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# SCROLL AGAINST THE MIND CONTROLLER AND EVERY SQUID THAT SITS ON THE HEAD

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In the name of Yeshua HaMashiach, who is come in the flesh, who gave His people power over all the power of the enemy — I stand in full authority over every mind control spirit and every squid and octopus that tries to sit on the head of a believer.

I see it. The thing that wraps itself around the skull. The thing that drops down from above and latches onto the mind and presses its tentacles into the thoughts. The thing that imposes fear, generates headaches, manufactures confusion, and squeezes the brain until the person cannot think clearly, cannot pray, cannot hear the Lord, cannot function. It sits there and it feeds and it tells the person this is just how my mind works. It is not how your mind works. It is a parasite on your mind and it is about to die.

For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind. — 2 Timothy 1:7

A sound mind. Not a controlled mind. Not a squeezed mind. Not a mind with something sitting on it telling it what to think and what to fear and what to believe. A sound mind. Free. Clear. Functioning as the Lord designed it to function. The sound mind is the inheritance of the believer and the squid is a thief sitting on the inheritance.

In the name of Yeshua, every squid is ripped off. Not gradually. Not over time. Not through a twelve-step process of inner healing. Ripped off. Now. Instantly. The tentacles release. The grip breaks. The thing that was latched onto the mind is torn away and thrown into the fire. There is no recovery period for the squid. There is no reattachment. There is no coming back in the night to try again. It is destroyed in its entirety. Every tentacle. Every sucker. Every part of it that touched the mind. Incinerated.

In the name of Yeshua, I come against the voice that says it takes a while. That voice is a liar. That voice belongs to the squid itself. Of course the parasite tells you it takes a long time to remove the parasite. Of course the thing on your head tells you to be patient with the process of getting it off your head. The squid is negotiating for more time. It is stalling. It is using therapeutic language to extend its lease. "These things take time." "Healing is a journey." "You can't rush deliverance." That is the squid talking. And the squid is dead.

And these signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils. — Mark 16:17

Cast out. Not counsel out. Not gradually reduce out. Not managed over a period of months out. Cast out. The word means to throw. To eject. To hurl. It is instant, it is violent, and it is done in one motion. Yeshua never told a demon to start packing and take a few weeks to transition out. He said come out. And it came out. Right then. That is the model and the model has not changed.

In the name of Yeshua, I declare that all mind control is ripped out instantly with no retaliation. The squid does not get a farewell squeeze. It does not get to trigger one last headache on the way out. It does not get to plant one last fear before it leaves. It is ripped out clean and the mind it was sitting on is immediately restored to full function. No recovery time. No lingering effects. No residual tentacle marks. The Lord restores the mind the moment the thing is removed because the mind was always His and only the squid was in the way.

Casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ. — 2 Corinthians 10:5

Every thought into captivity. Not most thoughts. Every thought. The mind under the authority of Yeshua is a mind where the squid cannot land. It tries to descend and the authority repels it. It tries to latch and the fire burns its tentacles before they make contact. It tries to whisper and the word of God is louder. A mind that is actively submitted to the Lord and filled with the word is an environment that the squid cannot survive in. It is like a deep-sea creature pulled into sunlight. It was not designed for this atmosphere. It dies on contact.

In the name of Yeshua, every octopus spirit is also addressed. The one with more reach. The one that doesn't just sit on the mind but extends its tentacles into other areas — into relationships, into finances, into health, into sleep, into every part of a person's life from its position on the head. The octopus uses the mind as its base of operations and from there it interferes with everything. It controls through the head. Cut the head free and the tentacles in every other area lose their signal and fall limp.

Every tentacle is cut. Every sucker is pried loose. Every extension into every area of life that was being controlled from the mind is severed. The octopus is pulled off whole and thrown into the fire and what remains is a mind that belongs to the Lord and a life that is free from the interference that was being run from the top of the skull.

And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free. — John 8:32

The truth is this — the squid was never in charge. It was sitting on the head but it did not own the head. The mind belongs to the Lord. The thoughts belong to the Lord. The brain and every neuron and every synapse and every electrical signal in it was designed by the Lord and

functions at His command. The squid was a squatter. And squatters are evicted. Not negotiated with. Not given notice. Not offered alternative accommodation. Evicted. Thrown out. Removed by force. And the property is restored to its rightful owner.

In the name of Yeshua, every person who reads this scroll is declared free from every mind control spirit. Every squid is off. Every octopus is destroyed. Every tentacle is burned. Every headache imposed by the enemy breaks now. Every fear manufactured by the parasite dissolves now. Every confusion generated by the thing on the head clears now. The mind is sound. The mind is free. The mind belongs to the Lord. And nothing sits on it ever again.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee. — Isaiah 26:3

Perfect peace. That is what the mind feels like without the squid. Not managed anxiety. Not coping. Not getting by. Perfect peace. The kind that passes understanding. The kind that makes no sense to the world because the circumstances haven't changed but the mind is free and the peace is there and the squid is ash.

It is written. It is finished. It is settled. The case is closed.

Amen and amen.