

To Glory

HP Hoodedcobra666

July 5, 2020

Many of us have not still understood the deeper meaning of our faith, which was always constant, eternal and Truthful.

Everyone of you here, is a small hero. Indeed, people may or may never know us, and it is better it remains that way.

But to walk this path, we have to remain on it. I sit beneath one of my ancestral monuments, so vast and great, even Invader Muslims are looking upon it with awe and fear. Their little hearts squirm as they realize how the most important of their monuments was only an inferior rock.

Generations and generations have passed, and many of these Muslims, even as temporary conquerors, were forced back and thrown into the sea, against of course, like today, always impossible odds.

As Ephialtes once collaborated with Xerxes, so do these today collaborate with Jews. Yet in their hearts there exists nothing that is worth for any worry and fear, insofar, we have discovered our own.

Leonidas may have fallen back then, but His death was not in vain, for me and millions of others see to this, and drink from the fountain of his spirit, and we revitalize ourselves. We have on each other's side, in spirit, the rising stars of Earth. And what do these people have on their side, but billions of civilization ruining vermin?

Indeed, what once our kind has built, is still here, and very well alive. Beneath this, one will see churches, expanded like a plague, and filled with inferior souls that pray for our death and damnation. But have these tamed us, and if so, has it been successful and will it be forever?

Nope.

And still, we are alive. For if I had a dollar for every threat I have received, I would be almost a millionaire now.

This path is not yet a path of worldly renown, we live not in a world where those saved by us are going to clap for us and give us flowers and admiration. But we have riches of spirit and the overabundance of the love of the Gods, for those who do their duty.

One day one may no longer "be", but indeed, so will every other man in this world. We change our forms as our Gods have changed their own. The difference between our side

and them will be this: We went after Glory. They went after parasitism, and lived their existence like vermin.

Nobody will say that they were inspired by vermin looters, and people who could only attempt a take over of Europe merely by silent invasion and bastardization, like slime, in collaboration with an unholy inferior race guiding them, insofar as to consume them in the flames of a modern falling Rome.

We chose to start a spiritual war that nobody else would even fathom to begin. The reasons for this have been well known as to why, for the enemy's power was not to be disputed, or so people have been told.

All the so called "powerful" and "rich" of this world combined, and all the masses of the complaining slaves, did only cower and never lifted a finger to change anything. Only but a few always did what was necessary, the rest fell as silent observers. But these few were crowned in the ages, and may we meet in Warrior's Adobe when we all may depart from this place!

And yet here is the paradox: It all begins with a few people who are after Glory. An eternal value paramount in all faces of the Pagan religion of old.

I laugh at the faces of scholars who doubt that the seducer and the motivator to all of this is anyone else but, whom we know as Satan Himself.

Satan is the one that came to the people and whispered in their ears, do you want to be Gods, or rather you die as servant cattle? What has there ever been the point of any Pagan religions but to show this to Mankind and motivate us to come out of a sorry state, and, against infinite odds, seek something better?

It is True and I feel often that many of the hearts of our own here, do hang low. I can understand this and I will not lie, I have felt sometimes the same way. Indeed, when the darkness covers someone, one loses the sight of the Great Ones.

But here is what is important: you must strive to return to your own Ithaca, to your own Egypt, to your own Berlin. The darkness may fall on this world and everyone in it, but it will never touch the deepest aspects of our souls.

Had it ever got the power to do this, where has it been, especially so after thousands of years? Behind me stands the Monument of my Gods, defiant and proud. And beneath it stand all the Gentiles with their mouths open in awe. Yet all of this happens in the darkness, which can harass, but can never consume.

Our Ancestors have looked in the future, and saw wars of impossible odds before. Yes, we have enemies, and many are giant, principalities, and orders, and crowns, and their looming darkness vastness may attempt to cover all of Earth. But does it really compete with the darkest depths of Hades, and likewise, does their might compare to that of

Ares? Does their Truth move further than Thoth, and do their arrows fly further than Azazel's? Never did and never will.

There is no reason to mourn for the future of this world, there is only one thing we should be doing, and that is to fight and fight spiritually until we are filled with lust and vigor, the power to overcome.

Our Gods are clearly still present, even in this environment of decadent darkness that this world is going through. Never to be doubted and never to be forgotten. Know that everything will be overcome, and keep in mind that what we will do is within reach. The only factor here is time, and determination, for knowledge, the hardest to come by, already exists in abundance.

When you do the RTR, do it with your heart and mind, and think of it all erased and disintegrated. See and feel that they no longer are. And know in your mind that things will be as they once were.

The more you read about the past, and the further you throw your roots in the lands of our ancestors, the more divine energy you will pull from it. The more you rise in the favor of the Gods, the more you will understand how lucky you are and why Glory is to be sought after.

Mourn for nothing for nothing is lost, but fight for everything because everything is still here, it is us. And all around us. Despair not by the attempts of the broken to move us, and know that we will break them before they break US.

Our Nations will not fall to our enemies. Our lands will not become a desert for vermin. Our Gods will rule again, never to be replaced. The enemy has started a spiritual war against us, from the back, but our spiritual retaliation will be the Greatest this world has ever seen before.

We will finish what they thought they should even attempt to begin. As one falls, so will a thousand spiritual warriors rise, as the Truth emerges triumphant and people will join us. The Truth will be seen by all.

We move to Glory, Brothers and Sisters.

Praise Satan, Praised be the Great Baalzebul, and praised be the Gods of Glory.

-High Priest Hooded Cobra 666