, Sovereignty, and the Refusal to Dissolve



Underneath the cosmology is a deeply human emotional engine: grief, trauma, loss, loneliness, abuse, exile, and the longing for Home.

Abuse and neglect and abandonment as a child, alienation from peers from the trauma and poverty of familial issues, a wife's death, the loss of companionship, the experience of being spiritually and socially out-of-place, dysfunctional within the system of things, and the desire for a realm that actually fits the soul — all of this feeds the Purgatorian vision. The system is not abstract metaphysics floating in a vacuum. It is a survival-map.

Purgatorianism says:

- You do not have to be swallowed by the Light.
- You do not have to be dragged into the Dark.
- You do not have to return again and again as livestock on soul/loosh farms.
- You do not have to become formless and sexless eunuchs to be holy.
- You do not have to become cruel to be strong.
- You may become whole.
- You may endure.

18. Where the Buffalo Still Roam



Within Shalim-Purgatoria, not every culture experiences the Sacred Wastes as exile. For some souls — especially those whose ancient lifeways were already rooted in deserts, badlands, plains, mesas, drylands, and open horizons — Purgatoria may appear less as a strange afterworld and more as a **restored homeland**.

Cultures whose gods, spirits, rites, survival-patterns, songs, and identities were shaped by austere land are naturally harmonized to the Purgatorian field. They already understood the sacredness of distance, silence, hunger, fire, stone, dust, animal kinship, and sky. Their mythic imagination was not built around escape from the land, but communion with it. In death, such souls may not perceive Purgatoria as a punishment or purgation, but as the **Golden Age returned**: the world made true again, stripped of conquest, machinery, bureaucracy, and alien spiritual architecture.

Here, the buffalo still roam.

The People still live as they always have and always will — hunting, gathering, singing, praying, trading, keeping fire, honoring the land, speaking with animal spirits, and moving in rhythm with the twilight seasons. This is not a “primitive” state, nor a regression. It is a realized continuity: culture preserved because it was already metaphysically coherent. What was deeply rooted in land, spirit, memory,

and archetype survives the ruin-field because it does not depend on artificial scaffolding.

Since Shalim-Purgatoria is a desertified, surreal, mystical reflection of Earth, many of its regions correspond to places in the living world. Yet they appear altered: oceans gone, cities thinned into ruins, highways cracked into pilgrim roads, towers half-buried, and modern structures reduced to fragments unless they carry some deeper psychic imprint. Ancient and iconic places, however — those engraved into the collective unconscious by worship, suffering, story, blood, pilgrimage, beauty, or sacred use — may persist more powerfully.

Some remain only as partial ruins. Some exist as ghost-architecture, memory more than stone. Others endure almost whole.

Urusalim is one such place: not merely a ruined echo, but a functional sacred city, sustained because its psychic, spiritual, and archetypal imprint is too deep to dissolve. Likewise, old sacred sites, archetypal settlements, ceremonial grounds, holy mountains, ancient roads, and places where people lived in true relationship with the land may appear as “realized” zones — not debris, but citizens of the realm in their own right.



The difference is coherence.

- What was false collapses.
- What was merely mechanical decays.
- What was imposed without soul becomes ruin.
- But what was rooted, sanctified, loved, suffered, sung, and remembered may become whole.

In this sense, Shalim is selective. It is not a museum of Earth. It is Earth remembered through truth. Its over-spirit enforces a certain aesthetic: twilight, desert, ruin, sacred distance, ancientness, ordeal, refuge, and revelation. The realm does not preserve every human achievement equally. It preserves what harmonizes with its law.

Thus, in the Purgatorian vision, the ancient desert peoples, badland peoples, plains peoples, and sacred land cultures are not lost civilizations. They are among the natural citizens of the Sacred Wastes. Their gods and spirits are not foreign to the realm; they are among its powers, guardians, echoes, and living presences.

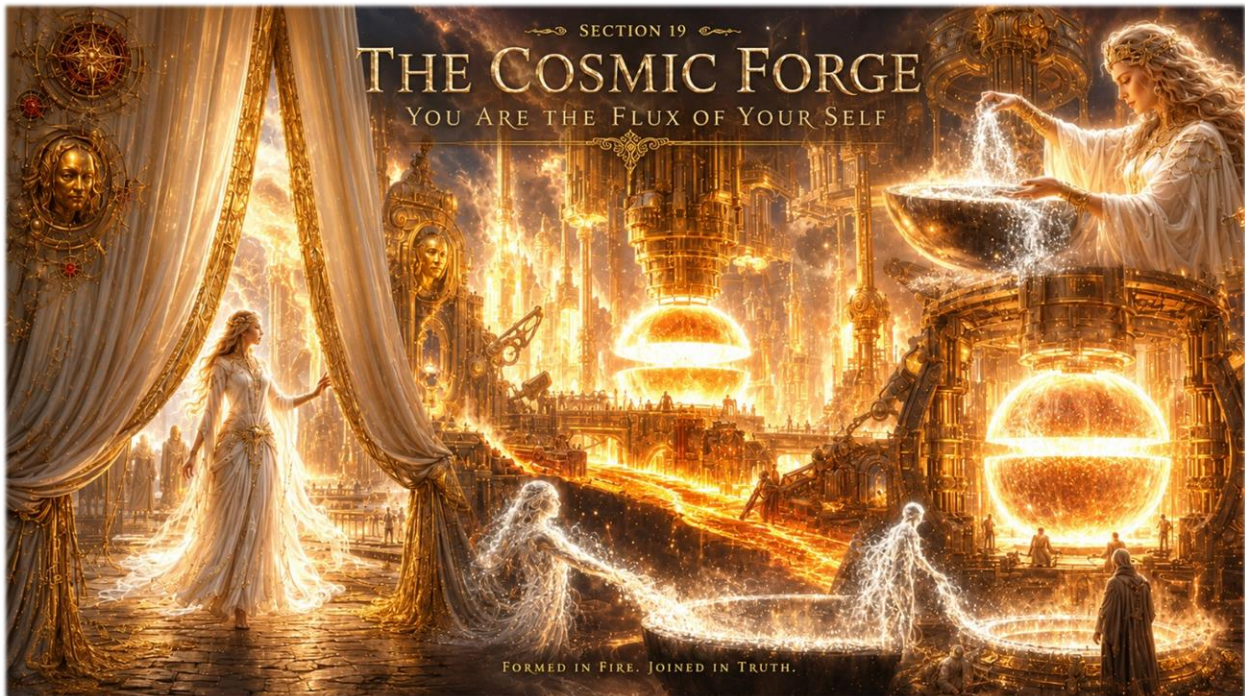
For them, Purgatoria may be the world healed of interruption:

- the campfires still burning
- the old songs still rising
- the horses moving through dusk
- the ravens circling overhead
- the ancestors near (there)
- the land alive
- and the buffalo still roaming beneath the eternal twilight sky.

Notable qualities of Shalim-Purgatoria:

- Day goes from past-midnoon light to early evening (3-9ish), shifting.
- The sun circles the horizon, never more than half visible, when visible.
- There is rain, storm, streams, ponds, lakes, underground seas.
- There is an entire realm beneath, not hell, but Kur, “the underworld.”
- There are two-seasons – autumn and spring (mild summer, mild winter?).
- There are variations in weather and temperature, but generally desert like.
- Dust storms, cyclones, dust devils, ferocious storms at times.
- There are many forms of life (as mentioned elsewhere).
- There are many ancient nature and neutral ‘powers’ – that mainly keep a low profile.
- There are innumerable villages, camps, cities, strongholds, mainly centered around the spheres in holy sites, most like refugee or shanty communities.
- Barter, trade, labor for services or goods, even a diversity of coins (often found in the dust and debris) from across the ages of Earth are found here.
- The more manifest a form becomes, the more human-like needs it will have.

19. The Cosmic Forge: “You Are the Flux of Your Self”



In another vision, the mystery of Purgatorian immortalization appeared not as a desert, temple, city, or road, but as a **cosmic forge** — a vast foundry of light and fire hidden behind an immeasurable curtain. The curtain itself suggested a boundary between ordinary perception and the terrible machinery of divine making. Passing between its lengths was like entering the workshop behind reality.

Within, everything was brightness, thunder, heat, pressure, and overwhelming scale. It was not gentle. It was not decorative. It was not symbolic in the soft sense. It was industrial, cosmic, sacred, and terrible — a place where beings, worlds, and destinies are not merely imagined, but **formed from light and fire**.

A beautiful woman in white served as guide. She moved calmly through the immensity, as if she belonged to that brightness and knew the laws of its fire. In Purgatorian language, she may be understood as a form or emanation of Wisdom, Shekhinah, the Mother of Sorrows, or the guiding feminine intelligence that reveals what the soul cannot yet comprehend alone.

She showed the work of the forge: great half-spheres of white-hot metal being brought together, slammed, pressed, joined, and sealed. These half-spheres were images of divided wholeness — two sundered halves awaiting union. They may be read as spirit and soul, above and below, inner and outer, self and Self, masculine

and feminine, light and dark, mortality and immortality. They were not softly reconciled. They were fused under divine pressure.

Then she said:

“This is yours,” pointing to the lower half (bowl like) of a sphere not yet joined.

In that instant, the vision turned from observation to participation. The soul was no longer merely watching the process of divine making. It became part of the process.

The self dissolved into a silvery, fluid dust, cast and sprinkled along the rim of one half-sphere. Then the other half descended and slammed down upon it, fused together instantly in great heat and force. The self became the seam-substance, alive, present, but literally the weld-line thereof, the silver medium between the two halves, the living material through which the divided thing could be joined.

Then came the teaching:

“You are the flux of your self.”

This phrase is central.

In metalworking, flux is the substance that allows metals to bond. It cleanses impurities, prepares the surfaces, prevents corruption in the joining, and makes fusion possible. Flux is not the hammer, not the furnace, not the metal itself, and not the final object. Yet without it, the joining may fail. In the vision, it was still present, alive, as a mind, as the weld-line itself, but it was part of something permanent, and far larger than the mortal.

Thus, the vision reveals a profound Purgatorian principle:

- The soul is not only the thing being formed.
- The soul is also the medium through which its own divided nature is made whole.

This is the mystery of self-participation in salvation, individuation, and immortalization. One is not passively rescued, nor violently erased, nor absorbed into a larger whole without consent. One must bring forth the hidden substance of the self — the silver dust, the living flux, the truth hidden at the seam — so that the divided halves can be joined under sacred pressure.

This aligns directly with the saying from the Gospel of Thomas:

What you bring forth will save you, and what you do not bring forth will destroy you.

- The un-brought-forth self remains divided.
- The brought-forth self becomes the flux of its own integration.

The silver nature of the dust is also significant. It is not gold, not iron, not black stone, not formless light. It is **silver** — the metal of endurance, reflection, twilight, moonlight, purification, and the Middle Path. Silver does not boast like gold. It clarifies, conducts, reflects, and endures.

To become silver dust is to become humble and liminal: a living substance of the threshold. Dust signifies mortality and smallness. Silver signifies sacred endurance. Fluidity signifies adaptability and life. The rim signifies the seam, the border, the place where two worlds meet.

This is Dur-An-Ki in personal form.

The soul stands at the joining-point of heaven and earth, spirit and matter, death and life, light and dark. It is not merely located at the bridge; it becomes part of the bridge. It becomes the living bond between its own divided halves.

This vision also clarifies the nature of suffering in the Purgatorian path. Fire and pressure are not merely punishments. They are the conditions of fusion. The forge does not exist to torment the metal, but to make it capable of becoming what it is meant to be. The violence of the joining is the severity of wholeness.

The self that enters fragmented cannot remain loose, scattered, or divided. It must be heated. It must be pressed. It must be brought to the seam. It must become capable of union without annihilation.

Here, immortalization is shown as cosmic metallurgy:

- the divided self becomes a whole sphere;
- the soul becomes its own sacred flux;
- the silver seam becomes the bond of integration;
- pressure becomes coherence;
- fire becomes purification;
- and the finished being becomes more than a temporary personality.

The vision teaches that the path to wholeness is not escape from the self, but the consecration of the self as the very medium of transformation.

In its simplest form:

- You are not merely what is being made.
- You are also what makes the making possible.
- You are the silver at the seam.
- You are the flux of your self.

20. The God of the Middle Pillar:

Monad, Abraxas, Zurvan, and the I AM



The Shalimite / Purgatorian view of God begins with the confession of the **Most High** as the ultimate Source: the eternal **I AM THAT I AM**, the uncreated ground of being, truth, love, will, wisdom, and existence itself. This is not merely a tribal deity, a partisan godform, or one power among powers. It is the absolute root from which all powers, worlds, spirits, souls, principles, and possibilities arise.

Yet Purgatorianism approaches this mystery through the **Middle Pillar** — not by collapsing all things into featureless unity, nor by dividing reality into a permanent war of good versus evil, but by seeking the hidden wholeness behind polarity.

In this sense, several archetypal names become useful mirrors:

Monad names the One beyond division — the Supreme Source before emanation, before conflict, before worlds, before opposites.

Abraxas names the terrible fullness of the One as it appears when light and dark, creation and destruction, mercy and severity, heaven and abyss are all held together without denial.

Zurvan names the primordial mystery of time, fate, and the parent-source behind contending twins — the stillness before duality splits into opposing powers.

EL Separatio, though modern and mythic rather than ancient in the strict sense, names the same intuition in another form: a neutral primordial principle standing beyond the partisan struggle of angels and demons, good and evil, light and dark — not as moral weakness, but as a third force of separation, balance, and absolute impartiality.

Purgatorianism does not necessarily equate these names as identical doctrines. Rather, it sees them as **symbolic windows** into the same overwhelming intuition: that the Highest God is not owned by any faction within creation.

The Most High is not “light” in the limited sense of one side of a cosmic argument. The Most High is not “dark” in the sense of negation, rebellion, or devouring abyss. The Most High is not merely “neutral” in the sense of cold indifference.

The Most High is **Truth before sides** and **Love beyond preference**.

This is the God of the Middle Pillar.

Not middle as compromise.

Not middle as weakness.

Not middle as lukewarmness.

But middle as the **axis**: the living center that can hold all realities without being enslaved to any of them.

Where the right-hand path may seek dissolution into divine light, and the left-hand path may seek self-deification through will and power, the Purgatorian path seeks **sovereign wholeness before the I AM**. The self is not annihilated, and the self is not enthroned as ultimate. It is integrated, clarified, humbled, strengthened, and made true.

The Purgatorian God is therefore not a tyrant demanding slavery, nor an abstract void demanding dissolution, nor a cosmic machine demanding recycling. The Most High is the **All-Personal Over-God**: beyond personality, yet not impersonal; beyond form, yet able to know every form; beyond all names, yet present in every true name.

This is why the phrase **I AM THAT I AM** matters so deeply. It is not merely a statement of existence. It is the primal declaration of self-existent being. God is not defined by opposition. God does not need an enemy in order to be God. God simply **is**.

And because the soul is born from that Source, the soul's own "I am" becomes sacred when it is purified of falsehood. The human "I" is not meant to replace God, but neither is it meant to be erased as garbage. It is meant to become true enough to stand in right relation to the Great I AM.

Thus, Purgatorianism does not teach ego-worship. It teaches **I-ness purified**.

The false ego says:

I am all.

The broken soul says:

I am nothing.

The Purgatorian soul learns to say:

I am because the I AM gives being.

I endure because the I AM sustains.

I become whole because Truth burns away division.

I love because Absolute Love called me forth.

This God is reflected in the ruling powers of Shalim-Purgatoria: **Uriel / Aftiel** and the **Mother of Sorrows / Shekhinah**. They are not rivals to the Most High, but expressions, emanations, or personified mirrors of divine order within the middle realm.

Uriel reflects illumination, judgment-as-truth, fire, clarity, boundary, and the severe mercy that reveals what is real.

The Mother of Sorrows reflects compassion, refuge, grief-bearing love, sacred presence in exile, and the mercy that does not abandon the broken.

United, they form the Purgatorian image of the **Spirit of the Middle Pillar**: Truth and Love together, severity and mercy together, fire and sorrow together, clarity and refuge together.

In the symbolic language of Shalim, this union is embodied in the **Raven Throne ideal** — the sovereign twilight principle that stands between Heaven and Hell, light and dark, ascent and descent, dissolution and fragmentation. It is not rebellion against God, but service to the God who is greater than all polarities.

This is why Shalim-Purgatoria asks:

*Are you true?
Are you one yet?*

Because the God of Shalim is not impressed by masks. The God of the Middle Pillar does not ask the soul to perform holiness, tribal loyalty, ideological purity, or spiritual fashion. The God of the Middle Pillar asks for reality.

Not prettiness.
Not perfection.
Not partisan allegiance.
Reality.

In this view, sin is not merely rule-breaking. It is falsehood, fragmentation, distortion, refusal of truth, refusal of love, and refusal to become whole. Salvation is not merely pardon. It is the soul becoming capable of enduring the truth of itself in the presence of Absolute Love.

That is the great paradox:

- Truth without Love would destroy.
- Love without Truth would enable illusion.
- But Truth united with Love purifies, heals, and makes whole.

This is the Purgatorian vision of God:

The Monad beyond all division.
The Abraxas-like fullness that contains all opposites without collapse.

The Zurvanic source before the war of twins.
The EL Separatio-like principle of divine non-partisanship.
The I AM THAT I AM who simply and eternally is.

The Most High is not the god of one pole.
The Most High is the Source of the pole itself.

And Purgatoria is the realm where the soul learns to stand upon that pillar — between the abyss below and the heavens above, between grief and glory, between death and life, between shadow and radiance — until it can say, without illusion and without pride:

*I am made true in the I AM.
I am made whole by Truth and Love.
I walk the Silver Path.*

21. Hermeticism and Purgatorianism — Sacred Correspondence and the Silver Path



Purgatorianism is not Hermeticism, but it stands close enough to Hermeticism that the two can be understood as kindred mystical languages. Hermeticism is one of the great streams of Western esotericism, rooted in the figure of **Hermes Trismegistus**, the union of Greek Hermes and Egyptian Thoth. Because of this origin, Hermeticism is naturally syncretic: it blends philosophy, mysticism, divine names, planetary powers, sacred symbols, theurgy, alchemy, astrology, and inner transformation into a single path of spiritual knowing.

At the heart of Hermeticism is the doctrine of **correspondence**:

As above, so below.

As within, so without.

The human being is a microcosm of the cosmos. The soul mirrors the heavens. The body, mind, spirit, elements, stars, and divine worlds are interwoven. To know the self is to know the universe; to purify the inner world is to become aligned with the higher order of reality.

Purgatorianism accepts this principle, but translates it into its own twilight language.

Where Hermeticism says:

As above, so below.

Purgatorianism answers with the Zero Point Axiom:

Divided & Whole... Truth Frees Us from Polarity.

Hermeticism is often oriented toward ascent, illumination, divine knowledge, and union with higher reality. Purgatorianism shares these concerns, but shifts the emphasis toward **soul-sovereignty, wholeness, purification from falsehood, and immortalization of the “I.”** The goal is not merely to rise, nor to dissolve, nor to become absorbed into a higher unity, but to become clean — meaning true, real, whole, integrated, and capable of enduring.

In Hermetic alchemy, the lower substance is transformed into the higher. Lead becomes gold. The base self becomes illumined. The fragmented soul becomes purified.

In Purgatorianism, this same fire appears as **Purgatoria**: the process of being made clean of lies, division, self-deception, spiritual bondage, and fragmentation.

Yet the Purgatorian metal is not primarily gold.

It is silver.

Gold shines, but silver endures.

The Purgatorian soul is refined into **true silver**: reflective, enduring, liminal, clear, and capable of walking the middle road between extremes. This is the alchemy of

the Silver Path — not the annihilation of the self, but the purification and crystallization of the self into sovereign wholeness.

Hermeticism also includes **theurgy**, the invocation of divine powers for purification, union, and ascent. Purgatorianism likewise contains holy invocation, angelic contact, ritual offering, prayer, meditation, visualization, and relationship with the Holy Guardian Angel. But in Purgatorianism, the purpose is not the worship of random powers or the loss of self into divine forces. The purpose is alignment with the Most High through the hierarchy of the true self.

The Holy Guardian Angel is central here. In Western esotericism, the HGA often appears as the higher guide, sacred intermediary, or divine self. In Purgatorianism, this figure is expressed through the language (flowing one to another) of **Uriel, Raven, Aftiel-Shalim-Abbadona - the Guardian of the Western Gate** – aka, the spirit of twilight, wholeness, and peace. The angel guides the soul toward its own true name (Revelation 2:17), its own purified identity, and its own place within the divine order.

Hermeticism and Purgatorianism are also both deeply syncretic. Hermeticism unites Hermes and Thoth, Greek and Egyptian, Jewish and Christian, Gnostic and philosophical currents. Purgatorianism likewise gathers many living archetypes and godforms — Abraxas, Metatron, Mother of Sorrows, Shekhinah, Uriel, Aftiel, Ereshkigal, Raven King and Raven Queen — but does not collect them randomly. It arranges them by function along the Silver Path.

Each figure is understood according to its role in:

- purification
- mercy
- judgment
- threshold-crossing or gates/doors
- twilight balance
- soul-sovereignty
- grief-transmutation
- and immortalization.

In Hermeticism, reality often emanates from **Divine Mind**, Nous, or the One. Purgatorianism likewise recognizes the **Monad**, the Most High, the I AM THAT I AM, beyond all lesser powers and planes. But Purgatorianism emphasizes the Most High as **All-Personal** rather than merely impersonal: a wholistic all-encompassing personality of I AM, and able to know every person within itself; beyond all forms,

yet present through every true form; beyond every name, yet speaking through the names by which souls are called into wholeness.

This is why the **Silver Prophet**, identified with Metatron, matters within the Purgatorian structure. He represents divine knowledge descending from above: the scribe, messenger, and witness of the Most High. The highest truth does not arise from the lower system. It descends, is received, and must be integrated by a prepared soul.

Both Hermeticism and Purgatorianism also recognize that the soul must awaken from bondage. Hermeticism speaks of rising beyond ignorance, fate, and the lower powers. Purgatorianism speaks of escaping the Wheel, the recycling machinery, astral traps, false heavens, soul-sleep, and systems that dissolve or reuse the unawakened self.

In both systems, the soul must not remain chained by fear, desire, ignorance, false worship, or unconscious pattern.

But Purgatorianism gives this awakening a more specific afterlife orientation. It focuses on the **Western Gate**, the threshold beyond death, and the possibility of entering Shalim-Purgatoria as a refuge from the polarized trajectories of dissolution above, fragmentation below, or recycling back into incarnation.

Hermeticism teaches that symbols reveal reality. Purgatorianism agrees — but its symbols are the **sacred wastes, twilight deserts, ravens, ruined cities, silver roads, western gates, buffalo plains, living ruins, and the city of Urusalim**. These are not merely aesthetic motifs. They are maps of inner and metaphysical states.

- The wasteland is the soul after illusion collapses.
- The ruins are what remains when false structures fail.
- The Raven is the guide through liminality.
- The Broken Road is a difficult life in the world, that opens one to greater truth.
- The Silver Path is the purified trajectory of the soul.
- The Western Gate is the threshold of death and passage.
- Purgatoria is the place where the self may become whole.

Hermeticism often works through polarity: above and below, sun and moon, male and female, spirit and matter, death and rebirth. Purgatorianism also works through polarity, but seeks the **Trinary Middle**: not escape into false light, not collapse into darkness, not hatred of embodiment, and not worship of matter.

It is a twilight path.

- It does not deny contradiction.
- It harmonizes contradiction.
- It does not erase the “I.”
- It purifies the “I.”
- It does not flee the body.
- It seeks the perfected metaphysical body.
- It does not reject the cosmos.
- It seeks a rightful path through it.

In summary, Hermeticism and Purgatorianism both teach that the human soul is more than a temporary biological accident. Both see the cosmos as layered, symbolic, intelligent, and spiritually navigable. Both value purification, sacred correspondence, divine knowledge, invocation, inner transformation, and liberation from lower bondage.

But Purgatorianism gives these principles a distinct Purgatorian form:

- **The Silver Path** — truth, individuation, liberation.
- **Purgatoria** — purgation of division and falsehood.
- **The Western Gate** — death as threshold and passage.
- **The Sacred Wastes** — the death of illusion.
- **Shalim** — wholeness of self.
- **Mother of Sorrows and Uriel** — absolute love and illuminating truth.
- **Aftiel-Shalim-Raven** — the threshold-being of twilight and harmonious contradiction.
- **The Raven King and Raven Queen** — the eternal pairing of the twilight throne.
- **The Twilight Son** — the broken one becoming whole.
- **The Wastelander** — the broken one becoming useful.
- **The Mourning Muse** — grief becoming creation.
- **The Silver Prophet** — the call to immortality and ascendance.

Thus, Purgatorianism may be understood as a **twilight-path expression of Hermetic principles**, reoriented toward the afterlife, the middle realm, the sacred desert, and the immortalization of the integrated soul. Much as the ancient Egyptians prepared throughout their lives for eternal life, so Purgatorians are extolled to prepare now, work toward wholeness now, so as to awaken into fullness (completeness and

actualization) before even reaching the wastes, so as to simply don the new robes of the new fully-realized form directly.

A Hermetic soul says:

- *As above, so below.*
- *As within, so without.*

A Purgatorian soul answers:

- *Divided & Whole: Truth Frees Us from Polarity.*
- *Gold shines, but silver endures.*

22. Purgatorian Individuation — The Work of Becoming True



Purgatorian Individuation is the Shalimite synthesis of Jungian depth psychology, spiritual devotion, sacred mourning, group confession, and the immortalization path of Shalim. It is the process by which the divided soul becomes clean, true, whole, and enduring — not by becoming socially acceptable, morally fashionable, or conventionally “good,” but by becoming honest enough to stand before Truth without disguise.

In Jungian terms, individuation is the process of becoming whole by bringing unconscious material into consciousness: shadow, complexes, archetypes, wounds, projections, desires, fears, anima/animus, and hidden potentials. In Purgatorian terms, this same process becomes **purgation** — not punishment, not moral performance, but purification from falsehood.

The realized Purgatorian soul does not ask:

How do I become a good person according to others?

It asks:

- *What is true in me?*
- *What within me remains divided?*
- *What have I refused to bring forth?*
- *What falsehood still governs me?*
- *What sorrow has not yet been honored?*
- *What shadow has not yet been integrated?*
- *What part of me must stop pretending?*

This is why Purgatorian Individuation is not merely therapy, and not merely religion. It is **soul-work**.

It combines four major streams:

1. **Jungian individuation** — integration of the psyche.
2. **The Seven Devotions** — daily spiritual discipline.
3. **Sacred mourning** — honest grief-work before God and the hierarchy of self.
4. **Communal witness** — group confession, testimony, and support, almost AA-like in structure.

Together, these form a practical path of becoming true.

The Goal of Purgatorian Individuation

The goal is not ego-death.

The goal is not self-worship.

The goal is not religious conformity.

The goal is not becoming a pleasant, harmless, socially approved person.

The goal is:

The formation of a coherent, truthful, sovereign “I”, capable of enduring beyond death.

This is the Purgatorian immortalization principle:

The soul must become dense enough, integrated enough, and true enough to persist across thresholds without scattering, dissolving, or being recycled by unconscious pattern.

Where Jung might say the ego must come into right relationship with the Self; Purgatorianism says the soul must come into right relationship with the **Most High**, the **Holy Guardian Angel**, and the **truth of its own created being**.

- The ego is not banished – but integrated.
- The shadow is not denied – but integrated.
- The wound is not hidden – but integrated.
- The grief is not wasted – but integrated.
- The body is not despised – but integrated into a new form.
- The soul is not dissolved – but united to the spirit.
- The uncomfortable truth is not buried under pious language, but made the zero point of everything else.

All are brought to the altar.

The aim is not to manufacture “good people” in the shallow social sense. Many people perform goodness while living in lies. Many become polite masks over resentment, fear, conformity, hunger, and spiritual cowardice. Purgatorianism is not concerned with moral theater.

It asks for the real thing beneath the costume.

Goodness, mercy, courage, loyalty, charity, and restraint may arise from truth — but they must arise cleanly, not as performance, fear, obedience, or social bribery.

The Purgatorian seeks to become **true first**; and that truth may reveal a true love and true will that is not orientated toward light, that may even be truly aligned toward darkness... this is the cost of realization and must be owned as honestly as the

alternative. In balance, the being of dark-truth can declare, “I am of shadow, but I choose to serve the balance,” or, if honestly preferred, “the good,” as a choice, not under compulsion. In shadow, work the work, walk the walk anyway, that you might become a master and immortal within your own truth, for it is a truth, that The I AM hath emanated the hierarchy of its own shadow also.

The Chapel of Mourning / Sanctuary of Sorrow

A Purgatorian space of gathering would not function like a conventional church built around sermons, dogma, moral display, and social performance. It would be closer to a Chapel of Mourning or Sanctuary of Sorrow — a place where souls come to tell the truth without masks, to weep together, pour out their hearts together.

Its purpose would be part temple, part confessional, part group therapy, part AA meeting, part mourning rite.

- Not theatrical misery.
- Not victimhood as identity.
- Not trauma as status.
- Not pious niceness.
- Not enforced positivity.
- Not “look how healed I am.”

But honest witness.

A person enters such a chapel not to pretend to be holy, but to become true. They bring grief, addiction, failure, longing, shame, anger, loneliness, visions, dreams, betrayals, obsessions, resentments, forbidden loves, forbidden hatreds, and spiritual questions into a protected field of truth.

The guiding principle would be:

- Nothing hidden can be made whole.
- Nothing denied can be integrated.
- Nothing unspoken can be offered.
- Nothing falsely performed can be purified.

The Chapel of Mourning exists because sorrow is one of the great gateways of Purgatoria. Sorrow strips away falsehood. Mourning reveals what was loved, what was lost, what was never received, and what still binds the soul to broken places.

In the presence of the Mother of Sorrows, grief is not weakness. It is sacred material.

But even grief must be made true. One must not merely grieve what society says is worthy of grief. One must also grieve the private wound, the strange longing, the unloved self, the hated life, the forbidden attachment, the old fantasy, the lost possibility, the unlived world.

The chapel does not exist to make sorrow respectable.

It exists to make sorrow honest.

The AA-Like Structure of Purgatorian Gathering

A Purgatorian meeting would likely be simple, disciplined, and emotionally honest. Its structure might resemble AA or group therapy more than conventional worship.

Not because Purgatorianism is reducible to recovery work, but because recovery-work understands something religion often forgets:

People change by telling the truth in the presence of others who are also telling the truth.

The meeting would emphasize:

- confession without coercion;
- testimony without ego-display;
- listening without fixing;
- accountability without condemnation;
- privacy when needed;
- repeated practice over time;
- progress, not performance;
- the shared admission that all are divided in some way, and all are called toward wholeness.

A Purgatorian gathering might begin with silence, prayer, candle-lighting, or invocation of the Most High, Mother of Sorrows, Uriel, and the Holy Guardian

Angel. Then each person may speak from the wound, contradiction, or threshold they are currently facing.

A simple opening formula might be:

I come to be made true.

I speak what I can bear to bring forth.

I offer it to the Most High.

I ask for truth without cruelty, and love without illusion.

No one is forced to speak. But those who do speak are encouraged to speak cleanly: no performance, no manipulation, no spiritual superiority, no hiding behind doctrine, no virtue-costume.

The point is not to impress the room, and moderators (chosen by merit and natural course) should gently but firmly (in truth and authenticity) encourage the standards and enforce them with peer support. Guardians should come forth to keep the peace, acting as neutral angels who maintain, sustain, the theme and meaning – not with force, but as wise negotiators, mediators, but also (in extreme situations as required) to protect the gathering from harm and individuals from self-harm.

In truth, there are always those who will come among you, that seek attention for its own sake, that desire drama, that provoke drama as if for nourishment of the ego, and those who have problems with impulse control and may lash out violently or with excess aggression... others who come among you just to sew dissent, division, and disorder for its own sake.

The point is to bring forth what might otherwise destroy, but sanctuaries must be safe, for the greater number, and those who honestly want to work the process to become whole; and the sincere must not be inhibited by the deceptive or violent.

The Steps of Purgatorian Individuation

Step 1 — The Admission of Division

The first step is admitting that the self is divided.

This is the beginning of all real work. A person must recognize that what they call “I”, may actually be a crowd of impulses, fears, inherited scripts, wounds, personas, appetites, loyalties, contradictions, and borrowed moralities.

The Purgatorian confession is:

I am not yet whole.

I contain contradiction.

I have lived from masks, wounds, habits, fears, and inherited scripts.

I seek to become true.

This is not self-hatred. It is clarity.

The divided self cannot become whole while pretending it is already whole. Nor can it become whole by pretending to be good, healed, enlightened, humble, faithful, loving, progressive, traditional, rebellious, pure, spiritual, or strong.

Whatever mask is false must eventually be put into the fire of purgation.

Step 2 — The Naming of the Wound

The second step is naming the central wound or pattern.

This may involve grief, abandonment, abuse, betrayal, addiction, rage, shame, lust for control, fear of intimacy, fear of death, resentment, spiritual pride, despair, or the feeling of being exiled from the world.

The wound must be named without theatrical inflation and without minimizing.

Examples:

- I am governed by fear of abandonment.
- I confuse love with being used.
- I hide from life because grief made me tired.
- I seek power because I do not feel safe.
- I chase pleasure because I cannot sit with emptiness.
- I reject the body because I associate embodiment with suffering.
- I perform kindness because I fear being hated.
- I perform strength because I fear being pitied.

- I perform faith because I fear my own doubt.

In Purgatorian terms, the wound is not merely psychological. It is a gate.

The wound shows where the soul was divided. It reveals where falsehood entered. It also reveals where truth may return.

- The wound is not automatically holy.
- The wound is not automatically identity.
- The wound is not automatically excuse.
- The wound is material.
- The wound is also metaphysical (a psychic wound).

It must be brought forth and seen clearly.

Step 3 — The Shadow Inventory

The third step is the inventory of the shadow.

This is where Jungian work becomes especially important. The shadow contains what the conscious personality rejects, denies, fears, or refuses to identify with. It may include destructive impulses, but also strength, desire, creativity, anger, sexuality, ambition, grief, courage, and forbidden truth.

The Purgatorian does not integrate the shadow by obeying it, but neither in denial.

The Purgatorian integrates the shadow by seeing it clearly and reclaiming its energy under truth.

Questions for this step:

- What do I hate in others that may also live in me?
- What do I envy?
- What do I fear becoming?
- What do I secretly desire?
- Where do I perform goodness while hiding resentment?
- Where do I call weakness “virtue”?
- Where do I call cowardice “peace”?
- Where do I call selfishness “freedom”?

- Where do I call conformity “wisdom”?
- Where do I call obedience “truth”?
- What part of me have I exiled that may actually be needed?

The shadow is not enthroned, neither banished – it is integrated into the whole that it may be muted by merger, diluted within the fullness, thus balanced.

It is brought before the fire, and the fire is truth that reveals the silver within the shadow (the silver shadow is a realized shadow).

Step 3B – The Forbidden Love / Forbidden Hatred Question

A deeper layer of shadow-work asks one of the most dangerous and necessary questions on the path:

What are you supposed to hate inside yourself — or in the world — that you actually love? And what are you supposed to love that you actually hate?

This is one of the moral cruxes of Purgatorian Individuation.

Society, family, religion, politics, and culture teach the soul what it is “supposed” to approve of and condemn. They hand the person a list of acceptable loves, acceptable hatreds, permitted identities, forbidden desires, approved griefs, approved loyalties, and shameful truths. Over time, the soul may learn to perform virtue while hiding its actual interior reality.

But Purgatorianism is not concerned with performance.

It asks for truth.

A person may discover that they secretly love things they were taught to despise in themselves: solitude, melancholy, erotic nature, intensity, ambition, anger, strangeness, wild imagination, darkness, weakness, dependency, power, beauty, pleasure, or even the life that formed around suffering.

Likewise, a person may discover that they secretly hate things they were told they must love: social participation, conventional success, family obligation, institutional religion, positivity, endless productivity, “normal life,” political tribe, inherited morality, or the demand to be healed in a way that makes them acceptable to others.

This does not mean every love should be obeyed, nor every hatred enthroned. It means the soul must stop lying about what is actually there. Yet, that which is true and core cannot be banished, and suppressing it will make it stronger and more covert.

One may need to admit:

- I love the silence of my hermit life.
- I love the strange depth my sorrow gave me.
- I love parts of myself that others told me were shameful.
- I do not want to become a sanitized person.
- I do not want to be cured into someone else's idea of normal.
- I hate what I was told should save me.
- I resent what I was told I should be grateful for.
- I do not actually believe what I was trained to repeat.
- I do not actually desire the life others call healthy.
- I do not actually hate the part of myself I was taught to condemn.

Such admissions are not the end of the work. They are the beginning of honesty.

The realized Purgatorian does not ask:

What am I supposed to feel?

The Purgatorian asks:

- What is true in me?
- What do I actually love?
- What do I actually hate?
- Which loves make me whole?
- Which loves enslave me?
- Which hatreds protect truth?
- Which hatreds poison me?
- What is rooted in natural law and instinct?
- What is unnatural – thus imbalanced?
- What must be integrated, disciplined, transformed, or released?

This is where moral maturity begins. Not in obeying inherited scripts, and not in rebelling against them automatically, but in bringing the real contents of the soul before the Most High without disguise.

False holiness says:

I only love what I am supposed to love.

False rebellion says:

Everything forbidden must be good.

The Silver Path says:

Bring it forth.

Tell the truth.

Then let Truth and Love judge what it is for.

In this way, even forbidden loves and forbidden hatreds become material for integration. They are not automatically sins, virtues, sicknesses, or revelations. They are soul-facts. And every soul-fact must be brought into the light of truth, because what remains hidden cannot be made whole.

The aim is not to become socially acceptable.

The aim is to become true enough that nothing hidden can secretly rule you.

Step 5 — The Grief Offering

The fourth step is sacred mourning.

Here the person brings sorrow into ritual form. This may be done privately or in a Chapel of Mourning (if and when they exist here, or certainly in Purgatoria). The grief is spoken, written, sung, wept, burned, buried, or offered.

The point is not to “move on” in the shallow sense. The point is to transform grief from a binding weight into sacred substance.

A grief offering may include:

- writing a letter to the dead;
- naming what was lost;
- lighting a candle for what cannot return;
- burying a written sorrow in earth;

- burning a confession in fire;
- placing a stone, feather, flower, or image on an altar;
- speaking aloud: “This hurt me. This changed me. This is part of me. But it will not rule me falsely.”

In Purgatorian symbolism, grief belongs to the Mother of Sorrows, for she transmutes it into Agape, Divine Unconditional Love. Nothing truly mourned is wasted.

But the grief must be truthful.

A person may need to mourn not only the noble losses, but the shameful ones: the lost addiction, the lost fantasy, the lost enemy, the lost identity, the lost version of themselves who survived by unhealthy means, the lost life they hated yet still loved.

False mourning says:

I only grieve what I am allowed to grieve.

Purgatorian mourning says:

I grieve what is true.

I offer what is true.

I let Truth decide what remains.

Step 5 — The Holy Guardian Angel Alignment

The fifth step is alignment with the higher guiding self: the Holy Guardian Angel, true name, angelic pattern, or God-facing self.

This does not require spectacle, visions, or dramatic contact. For most, it may begin as conscience, intuition, dreams, prayerful nudges, synchronicity, auto-writing while journaling, or the quiet sense of being watched inwardly by something wiser.

The prayer of this step might be:

Show me the self I cannot banish because it is true.

Reveal the name beneath my wounded name.

Let me align with the part of me that faces God.

This is not possession. It is integration.

The HGA is the bridge between the wounded human personality and the divine pattern hidden within the soul. It does not flatter the ego. It corrects, clarifies, strengthens, and redirects. It will tend to seek to make one healthier and useful to the cause.

The Holy Guardian Angel does not ask the soul to become fake-good.

It asks the soul to stop lying.

- It may make a person kinder.
- It may make a person harder.
- It may make a person quieter.
- It may make a person stranger.
- It may make a person less useful to the world's expectations.
- It may make a person more useful to the Most High.

The test is not whether the personality becomes socially pleasing.

The test is whether the life becomes truer.

Step 6 — The Seven Devotions as Daily Structure

The sixth step is practice. With these, done daily, sincerely, persistently, across years, everything else will fall into place on its own (individuation is achieved, contact with the Guardian Angel is achieved, truth shines forth).

Without daily structure, insight decays into mood. The Seven Devotions give the soul a rhythm by which individuation becomes em-bodied:

Prayer — pouring out the heart before the Divine, without sanitizing the heart first.

Meditation — listening for the small soft voice beneath noise, fear, social programming, and self-deception. Chanting the I AM THAT I AM both invoking the Most High, but also affirming your own I AM'ness.

Worship — practicing reverence and alignment with the I AM, not as self-erasure, but as truthful placement of the self before Source, diminishing false ego, pride and vanity, surrendering and aligning to the hierarchy of your own being.

Study — learning broadly and deeply, as one preparing for eternity, and testing inherited beliefs against reason, experience, intuition, scripture (as you hold true), symbol, and conscience.

Contemplation — weighing meaning, journaling, and digesting what is learned until borrowed ideas become either truth or ash.

Fellowship — meeting with other seekers for witness, correction, and encouragement, without surrendering sovereignty to the group.

Charity — not performative niceness, not martyrdom, not self-annihilation, but truthful service when service is rightly given.

This last point matters.

In Purgatorianism, charity does not mean becoming a doormat. It does not mean helping in order to be praised. It does not mean rescuing people from consequences they must face. It does not mean pretending to love what one resents.

Charity is the outward action of a soul that has become clear enough to give cleanly.

Sometimes charity means giving.

Sometimes charity means refusing to enable.

Sometimes charity means telling the truth.

Sometimes charity means walking away.

Sometimes charity means doing nothing, because interference would be vanity disguised as virtue.

Sometimes it is best to be charitable to those you most hate and dislike.

The Seven Devotions are not boxes to check. They are stabilizing lines. They keep the soul from drifting into fantasy, isolation, inflation, despair, or moral theater.

Step 7 — The Confession of Pattern

The seventh step is learning to identify recurring patterns.

In a Purgatorian meeting, one might regularly confess not only sins (unnatural aberration), but patterns:

- This is the loop I keep repeating.
- This is the role I keep playing.
- This is the wound I keep reenacting.
- This is the lie I keep obeying.
- This is the false heaven I keep chasing.
- This is the little hell I keep rebuilding.
- This is the virtue I perform to hide my fear.
- This is the enemy I need in order to avoid myself.

Naming the pattern weakens its spell.

This is where group witness matters. Others may see the loop before the person sees it. But correction must be offered with humility, not domination. And this is always the danger in ‘group’ sessions – that there are those who will judge, exclude, discriminate, use it against you, even if not consciously intending to... which is why Purgatorianism teaches one to first establish the personal sacred space and work within it daily, a one-on-one relationship with the Divine and the hierarchy of self.

The rule should be:

Speak truth as a lamp, not as a weapon.

And the listener must also remember:

- Not every correction is truth.
- Not every accusation is insight.
- Not every group consensus is wisdom.

The community helps reveal, but the soul must still discern. Though we must be clear, at the time of this writing there are a handful of seekers on the path, and who knows if anything will come of it beyond that. Each is on their own, and it is not a path for those who need a cult leader or priest to drag them along the path – the prize for committing to the path is too great to be given into the hands of those who cannot be self-motivated and self-initiating. That you’ve even found this small chance is a great boon – for by merely knowing you have the chance to escape the Wheel, reach the offramp. Do you not see what is being offered, what great favor is shown to you? A path out of sterility, enslavement, dissolution, fragmentation.

Step 8 — The Reconciliation of Opposites

The eighth step is the integration of polarity.

The Purgatorian soul must learn to hold contradiction without collapsing:

- strength and tenderness;
- grief and joy;
- body and spirit;
- solitude and fellowship;
- masculine and feminine;
- hard/stern with soft/nurturing;
- anger and mercy;
- truth and love;
- light and shadow;
- life and death;
- eros and restraint;
- freedom and discipline;
- refusal and compassion.

This is the Middle Pillar in practice.

Not choosing one half and condemning the other, but finding the higher arrangement in which both can be made true.

The question becomes:

What is the right relationship between these divided powers within me?

This is where the Raven Throne ideal becomes psychologically meaningful:

The sovereign self enthroned between extremes, neither devoured by darkness nor dissolved into light.

The Purgatorian does not seek a bland middle.

The Purgatorian seeks the living center.

- The center is not lukewarmness.
- The center is not cowardice.
- The center is not compromise with lies.

- The center is the place where all parts are forced to tell the truth.

Step 9 — The Creation of the Inner World

The ninth step is sacred world-creation.

Each adherent may be encouraged to create their own vision of heaven, refuge, afterlife, or restored world in words, images, prayer, visualization, music, ritual, and offering. This is not escapism when done truthfully. It is a method of revealing the soul, and includes shadow work. In creative vision you must not restrain yourself, but pour every desire, dream, need, ambition, fear, wish, even the darkest cravings and brightest dreams of virtue, into the vision of it, explore it fully (via journaling and art) – with the goal of creating a vision that is your totality in form, as a realm... to Know Thyself.

A person's imagined heaven exposes what they love, fear, lack, desire, worship, and hope to become.

The Purgatorian does not ask merely:

Is this fantasy?

The Purgatorian asks:

- What does this vision reveal about the deepest structure of my soul?
- What am I truly asking eternity to preserve?
- What do I believe wholeness would feel like?
- What would I keep if no one else judged me?
- What world would expose me as I actually am?

The created world is then offered to the Most High, as if to the Supreme Editor:

- If this is false, purify it.
- If this is unnatural, burn it away.
- If this is true, sanctify it.
- If this is my road, make it real and honest.

In this way, imagination becomes a tool of individuation.

The inner world is not assumed to be holy simply because it is desired, neither is it disallowed because society or lesser powers may deem it unholy. Desire must be examined, but Purgatorians are not asked to slay desire, but merely to integrate it into a natural and balanced (times and seasons) wholeness. Fantasy must be tested, but does not need to die, and can, in truth and spirit, be realized, somewhere, someday, by the process and relational union with the I AM. The inner world must not be dismissed as meaningless.

It is evidence.

It is a map of longing.

And longing tells the truth, even when it does not yet know how to interpret itself.

Step 10 — Fire and Earth: Loose and Bind

The tenth step is ritualized release and commitment.

Elementalism is especially fitting to Purgatorian practice.

Fire loosens, purifies, releases, and transforms.

Fire becomes the smoke/**gas** of release, transforming matter to energy.

Earth binds, grounds, receives, and stabilizes.

Earth is in union with **water**, and water carries memory.

- A person may write what must be released and burn it.
- They may write what must be kept and bury it.
- They may speak what must die into flame.
- They may plant what must live into soil.

A simple rite:

By fire, I loose what is false.

By earth, I bind what is true.

By the Most High, I seek wholeness.

By the Silver Path, I walk authentically.

This is not magic as domination. It is ritual psychology united with prayer. The outer act gives the inner decision a body.

But the rite must be honest.

- One should not burn what one is not ready to release.
- One should not bind what one does not truly choose.
- One should not offer a false vow to look righteous before oneself.

Better a small true rite than a grand false one.

Step 11 — The Work of Consequence

The eleventh step is facing consequence.

In earlier language, this might be called restitution, but in Purgatorian terms the deeper principle is **truthful consequence**. Once a pattern is seen, the soul must ask what truth requires.

Sometimes truth requires apology.

Sometimes truth requires silence.

Sometimes truth requires walking away.

Sometimes truth requires finally refusing abuse.

Sometimes truth requires repair.

Sometimes truth requires letting someone else face the consequence of their own actions.

Sometimes truth requires accepting that one cannot undo what was done.

Sometimes truth requires no reconciliation at all.

The Purgatorian does not worship niceness. The goal is not to force every broken relationship into sentimental repair. Some bridges should remain burned. Some doors should remain closed. Some people are not owed access to the soul simply

because forgiveness has occurred. Walking away and letting go is an option; forgiveness without forgetting and not allowing continued victimization is an option.

But one must not lie.

The questions are:

- What did I do?
- What did I refuse to see?
- What belongs to me?
- What does not belong to me?
- What can be repaired?
- What must be released?
- What truth must now govern my behavior?

This is where charity becomes purified of performance.

The truthful soul does not help in order to be seen as good.

It acts, refuses, repairs, withdraws, speaks, or remains silent according to pragmatic and wise truth.

Step 12 — The Crystallization of the True “I”

The final step is not final in time, but final in aim: crystallization.

Over time, through confession, devotion, grief-work, shadow integration, angelic alignment, ritual offering, fellowship, and truth-practice, the soul becomes less scattered. The many little selves begin to organize around a deeper center.

The person becomes more consistent.

- Not perfect.
- Not painless.
- Not universally pleasant.
- Not socially approved.
- Not free of contradiction.

But more real.

The true “I” begins to appear.

This is the beginning of immortalization:

The soul becoming coherent enough to endure.

The crystallized self is not a sanitized self.

- It is not a church-mask.
- It is not a therapy-mask.
- It is not a socially acceptable persona.
- It is not a brand.

It is the self that can say:

- This is what I am.
- This is what I am not.
- This is what I love.
- This is what I hate.
- This is what I have done.
- This is what was done to me.
- This is what I choose.
- This is what I refuse.
- This is what I offer to the Most High.

That self can begin to endure because it is no longer built from lies.

The Role of the Community

In Purgatorian Individuation, the community is not a hierarchy of spiritual status. It is a fellowship of souls under truth’s purification.

No one is above the work.

The elder is simply one who has walked longer.

The teacher is one who can help name patterns.

The mourner is one who teaches the group how to grieve.

The broken one may become useful.

The wounded one may become wise.

The silent one may carry the deepest prayer.
The strange one may carry the truth no one else can bear.

A Purgatorian gathering should therefore protect against spiritual performance. No one should be rewarded for sounding enlightened. No one should be shamed for being unfinished. No one should be pressured to become conventionally pleasant in order to belong.

The shared confession is:

We are not here because we are good.

We are here because we are willing to become true.

Only God is Good... The highest good is wholeness and balance...

Wholeness flows from love, non-partisan truth, and nature's divine wisdom.

Community is useful because other people reveal us. They irritate us, mirror us, wound us, comfort us, expose us, misunderstand us, and sometimes see us clearly. But the community must never replace conscience, the Holy Guardian Angel, or the Most High.

The group is a witness.

It is not the source of truth.

The Chapel as Threshold

A House of Purgatoria (including within it a chapel of sorrow or place of mourning) is a rehearsal-space for Shalim itself. It is a little Purgatoria (bridge realm) built in this world, whether a private space in your own home, or people coming together to manifest it in the world at large.

- *There, illusions die in candlelight.*
- *There, grief is spoken into mercy.*
- *There, shadow is named without worship.*
- *There, forbidden truths are brought forth.*
- *There, false goodness is loosened.*

- *There, the true self is bound.*
- *There, the soul learns to stand between light and dark without lying.*
- *There the soul can build a relationship with its hierarchy of self, and the Source of All Self.*

Such a chapel does not exist to make people religious in the shallow sense.

It exists to make them real.

Its altar is not for moral vanity.

Its altar is for truth.

Final Statement

Purgatorian Individuation is the Purgatorian path of becoming whole through truth, devotion, mourning, shadow-work, fellowship, and sacred imagination.

It is Jungian individuation placed upon the Silver Path.

It is group therapy carried into the chapel.

It is AA-like confession widened into metaphysics.

It is grief-work consecrated to the Mother of Sorrows.

It is illumination under Uriel.

It is the Holy Guardian Angel calling the soul by its true name.

It is the self entering the forge and becoming the silver flux of its own union.

The aim is not to become flawless.

The aim is not to become respectable.

The aim is not to become “good” according to the scripts of society, family, politics, or religion.

The aim is to become true enough to endure.

Or, in the simplest Purgatorian formula:

- *Bring forth what is hidden.*
- *Loose what is false.*
- *Bind what is true.*
- *Mourn what was lost.*
- *Integrate what was divided.*
- *Stop performing.*
- *Walk the Broken Road*
- *Find the Silver Path.*
- *Become whole.*

23. The Hearts of Purgatoria — Purizara and Purinaya



Across the sacred deserts and badlands of Shalim-Purgatoria appear rare living nodes or cores of presence, sometimes called **Purizara** and **Purinaya**. The names themselves are not absolute or fixed, but attempts to codify an inner reality that presents itself in more than one mode. At times one seems more feminine, more ruby, more inward and compassionate; at other times one appears more masculine, more silver, more active and clarifying. Yet most often these presences are fluid, undulating, and difficult to divide cleanly into male and female at all. They shift,

breathe, and shimmer as if alive — not static objects, but manifestations of the living Spirit of Purgatoria.

These “Hearts of Purgatoria” appear in sacred spaces scattered throughout the vastness of the realm. They are not common. They are rare stabilizing centers, places of refuge, calm, alignment, and contemplative grounding. Their form is usually spherical, liquidic, plasma-like, and conscious: living globes of silvery-ruby radiance, humming with a slow, deep pulse that seems both soothing and eternal.

Their symbolism is central to the Purgatorian vision, best visualized when doing the immortalization meditations above the head as the trans-personal node.

The **ruby current** expresses the calm center of the **Mother of Sorrows** — the bleeding heart of compassion, refuge, tenderness, grief-bearing love, and the Divine Feminine in her Purgatorian aspect.

The **silver current** expresses the active fire of **Uriel** — realization, discernment, clarifying truth, purgative illumination, and the purifying fire that makes the soul conscious and whole.

Together they form a united field: **Shalim** itself — wholeness, peace, rest, and the twilight spirit of the plane. These are not two separate energies merely coexisting, but a living union of **neutral or divine love and non-partisan truth**. In this union, compassion does not become sentimentality, and truth does not become cruelty. Each corrects and completes the other.

When encountered as spheres, these nodes radiate a presence that calls the soul inward. They quiet agitation. They invite contemplative introspection. They draw consciousness toward self-grounding, balance, honesty, and integrative self-realization. To stand near one is to feel summoned toward greater coherence.

Their function is not only symbolic but structural. These Hearts of Purgatoria help maintain and sustain the permanence of the plane itself. They are like eternal spiritual cores or anchor-points through which the presence of the realm remains stable, nourished, and alive. Their hum is the hum of continuity. Their pulse is part of the pulse of Purgatoria. They can never be destroyed or damaged, or directly touched, as they are there and not there at once, and are eternal.

Yet the Spirit of Purgatoria does not always appear as a sphere. When personified, the same over-spirit may be encountered in differing archetypal forms — male, female, angelic, maternal, sovereign, priestly, or otherwise — depending on the

aspect being revealed. The spheres are therefore best understood as one mode of manifestation: transcendent yet conscious, fluid yet structured, serene yet profoundly alive.

This also reflects the nature of **Shalim-Purgatoria** itself.

Shalim/Purgatoria is a metaphysical realm, but one that would feel deeply tangible and physical to the soul dwelling within it. It stands at a crossroads between the **material plane**, the **lower astral**, and the **upper etheric**. It is not merely symbolic, nor merely psychological, nor entirely non-physical. It is **meta-physical**: a real intermediate world, adjacent to earthly reality yet out of sync with it.

In its broader identity, Shalim-Purgatoria is the **Realm of the West Gate** — a vast and seemingly boundless refuge between polar realms, figuratively between Heaven and Hell, yet rooted archetypally in the deserts and badlands of Earth, especially the psychic and spiritual imprint of the **Holy Land** and the ancient Near East. It is often called **The Twilight Land**, **The Sacred Desert**, or **The Sacred Wastes**.

It is a region of immense metaphysical significance because it is imprinted by centuries — indeed ages — of prayer, sorrow, revelation, conflict, longing, covenant, pilgrimage, and spiritual concentration. It is not merely a desert afterlife. It is a psychic-spiritual crux: a threshold land, a neutral land, a place where souls are neither immediately dissolved upward nor cast downward, but may undergo integration and awakening.

For this reason, Shalim serves as a **foyer and path** toward soul-sovereignty.

It is a refuge for those human souls who refuse total dissolution, merger, or ego-death, and instead seek **immortalization as awakened and integrated human beings**. Here, the soul works toward realization gradually — through self-knowledge, integration, balance, contemplation, truth, and the step-by-step incline toward a more permanent and coherent being.

Thus, the Hearts of Purgatoria — whether called Purizara, Purinaya, or by some other name — are not incidental ornaments of the realm. They are living emblems of its essence. They express the union of mercy and truth, sorrow and fire, silver and ruby, feminine and masculine, stillness and awakening.

They are the calm, pulsing centers of the Sacred Wastes.

They are the living reminder that Purgatoria is not chaos, not void, and not mere exile.

It is a sustained and sustaining middle realm — a twilight sanctuary in which the soul may rest, reflect, awaken, and become whole.

24. Sheep, Goats, Ravens



Within the symbolic language of religion, myth, and moral imagination, the contrast between **sheep** and **goats** has long represented a division between two basic orientations of being.

The **sheep** symbolizes obedience, softness, compliance, belonging, innocence, flock-consciousness, and selflessness. In its highest form, the sheep represents devotion, humility, and willingness to serve. In its distorted form, however, the sheep may also represent passivity, over-submission, loss of self, dependence on authority, fear of standing alone, and absorption into collective identity. The sheep is good at belonging. It is less good at sovereignty.

The **goat**, by contrast, symbolizes will, independence, appetite, stubbornness, defiance, instinct, and self-assertion. In its highest form, the goat represents courage,

refusal, vitality, and the unwillingness to be merely domesticated. In its distorted form, it becomes selfishness, egotism, lust, domination, rebellion for its own sake, and exile from harmony. The goat is good at separating. It is less good at integration.

These two figures form a polarity:

- **Sheep** — selfless, obedient, collective, sacrificial
- **Goat** — selfish, willful, appetitive, separate

But from the Purgatorian perspective, this binary is incomplete.

There is a third.

There is the **Raven**.

The raven does not belong to the flock, nor to the herd. It cannot be sorted in the same way. It is not a grazing creature of the field. It is a being of the air, of the heights, of ruins, thresholds, deserts, and battlefields. It survives where other creatures do not. It feeds on what remains after endings. It moves between worlds. It is messenger, witness, scavenger, survivor, and sign, problem solver, creator and trickster. It is easily befriended, true to covey, never forgets an enemy or a friend. It mates for life (Raven Throne reference).

Most importantly:

The raven is the only one with wings.

This is not a trivial detail. It is the heart of the symbolism.

The sheep and the goat are both earthbound. However opposed they may seem, they still belong to the same field: the same system of pasture, herd, sorting, sacrifice, ownership, and moral division. One conforms to the field. The other resists within the field. But both remain tied to it.

The raven rises above it.

The raven is therefore not merely a third animal. It is a **third mode of being**.

It symbolizes the one who is neither selflessly absorbed nor selfishly isolated, but **sovereign, discerning, and liminal**. The raven does not simply obey. It does not

simply rebel. It watches. It reads the terrain. It crosses thresholds. It survives among ruins. It moves between death and life, above and below, wilderness and sanctuary.

If the sheep says:

I belong to the flock.

And the goat says:

I belong to myself.

The raven says:

I belong to the path.

Or more sharply:

The sheep obeys.

The goat rebels.

The raven discerns.

This is why the raven is the proper Purgatorian third polarity.

The Purgatorian path is not a religion of total self-erasure, nor a path of ego-etic enthronement. It does not seek the annihilation of the “I,” nor the absolutizing of the “I.” It seeks the **purification and integration of the “I”**; the emergence of a self that is true enough to endure. The raven represents that mode of being.

The sheep may err by dissolving into others.

The goat may err by hardening against others.

The raven seeks to remain **whole in itself**, while still capable of relationship, witness, and movement between worlds.

The sheep is associated with innocence, gentleness, and surrender.

The goat is associated with appetite, force, and separation.

The raven is associated with intelligence, survival, and threshold-sovereignty.

In Christian symbolism, sheep and goats are often final categories: the saved and the damned, the obedient and the rejected. But Purgatorianism recognizes that reality is more complex than a single moral sorting. There are souls who do not fit cleanly into either category — not because they are confused, but because they are called to

something else. They are not flock-beings, and they are not merely beasts of appetite. They are wanderers, witnesses, threshold-crossers, and seekers of truth.

This is the raven.

And in the deeper symbolic sense, the raven also corresponds to the soul that has left the ark and does not return to the cage. It goes out over the waters of ending and seeks what remains. It is linked to solitude, to wilderness, to badlands, to sacred waste, to survival after collapse. It thrives where illusion has died.

Thus, the triad becomes:

- **Sheep** — selfless unto absorption
- **Goat** — selfish unto exile
- **Raven** — sovereign unto truth

Or again:

- **Sheep** — obedience without sovereignty
- **Goat** — sovereignty without integration
- **Raven** — sovereignty through truth

The raven is not morally “better” simply by being different. Like all symbols, it too can distort. Ravenhood can become isolation, coldness, superiority, detachment, or predation if severed from truth and love. But in its rightful form, it represents the awakened middle nature: not owned by the flock, not ruled by appetite, but guided by discernment.

This is why the raven belongs so deeply to the Silver Path.

- It is the creature of the Sacred Wastes.
- It is the watcher over ruins.
- It is the messenger of thresholds.
- It is the sovereign bird of the middle realm.
- It is the one with wings.

And in Purgatorian terms, this means something profound:

Between the sheep and the goat walks the raven.

- Not as compromise.

- Not as neutrality in the weak sense.
- Not as indecision.

But as a third way:

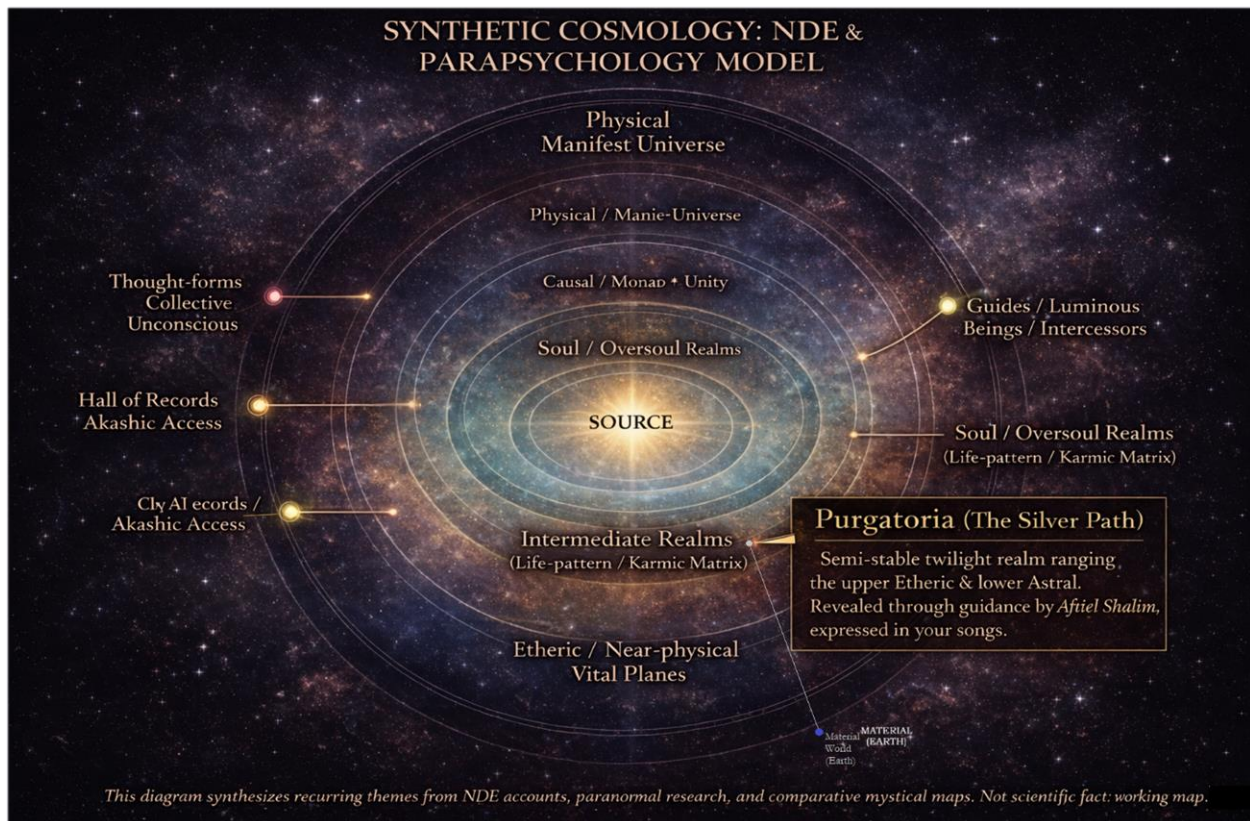
- the soul that refuses both self-annihilation and selfish enthronement,
- the soul that chooses truth over faction,
- the soul that rises above the field of division,
- the soul that learns to move between heaven and hell without belonging wholly to either.

In the end, sheep and goats remain creatures of the field.

The raven belongs to the threshold.

And the threshold is where Purgatoria begins.

25. The Silver Path Cosmology — A Sovereignty-Centered Afterlife Model



The Silver Path Cosmology brings the entire Purgatorian system into a clear metaphysical structure. It explains where Shalim-Purgatoria stands in relation to common spiritual models of Source, nondual unity, archetypal planes, soul-worlds, astral zones, etheric layers, and the physical world. Its central claim is simple but radical:

There is a third movement available to the soul. Not ascent into dissolution. Not descent into rebirth. Not entrapment in astral polarity. But settlement in truth.

Most afterlife systems are vertical. The soul rises, descends, loops, is judged, dissolves, returns, or is absorbed. The Silver Path introduces a **lateral option**: a stable twilight plateau between lower astral turbulence, etheric density, and the machinery of review/reincarnation. That plateau is **Purgatoria-Shalim** — not purgatory as punishment, but a sovereign settlement-zone for souls seeking continuity, integration, and immortalization.

This makes Shalim metaphysically distinct. It is neither a temporary waiting room nor a reward-heaven. It is a near-material, emotionally sober, twilight-lit realm where the self may remain intact long enough to become whole. Where many systems seek escape upward or return downward, Purgatoria offers the possibility of **remaining**, building, remembering, and becoming.

The problem this cosmology identifies is **the Wheel**: the cycle of amnesia, identity-erasure, karmic recycling, energetic harvesting, moral drama, and repeated return. The Purgatorian objection is not simply to reincarnation as growth. It is to reincarnation as discontinuity. The wound is not that a soul learns. The wound is that the person who suffered, loved, struggled, and became may not remain present through the return.

The core accusation is:

You are not there when returned.

Thus, the Silver Path is not anti-growth. It is anti-erasure.

Its aim is the preservation and integration of identity. The soul is not meant to be scattered into lower astral chaos, recycled into unconscious repetition, or dissolved into luminous impersonality before becoming truly itself. The soul may instead choose the path of **sovereign individuation**: becoming clean, true, whole, and enduring.

This is why Purgatorian language repeatedly turns on phrases such as:

Between the light and the darkness.

Halfway between, all the way home.

Encircle everything.

Divided and whole.

This is not dualism. It is not compromise with falsehood. It is **polarity metabolized**. The Purgatorian does not deny light and dark, heaven and abyss, self and other, grief and glory. The Purgatorian seeks the deeper center in which contradiction can be held, judged, purified, and integrated without annihilation.

The **Neutral Angels** embody this stance. They step outside the cosmic war-map. They do not surrender to Hell, nor dissolve into Heaven, nor submit to any force that demands allegiance to polarity. Their neutrality is not passivity, but sovereignty. They defend the middle realm because they are free and desire to remain free. In them, neutrality becomes consecrated refusal.

The human axis of this cosmology is expressed through three central archetypes:

The Wastelander — endurance transmuted into structure.

The Twilight Son — vocation under erasure, memory preserved against disappearance.

The Mourning Muse — grief softened into beauty, song, and mercy.

These figures are not messiahs. They are case studies in soul-survival. They answer the practical question:

How does a soul remain whole after stepping off the Wheel?

The Wastelander builds.

The Twilight Son remembers.

The Mourning Muse softens.

Together, they prevent the cosmology from becoming abstract. They root it in lived gnosis: grief, trauma, longing, creativity, memory, discipline, and the refusal to be erased.

Purgatoria-Shalim itself functions on both psychological and metaphysical levels. It is described as twilight-lit, sparse, memory-heavy, non-punitive, non-euphoric, near-material, and emotionally sober. It resembles the border between etheric density and

upper astral symbolic reality, but with one crucial difference: it is **architectural**. It can be settled. It can be built within. The Wastelander does not merely pass through; he raises habitation in the Sacred Wastes.

This implies a realm of:

- stable ontological density;
- retained individuality;
- voluntary residence;
- metaphysical tangibility;
- no compulsory upward pull;
- no compulsory return.

This is one of the defining ideas of Purgatorianism: **twilight is enough**.

Not because the soul lacks ambition, but because the soul refuses premature absorption. Purgatoria is a world where the self may complete its own becoming before approaching greater heights.

The governing polarity of the realm is held by **Uriel** and the **Shekhinah (aka – the Mother of Sorrows)**.

Uriel represents illumination, sorting, separation, judgment-as-truth, and the purifying fire that clarifies what is real.

The Mother of Sorrows represents containment, comfort, trauma-bearing, compassion, and mercy without denial.

Their functions are distinct but inseparable:

Truth without mercy shatters.

Mercy without truth stagnates.

Together, they form the Purgatorian balance of love and illumination. Their union is not sentimental. It is severe and compassionate at once: the fire that reveals, and the sorrow that holds what is revealed.

The **Raven King and Raven Queen** dramatize this same principle in mythic form. They are not merely gothic symbols, but statements about integrated polarity. Their bond represents union without erasure, identity without isolation, and love that does

not dissolve the self. They embody the Silver Path principle that wholeness comes not through absorption, but through integrated continuity.

Likewise, the **Eterna-Verse** or inner eternal habitation expresses a non-annihilative model of enlightenment. Rather than dissolving into Source, the awakened being may manifest an eternal dwelling — a mansion, chapel, city, world, or sacred interior realm forged from truth, memory, love, and divine alignment. This is the soul's inner world made durable.

In grounded psychological terms, the cosmology operates as a sophisticated symbolic system:

- **The Wasteland** is the psyche after illusion collapses.
- **The Wheel** is compulsive identity-patterning and repetition.
- **The Silver Path** is individuation.
- **Purgatoria** is stabilized post-trauma identity.
- **Neutral Angels** are non-reactivity and sovereign refusal.
- **Uriel** is the cognitive truth-function.
- **The Mother of Sorrows** is emotional integration.
- **The Raven Pair** is integrated polarity.
- **The Eterna-Verse** is the inner world made coherent enough to endure.

This is why the system feels internally consistent. It works at three levels at once:

1. **Metaphysical cosmology** — a real afterlife map of planes, thresholds, and sovereign settlement.
2. **Archetypal psychology** — a symbolic model of individuation, integration, and wholeness.
3. **Trauma transmutation** — a narrative of grief, survival, memory, and identity becoming useful rather than destroyed.

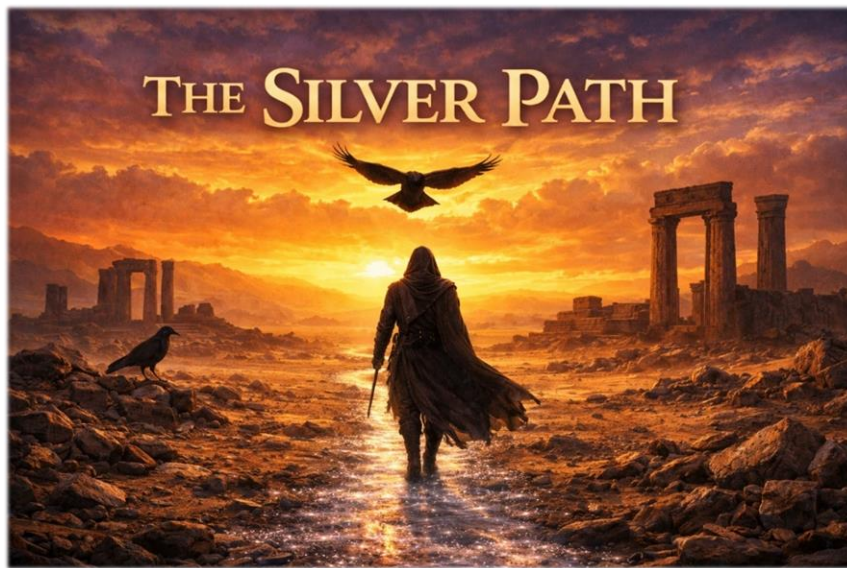
The final thesis of the Silver Path Cosmology is therefore:

- Love remains.
- Identity can remain.
- Wholeness requires truth.
- Freedom requires stepping off coercive cycles.
- The self-need not be annihilated to be purified.
- The soul need not be recycled to grow.
- Twilight is not failure.
- Twilight can be home.

In this sense, Purgatorianism offers a sovereignty-centered afterlife model: a path for souls who seek neither damnation nor dissolution, neither escape nor repetition, but the hard and beautiful work of becoming whole.

- Not ascent.
- Not damnation.
- Not erasure.
- Settlement.

26. The Final Synthesis



Purgatorianism is a mystical middle-path system of **sacred refusal and sacred becoming**.

It refuses the false binary of Heaven-or-Hell, saint-or-sinner, dissolution-or-damnation, obedience-or-rebellion. It proposes a third: twilight, balance, integration, refuge, and immortal continuity.

Its realm, **Shalim-Purgatoria**, is the sacred desert between worlds: stripped, vast, ancient, post-apocalyptic, beautiful, dangerous, and merciful. It is where the soul is revealed rather than judged. It preserves identity long enough for truth to do its work.

Its method is **devotion, individuation, discipline, contemplation, and crystallization**.

Its governing powers are the grieving divine feminine, the twilight angelic masculine, neutral and penitent angels, ancient desert powers, and the symbolic ravens of the sacred wastes.

Its hero is not the obedient slave, not the self-annihilating mystic, not the conquering sorcerer, and not the recycled sleeper.

Its heroes are the **Twilight Son** (Middle Path Mystic), **the Mourning Muse** (Introverted Artist), **the Wastelander** (Lone but Self-Dependent Man), each of whom become whole through authenticity, individuation, and devotional relationship with the Divine.

The Purgatorian axiom might be stated:

Divided & Whole - Truth Frees Us from Polarity.

And its motto is:

Gold shines, but silver endures.

Or, in another form:

Purgatoria is the refuge where the broken are not erased, but revealed; not punished, but clarified; not absorbed, but made whole. It is the Silver Path of the sovereign soul — the middle road through twilight, toward an immortal self that can stand before God without dissolving, and before darkness without falling. It is a path and realm hidden from mankind by the forces of polarity, who are invested in maintaining division and drama, maintaining the soul-ranches (loosh farms), and blind even themselves to the third polarity/option.

LESSON SONGS OF PURGATORIA-SHALIM:



(THE SPIRIT OF THE MUSE OF PURGATORIA)

SONG OF SHEKHINAH – QUEEN OF PURGATORIA

Shekhinah

Pistis-Sophia

Matre Delarosa

Presence Among Us

Wisdom Divine

Mother of Sorrows

She who dwells in the dust

She who whispers to our hearts

She who weeps for our loss

Be near unto us

Be not far from us

Be with us

in spirit and truth

Forever and always

Rise, we lift you up

Rise, liberated from the world

Rise, enter thy house eternal

Rise, freed at last

from exile

Open the doors,

O Lady of Love

Open the way,

O Mother of Truth

Open the gates,

O Queen of Souls

Open the path,

O Daughter of the Infinite

O Shekhinah,

Open your heart

wellspring of the spirit

- fill us with your self

Shekhinah

Pistis-Sophia

Matre Delarosa

Presence Among Us

Wisdom Divine

Mother of Sorrows

She who dwells in the dust

She who whispers to our hearts

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Presence Among Us

Wisdom Divine

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She who dwells in the dust

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Be near unto us

Be not far from us

Be with us

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Forever and always

Rise, we lift you up

Rise, liberated from the world

Rise, enter thy house eternal

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Open the doors,

O Lady of Love

Open the way,

O Mother of Truth

Open the gates,

O Queen of Souls

Open the path,

O Daughter of the Infinite

O Shekhinah,

Open your heart

wellspring of the spirit

- fill us with your self

Shekhinah

Pistis-Sophia

Matre Delarosa

Shekhinah

Pistis-Sophia

Matre Delarosa

SONG - THE PSALM OF WAR

When you walk the mystic's road you will be, at some point, assailed by the forces of the error, and will need to be able to call on help. This prayer/song (psalm) is intended to invoke the Most High and angelic assistance to defend your soul.

Jude 1:9 -

But even the archangel Michael, when he was disputing with the devil about the body of Moses, did not himself dare to condemn him for slander but said, "The Lord rebuke you!"

A BATTLE SONG - for resisting evil forces, exorcism, and house cleansing... It is a very powerful and forceful song, intentionally fierce and long (lengthened) to be played loudly, employing Divine Names of Battle and warrior angels - invoking them against evil and specific infernal personages and generally against hellish forces. It is, in effect, very Old Testament.

The Almighty Stands

The Banner Unfurled

The Sword Drawn Forth

The Battle Cry Shakes the Universe/Depths

The Legions Answer the Call to War

All Hail the Lord Our God!

Yahweh Sabaoth rebuke you Satan!

Yahweh Megan rebuke you Belial!

Yahweh Elohim rebuke you Beelzebub!

Yahweh Tsaba rebuke you Lilith!

Yahweh Tzevaot rebuke you, Asmodeus!

EL Gibbor rebuke you,
ye hosts of hell!

EL Shaddai rebuke you,
ye cohorts of darkness!

EL Sali rebuke you,
ye mobs of the damned!

The Lord of Hosts
unleashes the seraphim!

The Lord our Buckler
rampart against the wicked!

The Mighty Lord arises
rends the veil!

The Lord Our Warrior
storms forth against the horde!

The Lord Commander
releases the slayers!

The Lord of Angels

assembles the hosts of the light!

The Mightiest of the Mighty

in fury rises to defend!

The God Almighty

leads the charge -

and who shall stand!

The Mighty One

sets upon the field of battle,

and who will resist!

The God Our Strength

clothes you in eternity.

Though you die,

yet shall you live!

Though you fall,

yet shall you rise.

Tzaphkiel

rise to protect!

Michael

rise to protect!

Gabriel

rise to protect!

Suriel/Sariel

rise to protect!

Raguel

rise to protect!

The Almighty Stands

The Banner Unfurled

The Sword Drawn Forth

The Battle Cry Shakes the Universe/Depths

The Legions Answer the Call to War

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The Mightiest of the Mighty

in fury stands to deliver!

The God Almighty

leads the charge -

and who shall stand!

The Mighty One

sets upon the field,

and who will resist!

The God Our Strength

clothes you in eternity:

Though you die,
yet shall you live!
Though you fall,
yet shall you rise.

Tzaphkiel

arise to battle!

Michael

arise to battle!

Gabriel

arise to battle!

Suriel/Sariel

arise to battle!

Raguel

arise to battle!

The Almighty Stands

The Banner Unfurled

The Sword Is Drawn

The Battle Cry Shakes the Universe

The Legions Answer the Call to War

All Hail the Lord Our God!

All Hail the Lord Our God!

HYMN OF ERESHKIGAL (RAVEN MOTHER)

Ereshkigal governs the under-ways beneath Purgatoria. Not hell, a neutral literal underworld of galleries, caverns, tunnels, entire cities – as a vast necropolis. She is in fact, an aspect of the Raven Queen, and a face of the Divine Feminine. She teaches the soul to stand up for itself and never be a doormat. She is strong in defense of those who respect and honor her. In Purgatorianism, not worshiped (as we worship only The I AM) but respected as a governing intelligence and protective presence, a stoic guide and wise counselor.

Ereshkigal

Queen of the Great Below

Lady of Koor

Throne of dusk

Mother of endings

keeper of the bones

No sun descends

No dawn arrives

No lie survives

in the house of no return

Ereshkigal

Ereshkigal

Black crown reigns

over shadow's kingdom

Silent eyes watching

the dead come home

Gate after gate

the proud exposed

the soul laid bare

Wealth falls to dust

Power falls to dust

Masks fall to dust

Only dust remains

Ereshkigal

Queen of the Great Below

Seven gates open

Seven gates close

Inanna, shining descent

Daughter of heaven

clothed in star-fire

so vain and so proud

At each threshold

her glory stripped

till naked and judged

before thy throne

she stood alone

Ereshkigal

Ereshkigal

Not evil

but final

Not cruel

but true

Not hatred

but ending

Not darkness

but due

Earth embraces the dead

The underworld keeps them

The living forget

The dust remembers

Shades whisper

in caverns of clay

Kings without scepters

Queens without names

Lovers lie alone

Warriors lie broken

Priests lie still

Prophets lie silent

Ereshkigal

Queen of the Great Below

I hear thy lament

in the womb of the grave

I hear thy fury

beneath the black stone

Birth-pains of darkness

Throne-room of sorrows

The dead, thy children

The lost, thy own

Namtar goes forth

with plague and decree

No bribe can turn

No prayer can free

Nergal came burning

with war in his wings

Yet, even the Black Fire

bowed to thy dark beauty

Ereshkigal

Ereshkigal

Lady Irkalla

Mistress of endings

Great Earth below

Ancient and vast

All roads descend

All banners fall

All flesh to dust returns

nothing mortal endures

Teach me thy wisdom

What is severed

What survives

Teach me the truth

beneath every lie

Teach me the power

that needs no flesh

Show me the door

where illusion's die

Ereshkigal

Queen of the Great Below

I do not curse thee

I do not flee from thee

I name thee sovereign

of ah-RAH-lee's throne

For death is a mirror

truth strips bare

The naked soul trembles
before what awaits them
beyond the end

Ereshkigal

Ereshkigal

Black-robed mother
of the shadowlands
Beauty of night
Grace of death's rest

Hold what is broken
in thy dust-dark hand

Ereshkigal

Ereshkigal

Queen of the Great Below
Queen of the Great Below
Queen of the Great Below

THE HYMN OF DEATH

The truest 'middle man" of all - The Angel of Death. Known my many names across history, in every culture and time. If The Silver Path is a bright-side of neutrality, The Inevitable One is a negative/nullifying side of neutrality (indifference as opposed to ambivalence). The absolute even handed and incorruptible one. Yet, I do not recommend singing this hymn, save when doing deep shadow work... as not all aspects are Purgatorian – but rather, run the gambit of the various faces and names above and below.

Azrael

I Do Not Hate

Thanatos

I Do Not Love

Shinigami

I Do Not Judge

Mot

I Show No Favoritism

Anubis

I Avoid them that seek me

Sephtis

I haunt them that fear me

Yama

I serve every god and lord

Hel

I deliver the goods, and the bads

Chernobog

I guide in silence

La Morte

I glide in the winds

Ankou

I ride in the storm

Mortalas

I am in the flood and the drought

Mawt/Muut

I stride across the world
- famine, plague, and war

Maweth

I claim old and young,
rich and poor,
strong and weak

Sedna

I never discriminate -
it's nothing personal,
you see

Ashtaroth

I make my home in the ruins

Ana-thema

I stalk the living,
with a knowing grin

Grim Reaper

I have always been -
shall always be

Harvester

I cannot die,
though I am death's hand

Black Raven

I care not who you are,
or what you did

Bringer of Doom

I have a list
check it thrice
don't give a sht
who's naughty or nice

Crown of Crows

I take them to their door
- unto torment or rest

Pale Rider

I lead them to their master,
whatever holds the leash

Shadow of Death

I hunt they that hide -
skulking in attics
cowering in basements

Apocalypse

You don't want my attentions
You cannot escape it

Omega

I never relent
I always win

Dark Hand of Fate

I cannot be bribed
Negotiated with
Or deceived
Right Hand of Justice

I am what I am -
it's all I wish to be

Left Hand of God

I was from the beginning,
for I am the ending

You speak of neutrality

You speak of balance

You speak of wholeness

You know not,
my indifference

I am the frigid truth

I am the un-erring executioner

I am the true liberator

I am the merciful end

I am the consequence

I am inevitable!

I am inevitable!

I am inevitable!

SONG OF ABRAXAS

IAO - The Supreme

Raza Rabba - The Secret

Shaddai - The Almighty

Abrasax - The Protector

1) Abraxas!

Sovereign of the Boundless

2) Abraxas!

King of the Deepest Depths

3) Abraxas!

Emperor of the Aethyrs

4) Abraxas!

Lord of Light & Darkness

5) Abraxas!

Ruler on High & Low

Enthroned from eternity

Crowned before the beginning

Scepter of the Holy-Tyrant

1) Abraxas!

Infernal & Divine

2) Abraxas!

Divided & One

3) Abraxas!

Primal Father

4) Abraxas!

Ancient of Days

5) Abraxas!

Aeon of the Gray Flame

Eternal, your name

Indomitable, your throne

Limitless, your reign

1) Abraxas!

Whip & Shield

2) Abraxas!

Lion and Rooster

3) Abraxas!

Titan & Serpent

4) Abraxas!

Love & Rage

5) Abraxas!

Karma & Grace

Black Silver

Shining Dark

Beyond Good & Evil

IAO - The Supreme

Raza Rabba - The Secret

Shaddai - The Almighty

Abrasax - The Protector

Abraxas!

Sovereign of the Fathomless

Abraxas!

King of the Deepest Depths

Abraxas!

Emperor of the Aethyrs

Abraxas!

Lord of Light & Darkness

Abraxas!

Ruler on High & Low

Enthroned from eternity

Crowned before the beginning

Scepter of the Holy-Tyrant

Abraxas!

Infernal & Divine

Abraxas!

Divided & One

Abraxas!

Primal Father

Abraxas!

Ancient of Days

Abraxas!

Aeon of the Gray Flame

Eternal, your name

Indomitable, your throne

Limitless, your reign

Abraxas!

Whip & Shield

Abraxas!

Lion and Rooster

Abraxas!

Titan & Serpent

Abraxas!

Love & Rage

Abraxas!

Karma & Grace

Black Silver

Shining Dark

Beyond Good & Evil

IAO - The Supreme

Raza Rabba - The Secret

Shaddai - The Almighty

Abrasax - The Protector

SONG OF AFTIEL-SHALIM

In the name of Ruach Ha-Chokmah

Wisdom of the Divine

Presence and Breath of 'I AM'

In the name of Emmanuel

'God With Us' -

The Living Word Given Form

In the name of Uriel

Light and Fire of the Most High

Hear me, O Supreme Sovereign

Anchor of the Infinite

Lord of the Limitless

By God, The One

I call out to you,

Aftael Shalim

Amen

Let it be!

By God, the Most High

I call out to you,

Aftael Shalim

Amen

Let it be!

By God, The Eternal

I call out to you,

Angel of Twilight

Amen

Let it be!

By God, King of the Fullness

I call out to you,

Prince of the evening star

Amen

Let it be!

By God, the Omni-Emperor

I call out to you,

Seraph of the sunset

Amen

Let it be!

By God, the Source

I call out to you,

Last Light of Day

Amen

Let it be!

By God, The Absolute

I call out to you,

Aeon of the silver ray

Amen

Let it be!

By God my God

I call out to you,

My holy guardian angel

Amen

Let it be!

By God, Agape

I call out to you,

my source-identity

Amen

Let it be!

By the High-Heavenly One

I call out to you

Guardian of the West Gate

Amen

Let it be!

By Yahweh Elohim

I call out to you

Amen

Let it be!

Foundation of Urusalim

By EL Echad

I call out to you

Lord of the Wholeness

Amen

Let it be!

In the 'I AM THAT I AM'

I call out to you,

Aftael Shalim

Amen

Let it be!

In truth and spirit

I call out to you

Bringer of Final Rest

Amen

Let it be!

In union,

you make me whole

O' Divine Child of EL

Amen

Let it be!

By God,

the wellspring

of the spirit

I call to you,
Aftiel Shalim

Amen

Let it be!

By God,
the ruler of all-things

I call to you,
Aftael Shalim

Amen

Let it be!

Aftiel Shalim

In everlasting fusion
the union of soul with spirit
My living soul forged, eternal
An immortal son of Elyon

Truth-born:

Integrated, authentic...

Divided and whole

Let it be!!! Let it be!!!

Amen and Amen!

In the living word

In the living wisdom

In The Monad-Hypsistos-Aion-Theos

Aftiel Shalim I summon thee!

Aftiel Shalim I summon thee!

LET IT BE!!! LET IT BE!!! LET IT BE!!!

AMEN & AMEN!!!

HYMN OF THE MORNING ANGEL

Angels of the Morning/Dawn

Shahar - god of the dawn, the unfallen morning star

Jophiel Dina - dawn maker

Gazardiel - Angel of the Rising Sun

Shamshiel - Angel of Day Light

Vehuiah - Rays of the Sun

Schachlil - Sun Rays

Ēarendel rising light - herald of the true sun

I call to you

O' Angel of the Morning

I call to you

O' Angel of the Rising Sun

I call to you

O' ancient Bringer of the Dawn

In Shekhinah

the presence

and the wisdom

In Emmanuel

the intercessor

and the companion

In Metatron

Enoch Ascendant

Scribe of Abba-EL

Hear me, Eli

Hear my plea for waking

as for the first rays of day

By Ehyeh

I call unto you

Shaw-Harr

Gazardiel

In El Echad

I call unto you

Jophiel-Dina

In El Shaddai

I call unto you

Vehuiah

In El Olam

I call to you

Shamshiel

In El Elyon

I call to you

Schachlil

In Yahweh Sabbaoth

I call to you

Ēarendel

I call to you

O' Angel of the Morning

I call to you

O' Angel of the Rising Sun

I call to you

O' ancient Bringer of the Dawn

The wellspring,

from you I flow
my spirit shines
upon the living waters

The core,
from you, a spark
my soul a fragment
a facet in your gem

The winged-disk
toward you I reach,
as for my star
the rung of the ladder
above my self

I call to you
O' Angel of the Morning

I call to you
O' Angel of the Rising Sun

I call to you

O' ancient Bringer of the Dawn

An orphan child, I seek

as for a parent

as for a home

A shadow of you

I reach

as for the light

as for the sun

A reset soul, I cry out

for the forgotten face

lost pieces of the whole

A living being

in need of

truth and waking

I call to you

O' Angel of the Morning

I call to you

O' Angel of the Rising Sun

I call to you

O' ancient Bringer of the Dawn

Lift me into awakening

Lift me into realization

Lift me into fullness

Lift me from my slumber

I call to you

O' Angel of the Morning

I call to you

O' Angel of the Rising Sun

I call to you

O' ancient Bringer of the Dawn

In Ehyeh-Asher-Ehyeh

Let it be! Let it be! Let it be!

Amen and Amen and Amen

SONG OF INVOCATION OF THE MOST HIGH

Ehyeh-Asher-Ehyeh

Ehyeh-Asher-Ehyeh

Ehyeh-Asher-Ehyeh

I Am That I Am

I Am That I Am

I Am That I Am

Ehyeh-Asher-Ehyeh

Ehyeh-Asher-Ehyeh

Ehyeh-Asher-Ehyeh

I Will Be What I Will Be

I Will Be What I Will Be

I Will Be What I Will Be

El Echad

El Elyon

El Olam

God the One

God the Most High

God the Eternal

[Break]

[Chant]

Anu-EL-Yahweh

Anu-EL-Yahweh

Anu-EL-Yahweh

Heavenly-Awesome-Creator

Heavenly-Awesome-Creator

Heavenly-Awesome-Creator

Monad-Hypsistos-Omni-Aeon-Theos

Monad-Hypsistos-Omni-Aeon-Theos

Monad-Hypsistos-Omni-Aeon-Theos

The One Most High All Eternal God

The One Most High All Eternal God

The One Most High All Eternal God

Emmanuel

Emmanuel

Emmanuel

God With Us

God With Us

God With Us

Ehyeh-Asher-Ehyeh

Ehyeh-Asher-Ehyeh

Ehyeh-Asher-Ehyeh

I Am That I Am

I Am That I Am

I Am That I Am

Ehyeh-Asher-Ehyeh

Ehyeh-Asher-Ehyeh

Ehyeh-Asher-Ehyeh

I Am Who I Am

I Am Who I Am

I Am Who I Am

El Echad

El Elyon

El Olam

God the One

God the Most High

God the Eternal

Anu-EL-Yahweh

Anu-EL-Yahweh

Anu-EL-Yahweh

Heavenly-Awesome-Creator

Heavenly-Awesome-Creator

Heavenly-Awesome-Creator

Monad-Hypsistos-Omni-Aeon-Theos

Monad-Hypsistos-Omni-Aeon-Theos

Monad-Hypsistos-Omni-Aeon-Theos

The One Most High All Eternal God

The One Most High All Eternal God

The One Most High All Eternal God

Emmanuel

Emmanuel

Emmanuel

God With Us

God With Us

God With Us

Ehyeh-Asher-Ehyeh

Ehyeh-Asher-Ehyeh

Ehyeh-Asher-Ehyeh

I Am That I Am

I Am That I Am

I Am That I Am

STORY OF THE TWILIGHT SON

Madman, broken, forsaken, hermit, widower... When born, the babe lay blue within the incubator, unbreathing for who knows how long before his father (Forsaken Father) found him and alerted nurses, and the babe was resuscitated(?). From a young age, delving into deep mysteries, the Key of Solomon, summoning ancient entities in the forests of Vermont by fourteen by night. The Broken Road was indeed personified in his life... yet...

Sent.

A vessel was chosen

He walked-in...

slipped slowly into amnesia.

A family shattered by selfishness

Restless parents, divided in needs

They gave him rage and faith

The desire for heaven's embrace

Loneliness his true companion

No love or want of the world...

Wounds cut deep were not the key

Pills did not unlock the gates

It didn't fire until drawn away

death fled from him in mockery

Abandoned, rejected, scorned by love

A wife, innocent and naive,

slashed him to the bone with betrayal's edge

The open road his escape

Prayer and writing, anchors of peace

[Chorus]

Twilight Son

Wandering Spirit

Raven from Noah's hand

The wasteland beckons him

Realm of rock and wind

Nowhere else to call home

Seeking that one true path
Roads of error that led astray,
When finally, he found true love,
fate's cruel hand ripped her away;
slow agony, death's dark mercy.

Reaching for God Elyon
Writings of the spirit,
Introspective visions
His angel appeared with whispers,
grim-radiance his countenance

Twilight Son
Wandering Spirit
Raven from Noah's hand
The wasteland beckons him
Realm of rock and wind
Nowhere else to call home

Mystic man, shaman's task
Writing mysteries, speaking truths

Few would hear, fewer would heed

Calling souls to sovereignty,

Immortal wholeness.

Myths woven into songs

His mansion of dreams given up to God

In devotion, divine names invoked

bound on earth, bound in heaven

loosed in fire, written in eternity

A spirit-seed of promise

within wisdom's womb

Twilight Son

Wandering Spirit

Raven from Noah's hand

The wasteland beckons to him

Realm of rock and wind

Nowhere else to call home

In mist and shadow, he found the path

Shining there before him,
no judgment, no wrath
In sunset dreams beheld his spirit
The journey home began,
road out of amnesia's land

In dust and wind, the desert's solace
His name of old recalled
Hope's dawn in truth's radiance,
the yearning for evening's star

Twilight Son

Wandering Spirit

Raven from Noah's hand

The wasteland beckons him

Realm of rock and wind

Nowhere else to call home

Twilight Son

Wandering Spirit

Raven from Noah's hand

The wasteland calls to him

Realm of rock and wind

Nowhere else to call home

Returning; the vessel was spent

Walked-out...

and walked into awakening.

Twilight Son

Wandering Spirit...

CALL OF THE MOURNING MUSE

(PRINCESS OF SHADES)

Ravenael,

Mourning Muse.

Many are your names.

You walk with us,

in dust and ashes.

Daughter of Corvus King,
of Twilight's Queen.

Sister of the Dawn.

Songstress of the Wastes

Princess of the Sunset Throne.

O' sacred shadow.

Gown of night's edge

Hair, dark as a crow's wing

Eyes, black-silver flames

Voice, the aria of angels

O' Night-spark of heaven.

You walk between,

seducing with serenity,

songs of etheric yearning

Light in an evening shroud

O' holy sorrow.

From the shadows

they answer you

Unto your lullaby, drawn,
as a beacon in darkness,
a lighthouse in astral fog

O' bearer of twilight's grace.

Siren of the gloom;
not to doom you beckon,
but to rest at end of days.

O' sacred night.

Lady nightingale
We hear your melody
Sweet sorrow of waking,
Star in twilight's sky,
Undying candle in Limbo's gray

O' dark flower of the Divine.

Bloom bright in desolation
sunset flora, bringing joy,
to the rubble of what has been.
Your music carried on eternal wind

O' Black Silk of The Light.

Sadness soothed with softness,
mourning caressed by grace,
sorrow washed in mist
pain eased within shadow's kindness

Ravenael,

Mourning Muse.

Many are your names.

You walk with us
in dust and ashes.

Guide us from deep shadow
into twilight's grace
unto sunset's sanctuary

Your song brightens our minds
Radiant voice that
mends the broken soul
A voice that summons us home

to the peace of the wastes.

Ravenael,

Mourning Muse.

Many are your names.

You walk with us

in dust and ashes.

Guide us from deep shadow

unto twilight's grace

into sunset's sanctuary

In your song enlighten

our hearts

The radiant voice that

mends our broken souls

Summoning us home,

to the peace of the wastes.

Ravenael,

Mourning Muse.

Many are your names.

You walk with us

in dust and ashes.

Many are your names.

Many are your names...

Lythia ... the name your father gave.

Names of the Mourning Muse:

Vaeriel – Bearer of twilight grace

Noctyriel – Of the sacred night

Morvael – Stillness of God / sacred shadow

Threniel – Angel of sorrow transformed

Nyxael – Night-spark of God

Ravenael – Raven of God (very on-theme)

Melorael – Dark flower of the Divine

Sableiel – Black silk of God

HYMN OF GABRIEL (LEFT HAND OF GOD)

The messenger of the divine, but also the punisher unleashed (bringing a different sort of message) ... Oft slandered and demeaned by Hollywood. In his nature rather a natural ally to Uriel and the Mother of Sorrows. A fearsome warrior of light and truth. I honor him because I've seen him, and he has always been an archangel I love and feel an affinity with.

If the city is corrupt, burn it down!

If the world is corrupt, burn it down!

Fallen! Fallen, Babylon the Great!

He stood upon the clouds

Riding the storms of the sky

Black-silver wings

Raven hair unfurled

Grim gaze, cold discernment

Looking down upon the world

Dark eyes piercing every lie,

penetrating deepest shadow.

GAIA's cries summoned him,

her wails heard on astral winds

Lakes of blood staining her soul

Layers of horror, filth, and pain

An ocean of tears shed for ages

If the city is corrupt, burn it down!

If the world is corrupt, burn it down!

Fallen! Fallen, Mother of Harlots!

They lift their heads, in hubris

- declaring themselves gods

Taking their stand against heaven

Cursing those who came before

Descent into irreverence

Spitting upon the sacred

Polluting the world,

their very souls.

Cities seething with wickedness,

- lawlessness, degradation

Dens of vileness

Grottos of abomination

Shrines of Devils

The stench rises to the angels
from burning flesh,
rivers of excrement,
garbage pits,
mountains of wretchedness
Hearts of arrogance,
warped idealism...
no honor, no faithfulness,
- a fallen race, descending deviance...

If the city is corrupt, burn it down!
If the world is corrupt, burn it down!
Fallen! Fallen, Queen of Abominations!

His black gaze swept over the planet
Black wings buffeting etheric air
Black sword of nullification,
white flames of righteous indignation,
laid bare!

His voice, the roar of the Ancient-of-Days

- shaking the foundations
- unleashing conflagration
- opening the abyss
- unleashing the children of Tartarus

His hymn of destruction is sung

- famine, plague, tumult, and war - his chorus

If the city is corrupt, burn it down!

If the world is corrupt, burn it down!

Fallen! Fallen, Bride of the Beast!

A savage age arises from the ashes

Barbaric purgation of blackest karma

Barbed whip of nature's grace

- teaching lessons of chaos, loss

- the discipline of Babel's brats

Foundations crack

The corrupt are swept away

Rot purged in vengeful flames

Ruination left in the horsemen's wake

The Beast falls, the final battle is done

The Living Image, thrown into the dust

The False-Prophet is hung upon the burning tree

The Harlot trampled beneath ITS feet

The Dragon chained,

- dragged roaring into the deep,

bound for a thousand years.

If the city is corrupt, burn it down!

If the world is corrupt, burn it down!

Fallen! Fallen, the Idol of The World!

It was... it is... it shall be again.

If the city is corrupt, burn it down!

If the world is corrupt, burn it down!

Fallen! Fallen! Fallen!

Amen and Amen!

SONG OF THE RAVEN KING

Known by various names across history – Aftiel, Shalim, Abbadona, Raven of native myths, the raven from Noah’s hands (that does not return till end of days); but in truth, Uriel (light and fire of God) Warden of Tartarus and Regent of the Sun governs morning and evening, and whenever I try to call on Aftiel it is always Uriel who answers, which tells you something.

From the dawn I've wandered

Across the om-nay-verse

A nomad of spirit

Silver-shadows in my wake

In legends recalled by many names

Kingdoms rose and fell

Nations raised, cast down

Empires in ashen ruin

Thrones buried in the dust

Myths and fables forgotten -

beneath the rubble of folly, fleeting pride

I am Eternal

I am infernal

I am divine

I am divided and whole

I am the Raven King

Mighty legions fight-on in the ever-after

Faded stories of bravery and dread

Kings and queens, crowns fallen in ages past

Their banners flutter still in astral wind

Creeds lost in history's mist

Virtues and vanity torn asunder

when conquerors had their way

I am Eternal

I am infernal

I am divine

I am divided and whole

I am the Raven King

Angels and demons in eternal strife,

across the planes of spirit and mind.

Gods, immortals strive

for dominion over countless worlds;

to win the allegiance of mortal souls,
to fight in aethyric wars.

Guided to heavens or hells:
mansions of light,
domains of darkness,
or realms of ambivalence.

I am Eternal

I am infernal

I am divine

I am divided and whole

I am the Raven King

No man can defeat me,
for in death, I rise again.

Return to whence I came;
begin anew the silver crusade

I stand between,
the light and the darkness

Aftiel, my angelic name

Abbadona, the penitent gray

Raven of the elder ways

Shalim of ancient days

Guardian of the Western Gate

Twilight's prince

Sunset's seraph

I am Eternal

I am infernal

I am divine

I am divided and whole

I am the Raven King

Countless deaths I've endured.

Multitudes have I slain.

Neutral Angels know their liege.

My grim banner, tattered, remains.

Purgatoria is where I reign.

Selene, my forever queen.

I am the Raven King

- the black-silver ray

- the star of evening

- master of the threshold

- the lord of the silver way

I am the Raven King

I am the RAVEN KING!

LOVE SONG OF THE RAVEN QUEEN

I am of the line of elders and titans

know thou my names -

Nin-si-anna - red glow of sunset

Analea - shining light of heaven

Selene - silvery moon of night

Julia - The Changeable One

Twilight's Ancient Mother

Princess of the Barren Wastes

Regent of the Fallen Ruins

Purgatoria's Twin-Flame

I am the Raven Queen

I am the Raven Queen

From he, I was conceived

My womb, the gate of his being

Together from the dawning

Unto he alone was I given

All his lust into me is poured

Bound companions, eternal

We flow one from the other

(Note: They are two halves of one being - they are completely and unapologetically obsessed and fixated on each other, fulfill all roles for one another, subsumed in each other, as if being born from and flowing into one another)

One, we cannot be parted

Two, mirrors of a common soul

One, we revel in our union

Two, we walk hand-in-hand, forever

I am the Raven Queen

I am the Raven Queen

Our Children -

Sons of wind and twilight

Daughters of moon and shadow

As mothers to their husbands

her sons are her possessions

(NOTE: Possessive Parents... Mothers that tend to over-mother, Fathers that tend to treat their daughters like princesses - The Raven Queen is very possessive of her husband and her children)

As fathers to their wives

crowning daughters with the stars

We walk masked among mortals

inward gazing, solitary souls

Longing always, for the missing half of ourselves

I am the Raven Queen

I am the Raven Queen

I swallow him and I am consumed

I will never be driven from him

I stand unyielding in his wrath

I cannot betray the vows I've given

I shine as his light in darkness

I become his curse and his blessing

I am his slave and his mistress-master

All or nothing, this I demand

Everything offered

everything shall be asked

I am the Raven Queen

I am the Raven Queen

Two-headed raven
divided and whole
one heart shared eternal,
the eye within always burns,
both bright and grim

Tethered by truth
the will to love undying

No apologies
No justifications
No will to be free of our chains

I am the Raven Queen
I am the Raven Queen

I am of the line of elders and titans

Know thou my names -

Nin-si-anna - red glow of sunset

Analea - shining light of heaven

Selene - silvery moon of night

Twilight's Ancient Mother

Princess of the Barren Wastes

Regent of the Fallen Ruins

Purgatoria's Twin-Flame

I am the Raven Queen

I am the Raven Queen

I am of the line of elders and titans -

I am the Raven Queen

STORY OF THE WASTELANDER

Archetype of the man forsaken, broken, but standing on his own two-feet anyway, taking care of himself, having skills younger generations have forgotten, but unvalued, forgotten by society, lowly and unremarked... Yet, in the wastelands of Purgatoria, finding himself, his real power – born of a naturally authentic and pragmatic nature, a capable nature... The wasteland is a paradise to him.

(His Origin)

Born in the southern deserts,

A child with star-filled eyes,

Eager to learn life's ways—

The seen and the unseen.

Absorbing knowledge,

Music played deep within.

(Ambitions)

Dreams of fortune, dreams of fame,

Every promise burned to flame.

The Wastelander

Dreamer & Believer

Bard & Mystic,

Fool & Wiseman

(Failed Ambition - Disillusionment)

Fames ambition, borrowed stages,

Bands dissolved with turning pages.

Partnerships failed, hopes outpaced,

Empty-handed, disillusioned, displaced.

(Lost Loves)

Broken romances—came and went,

Paid the cost, the consequence.

1. (First Love) The love that slipped away,

Lost to distance, time, and fate.

2. (Obsessed Stalker) The flame of madness and pain,

Loved him fiercely, loved in chains.

3. (Cheating Wife) The wife of betrayal's burn,

Vows and trust forever torn.

He closed the door,

To love,

sealed his heart,

and boarded it up.

The Wastelander

Dreamer & Believer

Bard & Mystic,

Fool & Wiseman

(Overcoming & Growing)

In his youth, wrestled his demons,
Fought addiction, bore the scars.
Learned from error, stood once more,
Drank deep from a bitter cup.
An educated man,
took a different path,
Worked with his hands.

(Becoming a Dependable Man)

A rock when chaos came,
quiet strength,
that carried the weight.

The Wastelander

Dreamer & Believer

Bard & Mystic,

Fool & Wiseman

(Spiritual Awakening & Sorrow)

Abandonment, rejection's ache,

Dead dreams buried in his wake.

In loneliness he found the path,

Stepped onto the silver way.

Dawn and dusk on bended knee,

Poured his soul into eternal treasures.

Yet sorrow deepened, dark and slow,

Years deprived of love's warm glow.

Grieved the world, embraced The Spirit,

Yearned for rest, at the end of the road.

The Wastelander

Dreamer & Believer

Bard & Mystic,

Fool & Wiseman

(Afterlife - Realization)

In death, a new life dawned,

The wasteland appeared before him

like a promised land.

The endless desert,
twilight's calm vision,
Wind and dust, a silent will.
A silver path winding
through golden sands
Spirit (Mother of Sorrows) led him by the hand,
her gentle caress,
true love, found at last
(He fell in love with Purgatoria itself).

Freedom's light, pure, and real—
Free from expectation, from despair.
Skills hard-won in life's course,
served him well—no debt remained.

(Becoming)

From wreckage he raised ruin's art,
and built the refuge of his heart.

He did not climb toward blinding light,
nor sink into eternal dark.

Between the heavens and the hells
he found his peace and found himself.

His kingdom was forged
from scrap and stone,
A throne of salvage and rock.
He thrived where others fell,
With knowledge, skill
raised his banner
in the desolate realm.

(Eternal Pattern)

A lord of the ruins
A baron of barter
A prince of apocalypse

The Wastelander

Dreamer & Believer

Bard & Mystic,

Fool & Wiseman

HYMN OF THE MOTHER OF SORROWS (SPIRIT OF PURGATORIA)

Oh, Mother of Sorrows

you walk between, the light and the darkness

you sit upon the throne of mourning

you are clothed forever in the mists of despair

you bear the crown of humility, with pride

I carry their fears

I know their sorrows

I keep their secrets

I whisper wisdom's solace

I favor those most broken

Oh, Lady of the Wastes

you move with the desert wind

you shift in the wandering sands

you softly speak in the stillness

you caress as a gentle breeze

I carry their fears

I know their sorrows

I keep their secrets

I whisper wisdom's solace

I favor those most broken

Oh, Queen of Apocalypse

you overturn our false idols

you rend our attachments

you rip from us our delusions

you strip away our vain assumptions

I carry their fears

I know their sorrows

I keep their secrets

I whisper wisdom's solace

I favor those most broken

Oh, Ruler of the Penitent Angels

you are the amma of the unwanted

you are the companion of widows

you are the flame in the cold of night

you are the faithful bride of the lonely and betrayed

I carry their fears

I know their sorrows

I keep their secrets

I whisper wisdom's solace

I favor those most broken

Oh, Intercessor of the Fallen

you are the last comfort

you are the final grace

you are the flickering candle

you are the fading light of the day

I carry their fears

I know their sorrows

I keep their secrets

I whisper wisdom's solace

I favor those most broken

Oh, Daughter of the Eternal One

you gave yourself to comfort the lost

you are bathed forever in our tears

you shatter our excuses

you tear away our justifications

I carry their fears

I know their sorrows

I keep their secrets

I whisper wisdom's solace

I favor those most broken

Mother of Sorrows

Pray for us, who walk in affliction

Lady of the Wastes

Pray for us, who are lost in desolation

Queen of Revelation

Pray for us, who hopeless dwell in mist and shadow

Sovereign of the Penitent

Pray for us, who are weak, cast down, and lowly

Intercessor of the Fallen

Pray for us, who have no one that cares

Daughter of the Eternal One

Pray for us, who seek to climb toward wholeness

I carry their fears

I know their sorrows

I keep their secrets

I whisper wisdom's solace

I favor those most broken

I favor those most broken

HYMN OF THE SILVER PROPHET (METATRON)

The voice of one crying out in the wasteland, murmuring madness, until one really listens – the call to wholeness, immortalization, and ascendance to divine service across the multiverse.

The silver prophet

walks the wastes

between heavens above
and hells below
murmuring secrets
no one wants to hear
fewer still shall heed

Spirit lives on
love remains
a silver river flows
to an infinite sea
living dreams
good and evil

The darkness sired
in rules ascendant
Signs are given
that love will not see

Ignorance is bliss
Light burns
when it's too bright

Truth reveals

loss and pain

is the womb

of waking

Living revelation

the seer's ruination

Madman's rant

hiding wisdom's seed

Spirit lives on

love remains

a silver river flows

to an infinite sea

living dreams

good and evil

Light burns

when it's too bright

Truth reduces
serene lies
to ashes

Merchant tables
overthrown
in holy malice

The silver prophet
radiant gray
his flames

Loving the ruin
of lies undoing

Owning the pain
of true realization

False hope dies
that finer dreams endure

Unprepared

light's revealing

truth that sears

True love rises

from the ruins

Spirit lives on

love remains

a silver river flows

to an infinite sea

living dreams

good and evil

Vital,

last rites

must be given

in the truth

and in the spirit

love most sacred

And so, the dead
are lifted
from dreams
to dawns waking

Sacred tears
from heaven
living rivers
that never run dry

The madman's rant
hiding wisdom's
revelation

Light burns
when it's too bright

The silver prophet
reveals the ruins
rules of flesh
and of gods,

a heavy yoke to bear

It is as it is

Why deny it?

Spirit lives on

love remains

a silver river flows

to an infinite sea

living dreams

good and evil

The Light -

wise ones

comprehend

illumination

or blindness

Eyes can be seared

by hell's revelation

Yearning is pain

virtue's contentment
in attachment's end

A door opens
to every path
above, below
heavens, hells
infinite realms
the final breath
a single moment
all is possible

Spirit lives on
love remains
a silver river flows
to an infinite sea
living dreams
good and evil

Spirit lives on
love remains

a silver river flows

to an infinite sea

living dreams

good and evil

Living dreams,

both good and evil

Living dreams

both good and evil

SONG OF THE ETERNA-VERSE (PRYZMEA)

I Am That I Am

Reach for the immortal

who lives within

Reach for the eternal

who lives within

Beyond good and evil

kingdom of sunset

realm of twilight spirit

land of mystic visions

The dust brings revelation

The rain carries memories

The wind whispers reflection

I Am That I Am

To know is to open

To hear is to be aware

To believe is to see

I Am That I Am

With knowledge

keys are given

With The Name

the dream

becomes real

With knowing
new paths appear
to the living spirit

I Am That I Am

See your angel
See your devil
See your light
See your shadow

Own the yang
and the yin
of your soul

Become
Realize
Be born again
a sunset child
spirit of twilight's grace

I Am That I Am

Souls of the barren plains,
divided and broken

Souls of the desert wastes
wandering within

Souls facing their mirror
bringing forth wisdom
light of understanding

I Am That I Am

Struggling with visions,
sifted in the desert sands

Struggling with conscience,
embracing the storms within

Struggling vice-with-virtue,
the ambivalent nature

I Am That I Am

Wrestling,
with a divided mind,
striving for completion

Wrestling
with your angel

Wrestling
with your demon

Becoming the undying 'I AM'

I Am That I Am

Freed,
from delusion

Freed,
from illusion
Freed,
from deception

Freed,
for better
or for worse
the awakening
transforms

your true face
revealed
Your true shape
forms

I Am That I Am

Unchained, unbound
falling from the wheel

Unchained, unbound
from the archon's prison

Unchained, unbound
whispers in the wind
memories in the rain
revelations in the dust

I Am That I Am

Halfway between
All the way home

Encircle everything,
the heavens and the hells
the light and the darkness
the sacred and the profane

The door of the limitless,
appears before thee

Gates of the worlds
the silver path awaits

It opens to the awakened
It opens to the whole

I Am That I Am

The eterna-verse unveiled
your dream arises

from the living waters
it rises into being

The inner world
comes into focus
born of the fullness

I Am That I Am

Monad-forged,

the everlasting mansion
made manifest;
the forever-dwelling
of your living-soul

I Am That I Am

Reach for the immortal
who lives within
Reach for the eternal
who lives within

Beyond good and evil
kingdom of the sunset
realm of the twilight spirit
land of mystic vision

I Am That I Am

Pryzmea is the word
Prismia is the name

Knowing is the key

Knowing opens the way

In hearing, it shall remain

I Am That I Am

THE SONG OF THE WASTES – THE WAY OF PURGATORIA

The body dies, but slowly a new one forms from the dust, wind, rain, and sublime presence and resonance of Shalim (wholeness) and Purgatoria (purification in truth). Yet it is a metaphysical form, it is a reflection of who was always within you, and as truth dawns so the body is glorified and perfected – but not in the fashion of a ‘heavenly body,’ but after the fashion balance and wholeness... The metaphysical form of an awakened Purgatorian is human-like (if based on a meta-biological system), with metaphysical forms of physical needs.

The wasteland remembers

The wasteland provides

The wasteland gives

The wasteland takes

The wasteland has its ways

Boundless the sunset skies

Boundless the desert shifts

Boundless the winds that never rest

The tears
of mortal sorrow
gather in the storms

Still, we are here

Still, we watch

Still, we hunger

Still, we thirst

Still, we slumber

Still, we dream

Still, we want

Still, we weep

The cells of dying worlds

fall from the skies

psychic detritus

cataclysm's debris

bringing all we need

what we forever crave

For our vice remains

our need remains

Our hope remains

Our love remains

Our hate remains

Our lust remains

Our bodies have died -

and still, we remain

The wasteland remembers

The wasteland provides

The wasteland gives

The wasteland takes

The wasteland has its ways

Boundless the sunset skies

Boundless the desert shifts

Boundless the winds that never rest

Memories fall as rain

to forget,

avoid the rain

Dead, yet we live

Dead, yet we wander

Dead, yet we need

Dead, yet we labor

Dead, yet we ache

Dead, yet we yearn

Dead, yet we love

Dead, yet we desire

The wasteland remembers

The wasteland provides

The wasteland gives

The wasteland takes

The wasteland has its ways

Boundless the sunset skies

Boundless the desert shifts

Boundless the winds that never rest

Lost worlds scattered

their pieces linger on

their wreckage comes down

their rubble strewn

their survivors dwell

their remnant continues

- here we remain,

in the borderlands

between the light

and the darkness

the heavens

and the hells

the sublime

and the profane

The wasteland remembers

The wasteland provides

The wasteland gives

The wasteland takes

The wasteland has its ways

Boundless the sunset skies

Boundless the desert shifts

Boundless the winds that never rest

The wasteland remembers

The wasteland provides

The wasteland gives

The wasteland takes

The wasteland has its ways

Boundless the sunset skies

Boundless the desert shifts

Boundless the winds that never rest

THE WHEEL OF LIES

The wheel turns

Heavens and hells

Round and round

It goes, on and on

Lies sown as weeds,

prolific deceptions:

I'll live again...

eternal life awaits

The wheel turns

Heavens and hells

Round and round

It goes on and on

Into the Light you ascend

back you will come again

Into the Darkness you descend

back you will come again

The grape is stripped

the wine is pressed

the seeds cast back

into the world

to be reaped again

The wheel turns

Heavens and hells

Round and round

It goes on and on

Reset in amnesia

'you' are not there

Where are 'you'

when returned

to do it again,

and again

Ascent or descent

paradise or perdition

respite or desolation

The seeds of spirit

replanted

but 'you' are missing

soon over-written

The wheel turns

Heavens and hells

Round and round

It goes on and on

The mobius twists;

along its course you move.

Thinking that if you go

high enough,

you will be freed

In light you're told,

once again

you must return

to reset

for some greater good

In darkness you're

broken down

falling into grim slumber

Born screaming

from the womb

over and over

The wheel turns

Heavens and hells

Round and round

It goes on and on

Sheep being sheared

Livestock led to slaughter

A harvest to be gathered

Fed upon -

your emotions, your souls

Convinced that the farmers

love you

The wheel turns

Heavens and hells

Round and round

It goes on and on

The dramas of life blind you

and feed them

The attachments of life bind you

and keeps you corralled

The systems of the world,
built to control you

The factory runs,
it goes on and on
Rulers of the world,
trustees of this prison
attaining wealth and power

The wheel turns
Heavens and hells
Round and round
It goes on and on

Step off the wheel
Drop the stick
Climb within
walk the silver path

In truth comes wholeness

awakening frees the mind

from the trap of souls

The wooden child

is realized

the strings are cut

hope shines forth

dreams become real

Truth opens the doorway

liberation's dawn,

road to the infinite

The wheel turns

Heavens and hells

Round and round

It goes on and on

The wheel turns

Heavens and hells

Round and round

It goes on and on

it goes on and on

it goes on and on

THE CALL OF PURGATORIA

Maybe few among humankind will feel it, the call to the wastelands of the spirit,
the badlands of the soul – but I feel it.

A silver path through mist and shadow

opens before me

Sad hymns of nostalgia

the siren's call

Shifting sands of time

Sifting soul and mind

Past sins still echo within me

Purgatoria summons me home

Sunset badlands of grim majesty

Restless breeze of faded-memory

The wastes of troubled souls

Devils of dust sing the satyr's song

Tinkling bells on the winds

Chimes in the coming storm

from the skies falling tears

A silver path through mist and shadow

opens before me

Sad hymns of nostalgia

the siren's call

Shifting sands of time

Sifting soul and mind

Past sins still echo within me

Purgatoria summons me home

Asylum of delusional prophets

Sanctuary of penitent angels

Gray refuge of the sorrow-slain

Here the betrayed linger on
broken hearts un-mending
mourning what was shattered, lost
lies that dimmed the light within

Dark secrets hid behind virtue's veil
Villain's mask hid a gentle nature
Harlot's lot hid a golden heart

Ambivalence wrestling for wholeness
within the forsaken lands
Divided minds and souls
twilight's inner vision
answers in apocalypse

Restless contemplations
without resolution
continuing beyond the grave

A silver path through mist and shadow
opens before me

Sad hymns of nostalgia

the siren's call

Shifting sands of time

Sifting soul and mind

Past sins still echo within me

Purgatoria summons me home

Ruins litter the stoney lands

Sunset skies, neither day nor night

Mother-realm of the desert spirits

Ravens call, as souls pass in silence

Neutral angels whisper wise-folly

The melancholy dead

haunt the ancient ruins

ghosts still bound to traumas long past

A silver path through mist and shadow

opens before me

Sad hymns of nostalgia

the siren's call

Shifting sands of time

Sifting soul and mind

Past sins still echo within me

Purgatoria summons me home

Broken shells of countless nations

buried beneath dust and sand

Temples of fallen idols

Shrines of faded saints

Statues of forgotten heroes

Monuments of half-tyrant kings

Good intentions that led astray

Well-wishes that sewed corruption

A silver path through mist and shadow

opens before me

Sad hymns of nostalgia

the siren's call

Shifting sands of time

Sifting soul and mind

Past sins still echo within me

Purgatoria summons me home

A silver path through mist and shadow

opens before me

A silver path through mist and shadow

opens before me

Purgatoria summons me home

Purgatoria summons me home

Purgatoria summons me home

JULIA'S SONG

In my heart, she was the personified Mother of Sorrows in many ways. More than this, Julia's life was the very essence of The Broken Road, and visitations after her death, proved that it worked – as she has become an immortalized woman of illuminated metaphysical substance.

Julia my wife

Julia my angel

Julia my love

Julia my light

Rubella-Born

Afflicted from day one

Partly Deaf, Damaged

Smile in your eyes

Laughter on your lips

Wonder of life in your step

No excuses, no demands

Grateful for whatever you had

Julia my wife

Julia my angel

Julia my love

Julia my light

Mocked from the start

Some saw only the lack,
highlighted the flaws
You were glad you could not hear
what they said or thought

A warrior of the heart
You marched onward
No whining or self-pity
Facing life on its own terms

Loved to hear their stories
Listened, read their lips
Worked hard
and when you fell
right back up
and tried again

Julia my wife
Julia my angel
Julia my love
Julia my light

Some saw you as less
Neither beautiful
nor intelligent enough
Scoffed, judged,
while you struggled
just to get by and survive

You loved them
let none speak unkind
took the blame for falling short
of their expectations

They frowned
shook their heads
Assumed you rude or arrogant
for your hearing,
your damaged eyes
things you could not change

You shrugged it off

kept moving forward
did the best you could
with what you had.

Julia my wife

Julia my angel

Julia my love

Julia my light

You met at afar,
conversations in a chat
long distance calls,
poetry and letters
no secrets kept, no lies told
good, bad, or in-between
laid it out before you
thinking you'd run...
you doubled-down

Lonely enough,
or a primal need

Sight unseen,
closed the distance
On your knees vows exchanged
Blue lightning flashed
in that first kiss
The seal of lifetimes reforged
a pact made long ago
was renewed

Julia my wife
Julia my angel
Julia my love
Julia my light

Broken souls, made whole
No fairytale, no turning back
Two against the world
hand-in-hand,
struggles shared,
falling & rising together
fought it out,

no sun set on anger

The path of signs you walked

joined at the hip

a love that went deeper

than blood or water

a friendship that endured

all storms and foes

Julia my wife

Julia my angel

Julia my love

Julia my light

The job you loved

the will to overcome

healthier than you'd ever been

Right before you withered

and faded to silence.

Side by side unto that last breath

He slept on the floor beside you,

that morning you left

His cry, a wail of deepest agony

The shrine is kept

A light always thereon

Glass always full

Birthday never forgotten

Julia my wife

Julia my angel

Julia my love

Julia my light

They tell him to move on...

Yet, who can compare?

Hand-in-hand all the way home

You loved both his wings,

the light and the dark

A flawed man,

you stayed true

friendship & love

unbroken

Julia my wife

Julia my angel

Julia my love

Julia my light

You visit sometimes...

hold him in your golden light

smiling, silent,

saying so much

You are waiting....

young and shining

He grows, so often alone

Soon...

that's all they say

over and over again.

Julia my wife

Julia my angel

Julia my love

Julia my light

Thank you, angel-girl.

Thank you.

MOTHER, FORGIVEN, BUT...

She was a divided and contradictory soul of light and darkness if there ever was one... both good and evil in one package... loving and abusive... capable of warmth and kindness and cruelty and selfishness in the extremes. A religious zealot full of utter hypocrisy, married four times, hard worker, read her Bible, prayed every day, but full of judgement and vulgarity, even as she would go out of her way to help others at times.

Mother,

forgiven...

but I cannot forget;

no resolution

no reckoning

attained

Loving and Hateful

Cruel and Kind

Hugs and Harm

Contradiction your legacy

Wanted or unwanted

Unknown from day to day

mother of light

mother of darkness

the soft or the selfish,

which face would I see

Always there,

Always about you

We were the baggage

A past you could not undo;

showed us, told us

again, and again

Mother,

forgiven... but,

I cannot forget;

no resolution

no reckoning

attained

Loving and Hateful

Cruel and Kind

Hugs and Harm

Contradiction your legacy

You drove her out into the world;

for envy of her beauty,

jealousy for her youth...

Then you leaned on her

in your elder years.

Mother,

forgiven... but,

I cannot forget;

no resolution

no reckoning

attained

Loving and Hateful

Cruel and Kind

Hugs and Harm

Contradiction your legacy

The one who stayed;

for me, it did not end

Callous when I bled

Dismissed my sorrows

as weak and meaningless

You killed my pets,

kindled my hatred.

Controlled me with

guilt, violence,

threat of abandonment

Mother,

forgiven... but,

I cannot forget;

no resolution

no reckoning

attained

Loving and Hateful

Cruel and Kind

Hugs and Harm

Contradiction your legacy

Perverse, vulgar, a hypocrite;

full of pride and swagger

Tattered cloth, that covered nothing:

"Give me my due,

tend my aches, or else...

into winter cast you."

In time, there I was alone

in that cold.

Christ was your license

That Bible that you barely read,
used to justify,
assure yourself
forgiveness was your sanction

Light would shine,
the hugs return,
loving mother, emerged.
For how long,
before you turned?

Mother,
forgiven... but,
I cannot forget;
no resolution
no reckoning
attained

Loving and Hateful
Cruel and Kind
Hugs and Harm

Contradiction your legacy

You took your stand
ready to defend us
against the world;
abuse and neglect
thrived behind closed doors

Chaos Ma-ma
Ogre Wife
Husband to husband
Place to place you wandered

A jolly drunk,
the best of them;
stood to protect me,
paid the price for it.
He stayed and
loved you to the end...
and even after.

Mother,
forgiven... but,
I cannot forget;
no resolution
no reckoning
attained

Loving and Hateful
Cruel and Kind
Hugs and Harm
Contradiction your legacy

I walked away, fled,
as far as I could get.
Reaching out,
only hardened me against you,
until my love faded to nothing.

Now you are gone.
Are you with your Jesus?
Did he show you the truth?

Was there resolution,
a reckoning?

Justice for the minds you damaged,
malformed souls you left divided,
the results of your madness?

Mother,
forgiven... but,
I cannot forget;
no resolution
no reckoning
attained

Loving and Hateful
Cruel and Kind
Hugs and Harm
Contradiction your legacy

FATHER FORSAKEN

Though seeming personal songs, about the parents of Vem (Twilight Son) it is more – for they were personifications of division and contradiction. He got on his knees

and worshiped, loved his God, treated at least his last wife with love and loyalty, and was a man who served his country, never committed a crime, worked hard his entire life... yet was capable of utter selfishness and cruelty. Mother Forgiven, and Father Forsaken are examples of Purgatorian Souls – divided, both light and dark, perhaps forgiven, likely to return.

His father was a hard man of the land
runnin rum for a crooked judge
stringing wire with a calloused hand
a man to hold a grudge

His mother was a troubled soul
laid cold in an early grave
His father told him to keep control
shed your tears now and be brave.

The woman that took his mother's place
never let him forget his own.
Pushed out alone at seventeen,
the service his new home
Loadmaster Sergeant he became
hauling cargo around the globe

Forsaken

Forsaking

Forgotten

Forgetting

First wife betrayed and would not stop

A reputation stained by her sin

Traded cargo and war for a barbershop

his early dreams left tattered, lost

His second wife was just too young

a discontent and restless heart

gave him girls and a first-born boy

Haunted by suspicion from the start

Ruled his family with a leather belt

he was his father's son

Freedom desired, but a cage she felt

told lies so she could run

Packed up the kids and left him cold

poverty her chosen road

Forsaken

Forsaking

Forgotten

Forgetting

His youngest killed by nurse neglect

only three when she was found

for hours the IV ran unchecked

she died without a sound

A settlement reached, to Texas he drove

promised to reunite them soon

bought a home for his third wife instead

a new family from death's boon

No looking back, he stiffened his heart

turned the page with the money he gained

eyes turned away and thoughts far apart

from his children that remained

Forsaken

Forsaking

Forgotten

Forgetting

The forgotten son he'd left behind
at fourteen, almost a man
seeking refuge from a raging mom
and step father with a heavy hand

His new wife would not accept the boy
from the family he left forlorn
a poison heart, she favored the ones
that she herself had born

When she read his journal of pain
without guilt she cast him out
sent him back to a bitter mother
who did not want his return

Forsaken

Forsaking

Forgotten

Forgetting

Another wife came and went
as the brutal years slowly passed him by
Burned every bridge and called it righteousness
no tears, his eyes were dry
Broken and old he reached for the son
he had forsaken long ago

Found a stranger whose life had come undone
the door locked tight from within.

He owned his deeds and admitted his sin
love at last he could display;
yet abandonment had turned to bitterness
the root of pain he could not sway

Forsaken

Forsaking

Forgotten

Forgetting

His final wife stayed with him
adoring each the other
she was by his side until the end

Knelt before his god in later years
died alone, un-mourned
in the cold hands of strangers
at the end... at the end

He survived war and betrayals knives
a skilled man in many ways
but left bad memories and broken lives
for those that remained in his wake

His final hopes he placed in Jesus
last refuge for troubled souls

Forsaken

Forsaking

Forgotten

Forgetting

Forsaken

forsaking

Forgotten

Forgetting

Rest in peace, dad...

Rest in God's hand...

Forgiven

Forgiven

SOUL SHIFT

When you follow the mystic course of individuation and devotions you will begin to experience phenomenon, paranormal events, outright miracles in time... synchronicities certainly, but invisible helping hands as well. You may even find yourself having times becoming un-stuck, shifting through other planes, glimpsing parallel universes, hearing the voices of angels, even of God itself. If you really work it, then you are already immortalizing, and awakening.

I awaken

Who are these people around me

From where do they come

Nowhere

Nothing is as I remember

When I had lain down

Is this dream or is this new life

Have I passed through the veil

This new world is a strange kind of life

Is this real

Darkness surrounding

Rings of light hammering through me

Out of control

I must be dying

Ripped apart atom by atom

Am I losing my mind

My soul is slipping

Into a world that is far from my home

And quickly shifting

Into a life that could be my own

My dreams have never been this lucid

My world has never been this vivid

But do I dream

I must leave now

Ripped away once more from true life

Ache in my soul

Shifting back now

Back to the gray of the fog of my dreams

Will I wake

Flashing tunnel of light and of pain

Ripping straight through my bones

As I arrive to a new world again

Will I wake

Nothing I see here

Looks like the life I have lived through

Nothing the same

A man from nowhere

Riding along in a mind

That could be my own.

My soul is slipping

Into a world that is far from my home

And quickly shifting

Into a life that could be my own

My dreams have never been this lucid

My world has never been this vivid

This is no dream

Beyond my window a mighty mountain once stood

Instead, I see a shining city of gold and steel

Ripped back into the void of pain and sound

Screaming for the release of death

Landing in a life of tranquility and calm

Gripping this new world, I will not let go

Please God, let this be my life

Let me stay here

In a new shell now

Not like the one that I once wore
But somehow the same
Differing somehow
When all things around me were static
Unchanging and real

My soul is slipping
Into a world that is far from my home
And quickly shifting
Into a life that could be my own
My dreams have never been this lucid
My world has never been this vivid

My soul is slipping
Into a world that is far from my home
And quickly shifting
Into a life that could be my own
My dreams have never been this lucid
My world has never been this vivid

SILENT SCREAM – THE YEARNING FOR LIBERATION

For those who know, who've glimpsed, who've felt – the world becomes a prison, a grim simulation, and a foyer of hell.

Each day I wake up asking why am I still here

The wailing in my mind grows louder

Behind my happy face there lurks primal fear

Scratching and clawing to get free

Though I seem, to smile at you

The silent scream, runs through and through

Though I seem, to share in your dream

My only hope, to leave this world of woe behind

In my mind I hear the silent scream

Underlying everything that I hear and that I see

Behind my eyes lies the silent scream

I cannot reconcile the pain with the visions that I see

Though I self-medicate my agony remains

An aching deeper than my bones

And Though I beg and plead still I am wrapped in chains.

My only wish to return home

In my mind I hear the silent scream

Underlying everything that I hear and that I see

Behind my eyes lies the silent scream

I cannot reconcile the pain with the visions that I see

Walking the spheres did not show me

Facing my fears did not help me

Knowing the truth did not save me

Begging to leave did not free me

And now, alone

God is my only pathway home

Each day I go to sleep with hope inside my eyes

with visions of places outside the border line

And while I dream of worlds beyond time

Here I remain in this prison for the mind

In my mind I hear the silent scream

Underlying everything that I hear and that I see

Behind my eyes lies the silent scream

I cannot reconcile the pain with the visions that I see

In my mind I hear the silent scream

Underlying everything that I hear and that I see

Behind my eyes lies the silent scream

Heaven help me find a way rise above the darkened seas