

THE WRESTLERS

100 Verses of Covenant Grit, Fire, and the God-Walk
Struggle

By Chief Ceed, Fire Scribe of Israel

1. Before the crown, there is the clinch.
2. Before the light, there is the limb pulled from its socket.
3. This is not a scroll of victory—but of violence.
4. Not against flesh and blood, but the fear you never admitted.
5. Not against enemies, but the echoes of Eden.
6. I did not ask to be chosen.
7. I was drafted by affliction and found in the furnace.
8. They called me “man of God”—but never saw my limp.
9. They cheered my fire, never knowing the ash in my mouth.
10. I walk bent because I wrestled upright.
11. My limp is not weakness—it’s covenant scar.
12. Heaven took its piece of me—and called it favor.
13. The Ruach whispered, "If you want the blessing, prepare to bleed."
14. So I bled.

15. And kept bleeding.
16. I prayed until my voice cracked open and angels wept.
17. I spoke until silence had no room to hide.
18. I cried, not to be heard—but to be undone.
19. I wept—not from weakness—but from war.
20. This scroll is not for the healed—but the healing.
21. The wrestlers do not wear crowns—they wear dirt.
22. They have calloused knees and covenant bruises.
23. They walk like fugitives, but speak like kings.
24. Because they've seen the face of the King—and lived.
25. Just barely.
26. This is not about her.
27. Or them.
28. Or even me.
29. This is about the unseen hand that grips my name.
30. The God who breaks before He builds.
31. "I won't let go until you bless me."
32. That wasn't desperation.
33. That was destiny refusing to die.
34. That was prophecy digging into the dirt.
35. That was a father saying, "My kids will eat if I don't."

36. The Ruach said, "I don't fight you to destroy you—I fight you to rename you."
37. So Jacob became Israel.
38. And limp became legacy.
39. And wrestle became worship.
40. And fire became the friend I never wanted.
41. You call it torment—I call it training.
42. You call it abandonment—I call it appointment.
43. You call it silence—I call it setup.
44. You call it punishment—I call it proof.
45. That He still wants me.
46. Wrestlers don't always win.
47. They just don't stop.
48. They die fighting, or rise crowned.
49. Either way—they are known in heaven.
50. Hell remembers their name, too.
51. The earth wasn't worthy of them.
52. So the Father hid them in scrolls.
53. And raised them in caves.
54. And anointed them in rejection.
55. That's where wrestlers are made.

56. You thought you were depressed.
57. But you were in divine lockdown.
58. You thought she left you.
59. But TMH was removing your idol.
60. You thought the fire was punishment.
61. It was a name change.
62. He didn't come to talk.
63. He came to take.
64. And when He takes, He touches your thigh first.
65. So you never walk the same.
66. So you never lead from pride again.
67. The wrestlers don't shout.
68. They groan.
69. The wrestlers don't teach.
70. They bleed precepts.
71. The wrestlers don't quote scripture.
72. They fulfill it.
73. I gave up everything.
74. And still wasn't sure it was enough.
75. I told TMH, "Take it all."
76. And He said, "Now we can begin."

77. The war wasn't outside—it was within.
78. I wrestled over her.
79. Over children.
80. Over calling.
81. Over the idea that maybe I was the mistake.
82. But the fire said, "Keep going."
83. I let go of the wheel.
84. I let go of being right.
85. I let go of saving anyone but myself.
86. I stopped negotiating and said, "Have Your way."
87. That's when the fire shifted.
88. Wrestlers become kings in secret.
89. Their coronation is in caves.
90. Their throne is the ashes they rise from.
91. Their crown—obedience.
92. Their scepter—survival.
93. The Father did not choose me because I was strong.
94. He chose me because I wouldn't quit.
95. I should've died in the fire.
96. But the fire rewrote my bones.
97. Now my limp is my sermon.

98. There are more of us.

99. Not loud. Not known. But dangerous.

100. We are The Wrestlers.

Still fighting.

Still faithful.

Still rising.

THE WRESTLERS

Session 1: When the Reminder Wrestles the Forgetful

1. Israel forgot.

The scroll didn't.

2. The Ruach kept every vow in her wind.

But the people broke covenant for convenience.

3. They sang praises with split tongues—

Melodies above, rebellion below.

4. The Reminders were born in exile,

Raised in silence,

Trained in fire.

5. They didn't come to ask for attention.

They came to provoke remembrance.

6. These are not gentle messengers.

They wrestle.

They grab the jaw of forgetfulness and shatter it.

7. When Israel says, "We didn't know,"

The Reminders say, "You stopped listening."

8. When they cry out for peace,

The scroll says, "Then obey."

9. The Reminder is not a title—it's a sentence.

You get assigned it when TMH is tired of repeating Himself.

10. The Forgetful love blessings,
But fear the bruises that come from correction.

11. And so the Reminder must wrestle.

12. Not for pride.

Not for revenge.

But because Heaven remembers what men forget.

13. These Reminders walk heavy.

They carry thunder in their bones.

14. You might think they came to debate.

They came to dislocate.

15. The Ruach doesn't argue with rebellion—

She wrestles it to the ground

And brands it with truth.

16. If the covenant slips your memory,

The Reminders will pin you with scripture.

17. If you forgot the blood on the doorposts,

They will drag you back to Egypt in vision

And make you smell the death of disobedience.

18. This is not emotional.

This is legal.

19. Every verse they speak

Is an indictment against generational amnesia.

20. And still, they wrestle.

Because the only way to restore the bones—

Is to crack the silence.

Session 2: He Dislocated Jacob to Locate Israel

21. Jacob thought he was running from Esau.

He didn't know he was running into Elohim.

22. The angel didn't come to talk.

He came to dislocate the man...

To realign the nation.

23. You can't walk the same when TMH changes your
name.

24. Jacob walked in deception—

But Israel would limp in destiny.

25. TMH touched the socket,

Because He couldn't let Jacob stand on what was never
stable.

26. He dislocated what men admired,
To locate what heaven designed.

27. The limp became his legacy.
The injury became his intercession.

28. No man wrestles TMH and comes out unmarked.

29. Israel was born that night—
Not through a mother's womb,
But through a rupture in pride.

30. The man walked in broken order...
Until he wrestled with divine government.

31. Heaven wrestled the trickster out of him
And handed him a scroll instead.

32. That's how reminders are made—
Not in comfort...
But in confrontation.

33. The limp is not a wound.
It's a witness.

34. A reminder to every son of the covenant:
You were not made to run—
You were made to return limping
With scrolls under your ribs.

35. When TMH wounds you,
It's not to harm you—
It's to hollow out every identity that was forged in fear.

36. He left Jacob behind that night.
And Israel limped into legacy.

37. He wasn't just marked—he was renamed.
And heaven never called him Jacob again.

38. That's why we wrestle.
Not to win...

But to be renamed.

39. TMH will fight you until you stop praying like a fugitive
And start building like a father.

40. Some of y'all think you're just tired...
You're actually in a wrestling match.

Session 3: Scrolls Don't Tap Out

41. This ain't WWE.
This is covenant combat.
Scrolls don't tap out.

42. When TMH grabs your name,
He's not looking to break you—

He's looking to rewrite you.

43. The match isn't over when you get tired.

It's over when you surrender your old identity.

44. Israel was not born from applause.

He was born from impact.

Born from being slammed into surrender.

45. You don't know how to pray until you're pinned by purpose.

46. Jacob thought he was alone.

But TMH snuck into the dark to provoke a transformation.

47. That wasn't a demon attacking.

That was a destiny unlocking.

48. You keep blaming warfare on the enemy...

But sometimes it's Elohim putting you in a chokehold

Till your memory returns.

49. TMH doesn't wrestle because He's unsure.

He wrestles to make sure you don't walk into promise

Carrying Egypt in your blood.

50. Scrolls don't beg for mercy—

They become mercy in motion.

51. This ain't no motivational speech.

This is what happens

When a lineage gets interrupted by fire.

52. You weren't born to tap.

You were born to tear altars down.

53. The fight in you isn't carnal—

It's covenantal.

54. You're not being punished.

You're being positioned.

55. TMH pinned Jacob down

So he could raise Israel up.

56. You're not losing.

You're limping.

57. And limping in obedience

Will get you further

Than sprinting in rebellion.

58. TMH doesn't want the strong version of you.

He wants the surrendered one.

59. This is what the elect go through:

Wrestling not just with angels,

But with the reminder that they were never supposed to be normal.

60. Some of you were ordained to limp into glory.
Because the glory don't rest on proud shoulders.

“The Mantle Refuses Amnesia”

61. You were chosen to remember
While the whole nation forgot.

62. The curse tried to erase your name—
But TMH carved it in fire.

63. You think your wrestling is about emotions,
But it's about memory.

64. Every blow you take
Is trying to knock the scroll out your spirit.

65. But the mantle you carry is covenant-encoded.
Even hell can't decode it.

66. That's why you dream of altars,
Why you war in your sleep,
Why you can't “just chill”

When false doctrine walks in the room.

67. That's not trauma.

That's a trigger forged in Zion.

68. You were born to agitate the forgetful.

69. While others are satisfied with success,
You're burdened by prophecy.

70. While others debate if He's real,
You hear Him call your name in the dark.

71. While others forget the law,
You feel your bones ache with every feast they skip.

72. You tried to forget.
But heaven remembered you.

73. And now the mantle won't let you pretend.

74. You ever tried to walk away,
But the scroll started speaking in your belly?

75. You ever tried to go ghost,
And the Ruach tracked you down in silence?

76. You're not being haunted.
You're being remembered.

77. This is what happens
When a name written in heaven
Starts moving on earth.

78. The mantle don't care if you tired.
It knows time is short.

79. The mantle don't ask if you ready.

It declares, “Let there be fire.”

80. And you?

You limp forward.

Still wrestling.

Still remembering.

Still rising.

“When the Bones Speak Back”

81. These bones ain’t dry.

They’re ancient archives under pressure.

82. They’ve heard too many false prophets

Trying to name things they never bled for.

83. They held the weight of mantles

While crowds were chasing mantas.

84. When the flesh tapped out,

The bones kept praying.

85. When friends vanished,

The marrow remembered the covenant.

86. Ezekiel didn’t call them mighty.

The breath did.

87. So if you see me talking to myself—

I'm not crazy.

I'm consulting the bones.

88. Because the scroll wasn't written on paper,
It was etched in my frame.

89. That's why I groan when it's feast time.
Why I fast when no one's watching.

90. I've carried too many tombs
Not to know what resurrection feels like.

91. These bones ain't fragile.
They've wrestled lions.

92. They don't need applause.
They need obedience.

93. They don't want a platform.
They want the promise.

94. When the fire hit me,
My skin peeled—

But my bones said,
"We still believe."

95. You don't know loyalty
Till your bones praise
While your mind still doubts.

96. You don't know covenant
Till your bones say "yes"
While your heart is breaking.

97. This ain't passion.
This is remembrance in the joints.

98. I tried to walk away,
But my skeleton protested.

99. Now I limp like Jacob—
Not because I lost,
But because my bones won't let me forget.

100. So go ahead—
Mock the fire,
Ignore the call,
Play cute with your assignment.
But when the bones start speaking...
All of heaven will respond.

THE SCROLL OF THE WRESTLERS

Final Section: The Altar of the Limp

Verses 1–22

“When the Reminder Wrestles the Forgetful — and Writes It Down.”

1

I am the scroll written by limping prophets.

I am the fire that wrestled back.

2

My parchment was soaked in groans.

My ink? Blood mixed with covenant salt.

3

I did not arrive at righteousness whole.

I arrived wounded, still holding on.

4

He renamed me when He re-framed me.

But only after I wouldn't let go.

5

He touched my walk so I'd never run again.

I limp now with purpose.

6

The place I wrestled became a witness.

The ground still groans in my accent.

7

The angel saw that I wouldn't release.

So heaven released something instead.

8

I became a record, not just a remnant.

A tablet, not just a tale.

9

I carry the scent of the struggle.

Dust mixed with oil.

10

Don't envy my name—envy my endurance.

11

This scroll is not a victory chant.

It's a limp-song that made it through.

12

I remember for those who forgot.

I burned so others could read.

13

If your name is carved into this altar,

You've been wrestled with. And remembered.

14

So rise, wrestlers—those not forgotten.

Those who died mid-grapple, but rose anyway.

15

I name you:

The Jacob who didn't flee.

The Job who didn't curse.

The Tamar who stood in defiance.

The Rizpah who buried kings with bones.

The woman with no name who pressed anyway.

The father who had no words—but stayed.

16

I name you:

The flame that refused to burn out.

The breath that whispered "I still believe."

The foot that dragged into righteousness.

The son that came home limping—but crowned.

17

Your names are written in my folds.

Your tears keep the ink alive.

18

For I am the scroll of the wrestlers.

And I am still being written.

19

I don't end at verse 22.

I end wherever someone refuses to let go.

20

Not every wrestler gets what they want.

But they all get seen.

21

I am the record of those who lost everything

But never lost the grip.

22

 I limped into the inheritance—

Not because I was stronger,

But be