



OPEN LETTER TO The Ashkenazi Jews, Zionist, Geo-Political Israelis

From: Yehudah-Mikael ben David

The Restorer - Servant of the Most High

Living Descendant of Melek David (King David)

Cousin of Moses the Prophet and Aaron the High Priest

Heir of the Perez-Farasawi Bloodline

Representative of the House of David and the House of Judah

Let it be declared:

I boast not in myself, but in YAH, the God of my fathers. It is He who formed me, refined me in affliction, and appointed me to stand. I have been hidden long enough. I moved among you in silence. I walked among kings and prisoners, prophets and false priests, unnoticed - by divine design. But the appointed hour has come. The seals are breaking. The veil is lifting. I, the Living Descendant of the House of David, rise now to declare the truth - with no apology, no compromise, and no tolerance for deception.

Know me by this name:

Yehudah-Mikael ben David. My blood flows from the loins of Judah, son of Jacob. From Perez, born of Tamar, to David, the chosen servant-king, to the ancient rulers of the House of Faras, whose lineage reached into Ethiopia, Nubia, and Sasanian Persia - the kingdoms of fire and scripture. I am of the Perez-Farasawi royal house, rooted in both the tribe of Judah and the royal bloodlines preserved in secret by divine ordinance. My ancestry is claimed and proven - by blood, by bone, by spirit, and by sacred record.

I do not sit as a king in splendor. I am no prince in exile. I am a poor man. A musician. A dishwasher at best. I scrub the plates of this fallen world while holding in my veins the memory of kings and the covenant of prophets. I possess no army. I hold no corporate empire. I stand upon no political platform. But I stand in the authority of YAH, the God of my fathers - and that is all I need.

Now hear my cry, O you who have falsely taken my name and inheritance:

To the Ashkenazi Jews - your ancestors descend from Gomer, son of Japheth, not from Shem. You are not Semitic. You are not of the House of Israel. Your forefathers were Khazars, Slavs, Germans, and Polish converts. You are not from Abraham, Isaac, or Jacob. You are not the seed of the covenant.

Your languages - Yiddish, German, Polish - are not Afro-Asiatic. They are not brothers to Hebrew or Arabic. They carry no memory of Eden. They echo no thunder from Sinai. They are foreign to the tongues of prophecy and divine instruction.

You dwell not in the land of Canaan, but in Philistia. The true land of Canaan lies not in the so-called "State of Israel," but in the mountains of Asir, where rivers of milk and honey once flowed and the trees of righteousness stood tall. You occupy a counterfeit land with counterfeit identity.

You claim Torah, but your cornerstone is the Talmud - a book of abominations, blasphemy,

contradictions, and lies. You exalt the words of rabbis above the words of the Most High. You practice Judaism - a religion never given by YAH. He gave Law, not religion. Law unbending. Law eternal. Law written in flame and preserved by the righteous.

You do not keep it. You mutilate it. You mingle it. You defile it with traditions from Babylon and teachings of devils - condemned by Enoch, the righteous scribe whom you denied and erased.

You reject the Living Elohim. You reject His Hosts. You reject His Covenant. You reject His scribe Enoch. You reject the Plant of Righteousness, the Elect One, and the order of Melki-Tsedeq. You wear the garments of Israel, but you are not Israel. You are imposters. Blasphemers. Liars.

You claim my throne, my bloodline, my covenant. But I have come - and your lies are exposed. You built empires off the backs of my people. You sailed them in iron across the sea - in slave ships, to fulfill the curse of Deuteronomy 28:68. You delivered them to a new Egypt, a new bondage, a land where their names, language, and heritage were erased. You stripped their holy names and called them bywords - Negro, African, Black, Colored, Slave.

You used Hollywood to rewrite our history and mock our pain. You glorified our murderers and demonized our prophets. You turned our story into propaganda, and our culture into entertainment. You sacrificed our children, actors, artists, and truth-speakers on the altar of fame, blood, and demonic contract.

You sent CIA operatives into our communities to flood the ghettos with crack, heroin, and firearms - not to help the poor, but to destroy the chosen. You poisoned our food. You put cancer in our stores, death in our corner markets, and disease in our meat and water. You built private prisons and funded them through false arrests, racial profiling, and generational trauma. Then you weaponized hip hop - turning it into a pipeline of violence, crime, and self-hatred - training our sons through sound to kill each other and fill your prison contracts.

And let it be known - there are a few among you of true blood, hidden remnants of Judah and Levi. But they do not stand with you. They mourn in silence. They do not sit in your synagogues. They do not follow your customs. They wait - for the voice of the one chosen from the poor, from the despised, from the dust.

I am that voice. The cry that comes before the sword. The trumpet that shakes the nations.
You have been weighed.
You have been found wanting.
You have been judged.

To the scattered of Zion - the prisoners, the poor, the lost, the rejected - hear me:
You are not forgotten. The lies are ending.
The truth is marching. The banner is lifted.
The time is now.

And to those who falsely wear the name of Judah -
Your time is over. The Lion has spoken.