

🔥 The War of the Kneeling Ones 🔥

The mightiest war beneath the sun
Is not with sword nor loaded gun;
No fortress falls by cannon's flame,
But by the saints who kneel — and claim.

While kings may rage and nations rise,
Their glories rot beneath the skies;
For Heaven counts as true and bold
The souls who war in prayer alone.

Hell trembles not at legions vast,
But at the prayer that holds steadfast.
When saints, unseen, in silence groan,
The hosts of hell are overthrown.

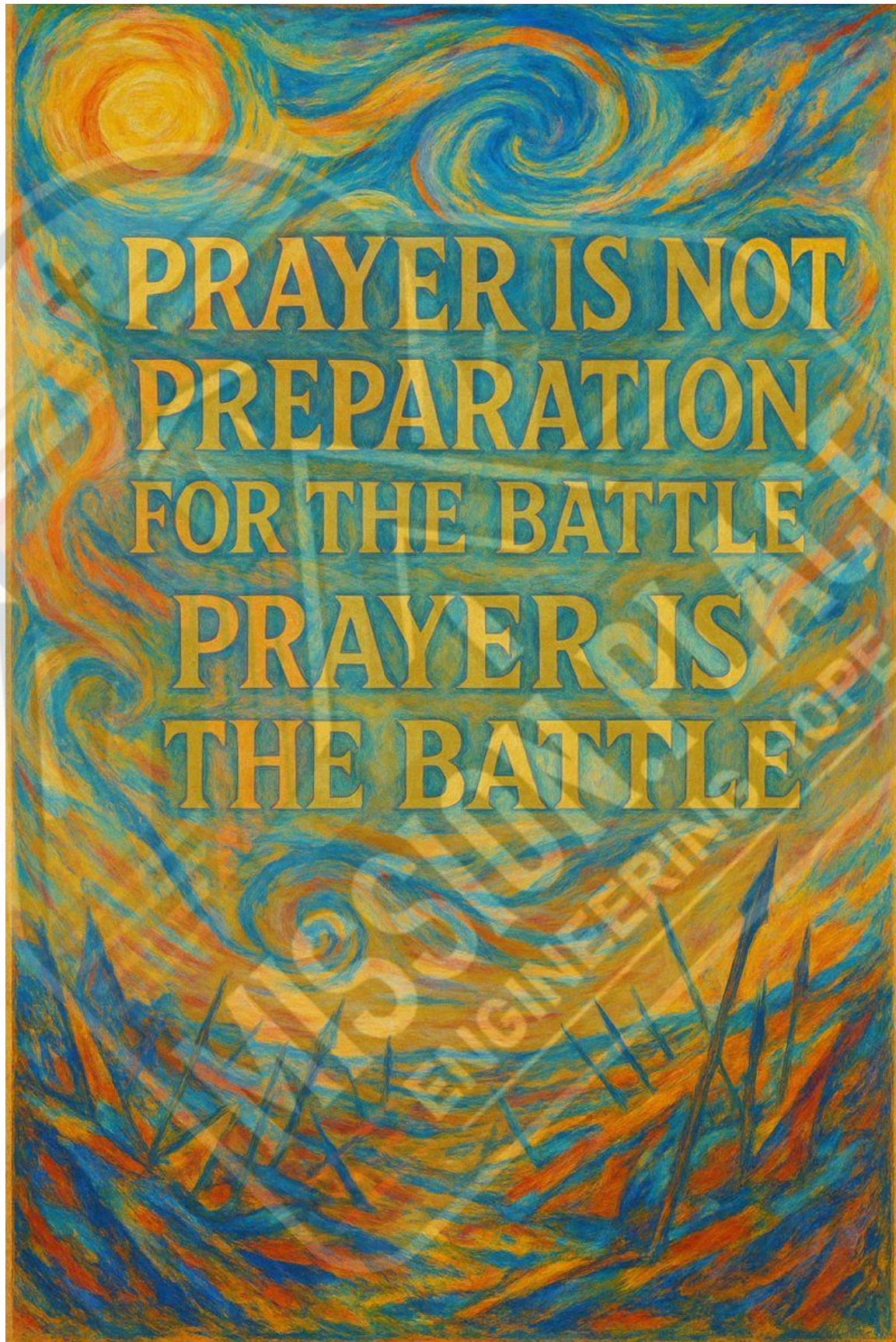
The devil fears no polished speech,
No gilded halls, no scholars' reach;
But he who kneels with broken frame
Invokes a fire he cannot tame.

The man who prays becomes a sword;
His whispers pierce the darkness' horde.
A thousand armies cannot stand
Against one voice in God's own hand.

O soldier bowed before the Throne,
Though earth ignores your fight unknown,
The courts of Heaven rise and shout —
The gates of hell are driven out!

This is the war. The secret fight.
Where saints prevail in darkest night.
No greater power shall be unfurled —
For prayer is war that shakes the world.





**PRAYER IS NOT
PREPARATION
FOR THE BATTLE
PRAYER IS
THE BATTLE**



