



Millennial Kingdom + Mud Flood *and* the  
Odes of Solomon

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## *Introduction: The Resurrected*

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A BREATHARIAN is somebody who does not require food or water for his or her day-to-day living needs. No obligatory digestion system. A breatharian simply receives energy directly from the Aether, much as a plant would. Somebody who fully devotes themselves to the lifestyle would begin to de-age within several years—or *so* I'm told. Hypothetically, they would go on living for a very long time. It's *okay*, you can say it.

*Forever.*

Not so long ago, a mere two centuries by my *current* count, it is believed that breatharians dominated the landscape of the one-world Tartarian Empire. And then one day they got up and left. Just like that—

gone. *Sure*, there were still *fleshly* mortals filling the landscape, all of whom provably had digestive systems and would have required food and water for their daily calorie burning. But we shan't be talking about them much, as they were the ones left behind. The crowning jewels of the kingdom were the *immortals*. Diamonds in the rough. More than anything, the Empire we've only just recently begun to discover was *defined* by their existence. They were elohiyim among men.

By now you should be made well-aware that the spectacular cities, fortresses, buildings, cathedrals and palaces found on every single civilized continent of this motionless plane, once belonging to the lost world of the Tartarians, is non-other than the Millennial Kingdom of Messiah. That is *my* hypothesis, at any rate. From my side of the keyboard, I can only assume you've returned to the discussion because the mud flood is a proven reality and the very notion that Messiah's Kingdom already transpired as a fulfilment of prophecy has gotten the better of you. Rest assured it's the lens by which we'll be viewing our own reality today.

Historians tell us *their* version of past events, but we know better. We're being lied to about the flat earth in order to hide the Creator, but that's only the beginning of the deception, as His-Story is being hidden from us. Yahusha, the Son of the Most-High Elohiym, came. He conquered. He ruled with a rod of iron. And as we shall come to see, the resurrected co-reigned alongside of Him. Those are the breatharians, in case you were wondering. The immortals among mortal men.

In 2019, precisely *one year* before the worldwide planned-demic, I moved my family to Europe. The state of the New World Order has since changed all of that. Here we are in the *new* world again; America; but I'm not complaining. As members of the rebellion against the Empire, we're all in this together, no matter what continent of Messiah's Kingdom we presently find ourselves. At the time, knowing nothing about the mud flood, I had intended to study architecture in order to better understand Enlightenment thinking, particularly the occults part in it. Nothing however makes sense of *official* history.

Upon landing in France, our very *first* stop was the *once* remote Palace of Versailles. That's a discussion for another time though, because our *second* destination was the *still* remote Le Mont-Saint-Michel, which is,

quite literally, an island unto itself. Like something one might imagine in *The Lord of the Rings*, tidal waters swell and ultimately swallow any entrance to the fantasy city on a routine basis. Until rather recently, there were no permanent roads leading to Le Mont-Saint Michel. Residents and visitors alike would have had to wait for the tide to be repelled into the ocean and then walk before they returned.

Despite taking nearly twenty years for my wife and I to arrive there, I left the place feeling a sense of *shalom* but also unease. We are *told* the cathedral begun construction just after the archangel Michael appeared in 708 and instructed devoted followers to build it as a pilgrimage site in his honor. Hence, the *unease*. None of that made any sense though. Where was this cult of Michael worship that they spoke of? And there were other unanswered questions. How could such a magnificent structure never once, over an entire millennium and some change, invite destruction by invading armies, including England during the Hundred Years' War? But even more importantly, how did its inhabitants even manage to grow sustainable food? That's a lot of people to feed over hundreds of years, and *who* was funding it? *Exactly*.

These questions are not unique to Le Mont-Saint Michel, as problems arise within grand structures all over the world. We are expected to accept the fact that they didn't have toilets or plumbing. *What*, the people didn't need to poop? Apparently not. They didn't need heat either. Ever think about that? And that's *why* the residents of Le Mont-Saint-Michel needn't worry. The Aether nourished their every need, including but certainly not limited to electricity. They were breatharians. Resurrected souls. They'd already eaten from the Tree of Life. And if they wanted more, all they needed to do is return to Paradise.

If what I am saying is even remotely factual, the expectation (in the very least) is that we should *see* residue. By that I give *this* example. Corrupt officers *in the know* can scrub a crime scene or plant evidence in order to lead the investigation towards their preferred reality. Our perception is being hacked at and altered all the time. Doesn't mean unintended blood samples or fingerprints can't be found. Well, I believe I've found some of that residue in a little-known read called 'The Odes of Solomon.'

Historians will tell us ‘The Odes of Solomon’ is a collection of *primitive* Christian hymns which, if true, is fascinating in and of itself. Only those who *refuse* to acknowledge the mud flood event and the worldwide Empire which proceeded it, however, will give this analysis any credence. As you shall *hopefully* come to find, and I certainly aim to give this the old college try, Odes of Solomon only makes sense *contextually* when we come to terms with the constant hints being leveled our way. Actually, ‘*hints*’ is a poor choice in verbiage. The writers weren’t hiding anything. If you pay attention, they’ll tell us again and again.

They were penned by the resurrected.

There are 42 Odes which make up the book. Altogether they relay a great many ideas and I needn’t cover every one. What I aim to show is that the doctrines presented within aren’t simply Scripturally accurate. They are *indeed* accurate and relatable. Even more-so, they reveal a very different place on the prophetic timetable than the *official* narrative would have us believe. If the writers of this book were simply presenting these concepts as metaphors; syrupy Hallmark cards and whisps of wind which ultimately amount to nothing obtainable except feeling; then that’s malpractice.

I don’t know about you, but for the remainder of this paper, I’ll be imagining these Odes recited or sung on the tidal island of Le Mont-Saint Michel, while they plead with mortal pilgrims to turn to the Truth.

Let’s *begin*.