

When You Take a Person's Mind

When You Take a Person's Mind

by [Jon Rappoport](#), No More Fake News

September 29, 2021

*From a great distance
You see little puppets down there
Injecting RNA into arms
Faces behind masks
People locked up in their houses
It looks all very normal
As if people have always done this
But when you swoop down
And take a person's mind in your hands
And turn it over
And really look at it
You see eternity
Reshaped into a toy
That buzzes
This mind couldn't be what it is unless it was once ENDLESS
This is obvious to anyone who looks
In fact there is a museum of misshapen minds
Relics of bygone ages
Examples of how you could take infinity and drop it down into
compartments and weasel holes and mazes and dead end alleys
at midnight
Each "new" mind is a system
Bells and lights and buzzers
Always looking for add-ons
Because you see
A planetary vaccine campaign is really just an extension of
misshapen minds
More bells and lights*

From a great distance the whole thing looks like
A giant tinker toy
It's only when you come much closer
Do you see the swollen hearts and the blood clots
And the dying
And the weeping

I have a collection of my own minds I used to have
here and there, now and then
MY minds

I take them out once in a while
When I had THIS mind I thought THAT
And when I had THAT one I thought THIS
And believed THAT

So many times and places
Too many to count
These minds will get a person embroiled
In all sorts of trouble

He's inside a mechanical buzzard feeding on dead ideas
He's crawling up the steps of a cathedral like a toy soldier
with a hernia to listen to the sound of velvet Pope money
rustling under robes

He's clanking like an old rusty robot into a doctor's office
And a nurse injects genes on to his iron arm where they
sizzle like end-stage breakfast in a pan in a lost diner...

This is called CIVILIZATION

This is what people are doing to each other

700,000 vaccine injuries in America alone and you can
multiply those reports by a factor of 100 to get the real
number

And now in Massachusetts they're testing babies

Churches are saying the Lord is all right with vaccination

The Sunday bells are ringing

Take the shot before you receive the blessing

Some toy minds are shaped into killers

They're issuing the edicts

And lining up with shields and truncheons on the streets

And some minds are believing television news
And submitting with pride
On the lawns of Concord, where the first shots were fired in
the American Revolution
They're now injecting children with RNA
It's a Saturday picnic
Balloons, pony rides, ice cream, a laser show in a tent
A bald man with a drooping moustache calls in the President
through a bullhorn
And the old doddering leader shuffles into view, a ghost,
gazing around him in wonder, looking for his childhood or his
doctor or a penny piece of gum...

[Connect with Jon Rappoport](#)

cover image credit: [CDD20](#) / pixabay