

WAKE UP GENERATION

July 22, 2026

In the name of Yeshua HaMashiach, who is come in the flesh, who was twelve years old when he sat in the temple and spoke with authority among the elders, who was young once and never once surrendered his mind to the herd, I rise and I speak over every teenager on this earth.

And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers. (Luke 2:47)

Twelve years old. Understanding. Answers. Speaking with his own voice, not parroting the crowd. That is what a young person looks like without the spirit of shutdown sitting on them.

The Spirit of Shutdown

In the name of Yeshua I come against the spirit of shutdown operating over this generation. The spirit that took an entire age group and put them in a dark room with a screen and a can of poison and told them this was life. The spirit that shut down their voices, their ambition, their curiosity, their creativity, their physical bodies, their relationships, their eye contact, their ability to hold a conversation with a living human being. The spirit that replaced all of it with a feed, a game, a headset, and a group chat where nobody says anything real.

Isolation Disguised As Connection

In the name of Yeshua I come against the spirit of isolation disguised as connection. The lie that says you have friends because you have followers. The lie that says you are social because you are online. The lie that says a group chat is a relationship and a like is love and a streamer is a companion. They sit in rooms alone for hours and call it socialising because the screen told them it counts. It does not count. A human being was designed for eye contact, for touch, for voice, for presence. And this generation has been robbed of all four and told they don't need them.

And the Lord God said it is not good that the man should be alone. (Genesis 2:18)

Not good. That was the first thing God said was not good. Alone. And the enemy took that truth and built a counterfeit around it. You're not alone — you have the internet. You're not alone — you have the game. You're not alone — you have the feed. But they are alone. In a room. In the dark. With a screen that does not love them and a drink that is destroying their body.

The Algorithm As Mind Control

In the name of Yeshua I come against the spirit of mind control. The algorithm that studies what holds their attention and feeds them more of it until they cannot look away. The system designed by adults in boardrooms to capture the minds of children and monetise their attention span. Every scroll of content engineered to keep them swiping. Every autoplay that starts the next video before they chose to watch it. Every notification that pulls them back the moment they put the phone down. That is not technology. That is a trap. And the bait is dopamine and the prey is a generation.

The Poison In The Can

In the name of Yeshua I come against the spirit of addiction operating through energy drinks. Every can of Monster, every Red Bull, every stimulant disguised as a beverage marketed to young people with graphics designed to look edgy and rebellious. The contents — caffeine, taurine, sugar, chemicals — are a cocktail designed to spike the nervous system and crash it and spike it again until the body cannot function without the next can. That is chemical dependency sold in a vending machine. And the spirit behind it wants young bodies wired, anxious, unable to sleep, and dependent.

The Silenced Tongue

In the name of Yeshua I come against the spirit that destroyed their communication skills. The generation that cannot make a phone call. Cannot knock on a door. Cannot speak to a stranger. Cannot order food without anxiety. Cannot hold eye contact. Cannot sit in silence with another person. Cannot express what they feel because they were never taught the words and the screen never required them. They communicate in memes and emojis and abbreviations because full sentences feel too exposing. And the spirit behind it wants them inarticulate because a person who cannot speak cannot declare and a person who cannot declare has no authority.

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

Their tongues have been silenced. Not by persecution. By atrophy. They stopped using their voices because the screen only required their thumbs. And a generation that cannot speak is a generation that cannot pray, cannot declare, cannot war, cannot testify, cannot preach, cannot prophesy. The tongue is the weapon and the enemy disarmed an entire generation by making speech unnecessary.

The Confidence Thief

In the name of Yeshua I come against the spirit of no confidence. The spirit that told every teenager they are not enough. Not attractive enough, not smart enough, not popular enough, not thin enough, not built enough, not funny enough, not successful enough. The spirit that runs

comparison as a background programme through every social media feed until the young person looking at their phone hates what they see in the mirror. The spirit that made confidence something you get from likes and followers instead of from knowing who you are.

For we are his workmanship created in Christ Jesus unto good works which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them. (Ephesians 2:10)

His workmanship. Not the algorithm's rating system. Not the peer group's approval. Not the follower count. His workmanship. Each one made deliberately. Each one designed with purpose. And the spirit that told them they are worthless lied to a masterpiece and convinced it that it was scrap.

The Herd

In the name of Yeshua I come against the spirit of peer control. The spirit that makes the herd the authority. That makes the group chat the courtroom. That makes acceptance by the crowd the highest value and rejection by the crowd the worst punishment. The spirit that removes all individual thought and replaces it with "what does everyone else think." The spirit that turns teenagers into mirrors of each other until nobody in the group has an original thought and everyone is reflecting the same emptiness back and forth and calling it identity.

The Dead Generation

In the name of Yeshua I come against the spirit of passivity. The spirit that took a generation born with fire and taught them to sit. To watch. To scroll. To consume. Never to create. Never to build. Never to speak. Never to move. Never to risk. The spirit that made ambition seem cringe and passion seem embarrassing and trying seem uncool. The spirit that rewards apathy and punishes effort and creates a generation that is spectacularly entertained and profoundly empty.

The Junk Spirit

In the name of Yeshua I come against the spirit of junk. Junk food. Junk content. Junk relationships. Junk information. Junk values. The spirit that flooded every channel with the lowest quality input and normalised it so completely that quality itself looks suspicious. A home-cooked meal looks weird. A real conversation looks intense. A book looks boring. Exercise looks unnecessary. Real friendship looks demanding. Everything of substance was replaced with something hollow and the hollow version was declared normal.

The False Achievement

In the name of Yeshua I come against the gaming spirit specifically. The spirit that gives young men a false sense of achievement. You levelled up. You ranked. You won the match. You unlocked the skin. All of it meaningless outside the screen. None of it builds muscle, earns money,

develops skill, deepens relationship, or serves any purpose in the physical world God made. The gaming spirit gives a young man the feeling of progress without any actual progress. And while he sits there accumulating virtual victories, his real life atrophies. His body weakens. His social skills decay. His purpose goes undiscovered. And the spirit counts it as a win.

The Screen In The Dark Room

In the name of Yeshua I come against the spirit of pornography that operates alongside the gaming spirit and the isolation spirit. Because a young person alone in a room with a screen and no supervision is a target. The pornography spirit destroys their understanding of intimacy before they have ever experienced it. It rewires the brain. It creates addiction. It kills the ability to connect with a real person. It teaches them that people are objects and intimacy is performance. And it enters through the same screen the parents bought them for school.

The Light Hits

In the name of Yeshua I come against every spirit operating over this generation and I call for a breaking. A mass breaking. An awakening so sudden and so total that young people across the earth put down their phones and look up and wonder what they have been doing. Where the years went. Why their body feels wrong. Why their mind is foggy. Why they cannot remember the last time they had a real conversation.

Arise shine for thy light is come and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For behold the darkness shall cover the earth and gross darkness the people but the Lord shall arise upon thee and his glory shall be seen upon thee. (Isaiah 60:1-2)

Gross darkness covers this generation. But the light comes. And when it comes the darkness does not fade gradually. It flees. And every young person standing in that darkness when the light hits will see for the first time what they were made for and it will not be a screen.

The Declaration

In the name of Yeshua I declare the shutdown over. The screens do not own this generation. The algorithms do not own their minds. The energy drinks do not own their bodies. The peer group does not own their identity. The gaming spirit does not own their time. The pornography spirit does not own their sexuality. The isolation spirit does not own their relationships.

They belong to the God who made them. And he is calling them out of the dark room and into the light.

If the Son therefore shall make you free ye shall be free indeed. (John 8:36)

Free from the screen. Free from the herd. Free from the junk. Free from the silence. Free from the

shutdown. Free to speak, to move, to eat real food, to walk outside, to look someone in the eye, to say what they actually think, to discover who they actually are.

Wake up. The light is here.

It is done. The spirit is broken. The generation is called.

In the mighty name of Yeshua HaMashiach. Amen.

SEALED IN YESHUA'S NAME

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