

## Demon Blood Dream 8/26/22 – 9/7/22

I first started journaling on 8/26/22 and I had the dream again last night. Jesus my love, You gave me another dream a couple weeks ago that I didn't even want to write down because it bothered me so much. But here I am, sweet Jesus, choosing to be obedient and writing it down as you have instructed me to do. This dream started out, in like, for lack of better words, in a shrine, a temple, but it wasn't a holy godly temple! This one is full of false gods, pillared columns that look like marble, very expensive marble. The floor seems out of place with its black and white square tiles. As I look up, there's a flat marble sacrifice table that's a huge slab of marble. I can tell, and it has been freshly used. I see traces of blood, blood of the innocent, a person, a child, or maybe both.

I hear a sound to my left, and I realize there are red curtains, heavy drapes, and I see a lone figure emerge from the shadows, from between the dark red curtains. The whole area is dimly lit, with a red glow to the it. I now notice there are six black stands that hold atop of each, a flame. There are three on the left and three on the right, located on the black and white checkered tile flooring, before you get to the marble staircase. My focus is drawn back to the lone figure who has come out from between the deep red curtains. This place is evil, very, very evil. "Why am I here, Jesus my love? Why am I here?" "Watch," I hear inside my heart, and I know it's my lovely Jesus' voice, so I set my focus and mind to see and understand, even though I had begun praying and pleading Jesus' blood over me. This place is evil, it's so evil.

The lone figure is dressed in a hooded black robe and for some reason I'm hearing the word 'druid priest'. The lone figure of this shrouded man walks toward the altar. I now notice he has a golden chalice, a highly ornamental cup, that he carries almost reverently in his hands together in front of him. He's speaking in low murmurs, he's chanting something. "Oh Jesus, my love, my love, I don't want to be here!" I feel a reassuring hand rest lightly upon my right shoulder. I look quickly over, and my eyes see that it's my lovely Jesus. Tenderness and compassion fill His eyes "You must watch and share this, my love, but you don't have to do it alone. I am right here with you." Tears of love and gratitude fill my eyes and a few slips out of my eyes, falling down my face. "Okay, my lovely Jesus, okay then," I said through trembling lips. He squeezed my shoulder ever so gently, then I turned back to the evil scene before me.

The cloaked figure has reached the altar. He raises the chalice and says, in a sickly evil voice, "To you, Father." I can see this is a white skinned individual, and from his voice, it is a male. He takes the golden chalice and raises it to his lips. It's blood, I know somehow, it's blood. The cloaked man drinks heavily of the chalice, drinking until all of its contents are drained. He sits the chalice, this golden goblet, onto the left side of the marble altar, and then kneels on the padded cushions to pray. He pushes back the cloak away from his head and immediately I recognize this man. It is the man I have seen time and time again by visions and dreams, the Antichrist.

I look quickly over at my lovely Jesus, thinking 'I don't want to see this.' He read my mind, and spoke softly, "Little Daughter, you must share what is shown to you. Do not fear, you are protected by Me. My blood is inside you too. You are well protected." I smiled slightly, then directed my gaze back to the horrid scene ahead. He prayed, but soon begins sounding like he

was speaking in a foreign language. I shouldn't know this, but I do. He's speaking in ancient Babylonian. He's asking his father satan, to appear before him, to talk with him. It doesn't take long until I see a very black almost smoky presence appear to his left and I hear a voice of pure evil speak from the smoke. I realize though, also here, once again, satan our enemy is again trying to imitate our holy God, but instead of speaking like our God Jehovah did through a cloud by day and a fire by night, he has chosen a smoke, very dark black like the color of coal.

There is joy in this man's voice as he sees Satan's black smoke. "Father, Father, you have come, you are here!" "Yes, my son, my pet, I have arrived. Why have you called out to me, my pet? Is all still on schedule?" "Yes Father, but also, no." The black smoke began glowing inside through the cracks of the smoke, and I knew that this answer had angered satan. It made me happy, so I looked quickly over at my lovely Jesus who had a knowing smile upon his face. His eyes twinkled, but then He nodded His head ever so slightly back to the conversation at hand.

"What do you mean?!" Satan's evil voice seemed to rip through the black cloud and fill the air. Antichrist seemed almost fearful, not the smug confident man in charge he has always tried to portray himself as. He begins speaking hurriedly, "Father your blood has been perfected! Our demon blood made from the touchable sin, the black goo called the graphene, and the blood of innocents. It no longer kills the body and will imitate the healing properties of the dirty Nazarene, at first. Then, as more willingly take it into their bodies by various means, after I am miraculously brought back from death's door by a blow to my head, it shall start further the mutating of the human body into the mutated hybrid machine-like army connected to the AI that will aid us in our defeat at this (cuss, cuss, cuss) filthy Nazarene. We have already begun inserting it into the many ways of injecting medicines and cures into a person, that are currently in our world, and we have been preparing the blood to be inserted on your insignia or mark of ownership, for all who choose to willingly take it. This is rejecting all hope of that (cuss, cuss) Nazarene's own blood cleaning and restoring them."

"This is good, my pet." I see an arm, a grotesque, blackened, and scarlet red arm, with long pointed yellow fingernails that curl slightly, form out of the black smoke. It reaches over and lovingly strokes Antichrist's head, messing up his dark colored hair. Antichrist reminds me of a cat that purrs when he's stroked by a person, so much is he enjoying the sick petting from Satan. To me, it's sickening. Then suddenly, satan clamps his hand tightly down on Antichrist's head, and turns him to face him directly. Antichrist's eyes come open, where he had closed them while being petted, and I see fear in his eyes. I hear satan's evil hate-filled voice speaking these words "You said 'yes and no' to my question, my son. Where have you failed?" Antichrist began to shudder in fear, and I watch as satan squeezes his head tighter. The words began ushering out of his mouth in an attempt to stop the piercing tormenting pain inside his head that I know he's feeling.

"The blood! The blood, the innocents' blood supply stored in preparation for our coming mark, it's gone, Father! Father, it's gone, all of it! All we have of any, is what we have already prepared that's being inserted into the current worldwide supplies of medicines and cures that inject, and some of the oral intakes." "What?!!" Satan roared, and he takes his hand off of Antichrist's head and backhanded him across his chest. Antichrist screams in pain, and he's

thrown into the air by the force of the blow. He hits hard against the right marble column. I hear a thudding sound as he hits the ground, where he lays there weeping on the cold marble floor.

I hear him whimper, "Father forgive me, it couldn't be helped. We had your Nephilim and fallen-ones guards upon every location. The vats were still sealed. No one had the power or the ability to remove the innocent blood, unless it was an order from the courts in Heaven." Satan bellowed in rage again and began cursing in the Babylonian language, words I will not repeat, "That Nazarene has no right! Since the Garden of Eden incident where I tricked Eve to sin, dominion over this world is mine! Dominion, but not ownership. Jehovah God cannot break His own holy rules that He has created. He must abide by them Himself, because He lives by His holy honor and holy ethic codes. He can't break them if He tried!" Antichrist responded shakily "But He's holy, He would never try... Then who, Father?" he asked. Satan let out a horrendous roar and bellowed "It's those (cuss, cuss, cuss) praying saints of His that learned how to pray, in prayer using the blood and the name of that filthy (cuss, cuss, cuss) Nazarene. Antichrist's mouth dropped open, "But how?!" Satan responded: "They must have petitioned Heaven's courts on behalf of the innocent blood we took illegally from those wretched children and babies. They repented for the sins of others, then because we were out of our legal rights, they succeeded in getting their request answered."

"But you have dominion of this world father" Antichrist said, as he shakily got to his feet, tripping over the long cloak as he finally stood up, moving ever so cautiously to Satan his unholy father. The jet-black smoke now took on a hideous face with fangs and black soulless eyes. I do have dominion for those still living in sin, but those covered by the Nazarene's filthy blood have their rightful dominion positions restored. They can request Heaven's courts, because our actions have been found out. Satan lets out a mighty roar. "You filthy (cuss, cuss, cuss) Nazarene!!" he screamed. Antichrist shrank back in fear. Suddenly Satan stopped, then looked at Antichrist shriveling in fear. I could see that Satan had just had an evil wicked plan come into his twisted mind. I couldn't help but shudder, knowing any plan Satan had is not good for any of us! I felt my lovely Jesus' hand gently take and squeeze my right hand. I looked over at him and He gave me a reassuring smile, "It's okay Daughter" He said, "this is for your eyes and ears. I already knew his plan before time began." I broke out into a smile, immediately feeling comforted, then turned back to witness the rest of this wicked proceeding.

"Father, what is it?" Antichrist asked, this time his voice no longer sounded timid and afraid. "The harvest full moon sacrifices" satan said. Then he began laughing a horrible, horrible laugh that made my skin crawl. "Jesus, I'm so glad you're here with me" I said softly. "Me too" He replied reassuringly. "Yes! Yes, Father!" Antichrist replied, "we are scheduled for our worldwide sacrifice for the 10th and 11th of this month, in honor of you, Father, of this month of September, to pledge our allegiance and worship to you alone, so that you can empower us to work by your side when you and I rule this world. But Father, this still will not be enough innocents' blood to prepare more of the demon blood for our mark, and for the portal particle accelerator machines to travel through time. Neither will we have enough to continue our search for our Nephilim brothers' fallen kingdom of Atlantis."

Satan responded with a sickening sweet voice, laced with evil acid dripping from his words, "Son" Satan said to Antichrist, and he walked back to Satan's extended red and black hand, his

yellow fingernail claws seemed pointier than before. Antichrist grasped his outstretched hand, lifted it to his face, and rubbed his hand lovingly upon his cheek. "Father, what must we do?" Antichrist asked. "We gather more blood, as much innocent blood as we can get. But we gather the defiled as well. The life is found inside the blood. It will take more of the other, than the pure source from the disgusting babies and children, so put the call out, notify them all, the sacrifice must increase. The sacrifices to me, plus the gathering of the blood. We will begin reacquiring the innocent blood to go into my demon blood, but son, we can mix the innocent blood with the defiled blood of sin together. It's not as potent, but it should be enough to open the portals and get our brothers' Nephilim children here when the darkness falls upon the wretched world during Jehovah's display of power. I should have realized He would call them forth as judgments for sin, these plagues, because it will cause some of our more weaker-minded servants to fall for His call to renounce me and swear their allegiance to Him, by accepting Him into their hearts." Then he let out a string (I can't say these words) of Babylonian curse words. "Father, I will send out the signal to the elite, and they will send the signal to all. This way they can increase their plans." "Do that!" Satan said maliciously.

"Who knew of our demon blood?" Satan asked Antichrist. "Father, my Lord, there are a lot who are now aware of its existence because of the dreams and visions that the (cuss, cuss) Nazarene keeps giving to his little children." "I told you to discredit them and discredit their accounts! I have sent out my most trusted brothers, the spirits of deceitment, doubt, unbelief, and lies! Who is causing the most exposure of this business?" "Father, you know it's that stinking Pastor in Kentucky and that troublemaker in Tennessee. She won't stop praying and neither will he." I watched as Satan pulled out a smooth black tablet, it's a shiny black, like marble but not, tablet, that had the language of the fallen ones on it. He looked over at it briefly, then scowled. "Discouragement sent report about this problem in Tennessee having been joined by more troublemakers, the report says they've connected with two other troublemakers in California, and they held an electronic video meeting that shook some of the layers of our realm."

Antichrist's mouth dropped as he said incredulously "Five people did this?! Five people had the power to remove by prayer all our blood?!" "(Cuss, cuss, cuss) you fool, it only takes one who knows their true worth to that filthy Nazarene and gets hold of the knowledge of the power of His blood and name! Why was this not stopped?!" Antichrist shrank back a little because the removal of all the Innocents' blood was a mighty blow to their plans. "We will move forward! Order curses, vexes, and hexes, to each of these five! Notify my children, war has been declared on all of these individuals! I will take care of those of my brothers who failed in their tasks. Come my pet, let's get you prepared for your role as a world ruler." Then the scene changed.

I feel it's somewhere in the future and I'm simply an observer. I don't belong here I feel, but I'm here to observe something to share. I'm in a grand room, a room from looks of it that could house royalty. There are finely dressed people in this room, dressed in elegant attire. The room appeared as if this crowd were waiting for someone to appear. Then I noticed in the back of the elegant room are news reporters with their microphones identifying each station they represented. I can hear some of the chatter. I hear an elderly lady, in a black glitzy long dress with a black fur wrap around her arm, say "If not for him our whole world would still be in utter chaos!" The lady beside her replied "He saved us! He's so charming and intelligent too!" Now

I see a man, in black formal attire with a white shirt, speaking to another group of men all mingled together, standing a little away from some of the other people, "He's a brilliant strategist not only on the battlefield but in finances too! The transition to a digital currency system for our world went smoothly under his hands!" Then my eyes seem to travel to a cluster of people that I do recognize, of dignitaries, rulers, and members of the upper elite hidden society. I hear an older gentleman say, "He's got the whole world groveling at his feet" and he began laughing which sounded like he went into a wheezing sound. It was a very unpleasant sound to my ears. The lady next to him replied "He's perfect, with such dynamic powers and charisma! The dark Lords chose well. We've finally done it; our master lucifer's seed sits on the world's throne as supreme ruler of all!"

All of a sudden, I hear the sound of trumpets being sounded, announcing the arrival of someone very important. All eyes turn to the front of the room. That's when I see there is a huge golden chair with purple cushions on the back and seat part of it. I see a representative of a church, a priest or Pope, I'm not sure, but he has a tall hat like what is worn by the Roman Catholic church or something similar, but it's red as well as his robe that he is wearing. He is standing to the left of the throne. There is a table a little further back behind him that has a huge, almost gaudy, crown sitting upon it with a matching scepter lying next to it. "It's a coronation!" I exclaimed.

At that moment, everyone stands to attention. There are smiles all around. The news reporters are hushed while their cameras are rolling, recording every little detail. I know in this dream, it's for all the world to see. "I will give you gold, silver, food, and position!" I hear a voice say, as I hear footsteps falling, and I cringe. I know this voice; it is Antichrist's voice. "Oh Jesus! Do I have to watch this, to see him being crowned ruler of this world?" But no answer came. I watched in disgust as the priest says a prayer that is both revolting and disgusting to me. He then walks to the table with the scepter and the crown. That's when I noticed there are giants, Nephilim's, on each side of the door, that I hadn't noticed before on the left side of the room. The priest picks up the scepter reverently, as he says words - it sounds more like Babylonian than Latin to me. Then he walks over and places it into Antichrist's waiting hands. He is standing slightly to the right of the throne.

He had on a luxurious black suit, white shirt, but I couldn't help but notice his long royal blue coronation robe with its white fur, and near the shoulders appeared to be gold and jewels. He is wearing white pristine gloves and he takes the scepter into his hands, a small smile escaping his lips. But his eyes, although veiled to most, I saw triumphant hatred in his eyes, that's the only words I can use to describe what I am seeing in the depths of the soulless blue eyes. The priest catches his eyes and gives him a knowing nod as if they are together enjoying a private secret. They break eye contact as the pope-like priest goes to retrieve the crown. He is speaking in the Babylonian language once again. Then he walks over to the awaiting man, Antichrist, who bends his knees to lower himself so the older priest can place the crown upon his head. A look of pure triumph fills his eyes as I heard a man's booming voice, coming from the right of the room, proclaim "Hail to our supreme ruler of our unified world!" And then the trumpets begin blaring, people begin cheering, and I begin waking out of the dream, slowly with thoughts in my head.

To the world, he's the most charming, brilliant, wise, and charismatic person, who has saved this world from destruction and chaos in a moment of false peace. Soon I know, and it's very soon,

all will see his true colors! Everyone was looking for the vilest and wickedest person to be Antichrist and he slipped in undercover into his role as savior with suave charm, lying lips, and all hell behind him. Then I woke fully, and I hit my knees in prayer once again.

**Verses:**

Leviticus 17:11

2 Thessalonians 2:3 - 12

Revelation chapter 13

Daniel 11:36-45

Daniel 2:22

Amos 3:7

Luke 17:1-2