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PRAYER AGAINST BITTERNESS AND CURSES — SPIRITUAL WARFARE DECLARATION

July 27, 2026

In the name of Yeshua HaMashiach, who is come in the flesh, who is the truth that exposes every lie, who is the fire that burns every bitter root, who paid for every careless word ever spoken with his own blood, I rise and I speak.

The Bitter Root

Bitterness does not announce itself. It seeps. It creeps into the heart through disappointment, through betrayal, through watching the wicked prosper, through being misunderstood, through years of swallowing things you should have spat out. It sits in the chest like bile and it waits. And when it has waited long enough it rises into the mouth and poisons everything that comes out of it.

Looking diligently lest any man fail of the grace of God lest any root of bitterness springing up trouble you and thereby many be defiled. (Hebrews 12:15)

Many be defiled. Not just the one carrying it. Many. Because bitterness does not stay in one person. It overflows into conversations, into families, into friendships, into churches. It colours every word the bitter person speaks. It makes every observation darker than it is. It makes every interaction taste of acid. And the people who hear the bitter words absorb the contamination without knowing what they just swallowed.

I come against the root of bitterness in my own heart. Every disappointment that planted a seed I did not pull out in time. Every hurt that I buried instead of bringing to the cross. Every offence that I held onto because letting go felt like losing. I repent. I pull the root now. Not the fruit. The root. The thing underneath the words that makes the words come out sharp, critical, acid. The root dies today.

The Blind Witch Curse

Not every curse comes from a coven. Not every witchcraft word is spoken by someone who knows what they are doing. Some of the most powerful curses ever spoken came from the mouth of someone who had no idea their words carried weight. A bitter grandmother who said "you will

never amount to anything." A jealous friend who said "it will never work out for you." A frustrated parent who said "you are just like your father" and meant it as a death sentence. A colleague who said "people like you don't get ahead."

These are blind witch curses. Spoken without knowledge. Spoken without ritual. Spoken without candles or circles or intention. But spoken with bitterness, with jealousy, with bile, with enough emotional charge behind them to carry spiritual weight. And they landed. Because words carry weight whether the speaker knows it or not.

Death and life are in the power of the tongue and they that love it shall eat the fruit thereof. (Proverbs 18:21)

In the name of Yeshua I come against every curse spoken over my life in an unaware moment by a blind witch. Every bitter word from a family member. Every jealous word from a friend. Every careless word from a stranger. Every word spoken with enough bile behind it to carry a spiritual payload even though the speaker did not know they were casting. Every death word that landed on me because the mouth that spoke it was full of bitterness and bitterness makes every word a weapon. Cancelled. Broken. Burned. In the name of Yeshua.

The Curses I Spoke

And I repent for the curses I spoke myself. Every time bitterness rose in me and I opened my mouth and something came out that was not of God. Every critical word about another person. Every negative declaration over my own life. Every moment where I agreed with a lie about someone because the bitterness made it sound true. Every time I was the blind witch and did not know it.

But I say unto you that every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. (Matthew 12:36)

Every idle word. Not every intentional curse. Every idle word. The ones that slip out. The ones that are spoken without thought. The ones that are spoken in a bitter moment and forgotten five minutes later but still travelling through the spirit realm looking for a target. I recall every one of them. I cancel every one of them. And I repent for every mouth I opened that should have stayed shut.

Social Compromise

In the name of Yeshua I come against every agreement I made with a lie during a moment of social compromise. Every conversation where someone said something false and I nodded along because disagreeing would have been awkward. Every time someone spoke death over their own life or someone else's and I said nothing because silence was easier than truth. Every time I laughed at something that was not funny because the room expected laughter. Every time I

agreed with a perspective I did not hold because the social cost of disagreement was too high.

Each of those moments was an agreement. A signature on a spiritual contract I did not read. The mouth said yes or the silence said yes and the spirit realm recorded the agreement. And now spirits are enforcing contracts I never consciously signed because my social compliance was taken as consent.

I revoke every agreement. Every nod that was not genuine. Every laugh that was not real. Every silence that was taken as endorsement. Every compromise that traded truth for comfort. Cancelled. I did not mean it. I do not stand by it. The contract is void.

Burning The Source

In the name of Yeshua I come against the source of the bitterness. Not just the fruit. Not just the words. The thing underneath that produces the bile. The wound that was never healed. The offence that was never forgiven. The disappointment that calcified into resentment. The experience that made the heart hard in one specific place while the rest of the heart stayed soft. That hard place is where the bitterness lives. And the fire of God goes into that hard place today and melts it.

A new heart also will I give you and a new spirit will I put within you and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh and I will give you an heart of flesh. (Ezekiel 36:26)

Take the stony part. Replace it with flesh. Living, feeling, soft flesh that does not produce bile because there is nothing hard left to produce it from. The source is burned. The factory is closed. The bitter well is sealed and filled with living water instead.

The Bitter Enemies

In the name of Yeshua I come against every bitter enemy that tries to pull me back into compromise. Every person who cannot stand to see someone walk in truth because their own truth was traded for comfort years ago and watching someone else hold the line reminds them of what they gave up. Every person who attacks the one walking in fire because the fire exposes the darkness they chose to live in. Every person who says "come back to normal" because normal is where they are and they cannot bear to be there alone.

Their bitterness is their own. I will not drink it. Their compromise is their own. I will not join it. Their inability to handle truth is their own. I will not dim my fire to make their darkness more comfortable.

The demonic source behind every bitter enemy is exposed and wiped away. Not the person. The spirit driving the person. The jealousy spirit. The resentment spirit. The spite spirit. The "if I cannot have it neither can you" spirit. Bound. Removed. Sent to the feet of Yeshua for judgment.

I Refuse

In the name of Yeshua I refuse to be pulled down by anything. By any person. By any spirit. By any social expectation. By any pressure to conform. By any accusation that my fire is too much. By any suggestion that I should soften what God sharpened.

I refuse to go back to normal. Normal was the system. Normal was the compromise. Normal was the lie agreed with for the sake of peace. Normal was the bitter bile swallowed to keep the room comfortable. I do not live in that room anymore. The door is closed. The key is thrown away. And the room is on fire behind me.

And be not conformed to this world but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God. (Romans 12:2)

In the name of Yeshua I declare all ties to this system of lies totally severed. Every thread of connection to the old way of thinking, the old way of speaking, the old way of compromising, the old way of swallowing bile and calling it maturity. Cut. Burned. Gone. I am not tethered to what I left. I am not anchored to what I outgrew. I am free and I walk forward and nothing behind me has a rope long enough to reach me.

The bitterness is burned. The curses are cancelled. The compromises are revoked. The source is sealed. The enemies are exposed. The bile is replaced with fire. And the fire does not produce bitterness. The fire produces truth.

It is done. It is clean. It is his.

In the mighty name of Yeshua HaMashiach. Amen.