

PROPHETIC POEM BY MATT SMITH

**At the very end of 2015,
And the year of ten plus six,
That wicked old Satan,
Will be up to evil tricks.**

**December through February,
Winter finds itself here,
A sudden event will strike,
And many will be in fear.**

**Know then My judgment,
Has come upon this land,
God reigns supreme,
And deals with a heavy hand.**

**From March until June,
The spring season shall arrive,
There will be many people,
Found not to be alive.**

**During this same season,
Another checkpoint will originate,
Then another crushing blow,
Will seal this nation's fate.**

**During these two seasons,
The economy will decline,
Look to Me My people,
I say, 'Your souls are mine.'**

**For war will be inevitable,
It will not go away,
I implore My holy people,
Stay on your knees and pray.**

**The dog days of summer,
Will follow and draw nigh,**

**Protests will fill the streets,
With a far more violent cry.**

**At the end of the summer,
As the season reaches a climax,
JADE HELM will come to life again,
Surely it will be brought back.**

**The fall season will bring,
another election year,
But by this time our nation,
Will be firmly gripped in fear.**

**Barack Hussein Obama,
Will stay seated in his chair,
No Democrat nor Republican,
will find themselves his heir.**

**Martial law is coming,
It will soon grip our land,
I plead with all the saints of God,
To take a righteous stand.**

**2017 will follow next,
When it comes rolling around,
The changes will be different,
They will surely be profound.**

**America will have seen,
Destruction and devastation,
I will hold nothing back,
I will show no hesitation.**

**Disease and pestilence,
Will surely grip this land,
But My people do not worry,
It's all part of My plan.**

**Watch the hand of Islam,
They will shout a battle cry,**

**A day of terror is coming,
And many will surely die.**

**Now look upon the map,
And look upon it well,
You will see trouble landed,
Where American cities fell.**

**Now woe unto you cities,
And you states shown below,
You have angered God in Heaven,
And made yourself His foe.**

**Woe unto the city,
Of the Bears, Cubs, and Bulls.
Woe to San Francisco,
You dare mock me, you fools!**

**I will destroy both of you,
In the hour of My fury,
You have been found guilty,
Yes, by my Heavenly Jury.**

**Woe unto Las Vegas,
Seattle, and the Big D,
Plagues, famine, and destruction
Are coming soon, you'll see.**

**Woe unto New Orleans,
And even Florida too,
When I shoot arrows of destruction,
You shall surely be through.**

**Woe unto the city,
Known for the Liberty Bell,
I will take away your freedoms,
And you will see much hell.**

**Woe unto Baltimore,
Woe to Washington DC,**

**Woe to you wicked leaders,
For you must answer to Me.**

**I will destroy these cities,
With one single attack,
I will shoot arrows of destruction,
And I will hold nothing back.**

**Woe unto Boston, New York City,
And even California too,
You do not worship Me,
You say, "I answer to who?"**

**You say you only answer,
To gold, silver, and sex,
But I will put something on you,
Far worse than any vex.**

**Half of California,
Shall be thrown into the sea,
And New York City,
The same fate it will be.**

**Oh Boston, Oh Boston,
Your arrogance will be no more,
I shall wipe you off the map,
You big arrogant whore.**

**Get prepared for slavery,
It is coming to this nation,
Like Egypt in the days of Moses,
It will not be a good sensation.**

**An asteroid will strike,
In the Caribbean sea,
All around the world,
Tsunamis must be.**

**Earthquakes will come,
And will divide this land,**

**That we might not forget,
God deals with a heavy hand.**

**You shall look to the east,
And see Russians coming here,
You shall look to the west,
And see China causing fear.**

**They shall invade this land,
And take over this place,
America once a golden cup,
Has become an utter disgrace.**

**Many think they can still sin,
And waltz right into Heaven,
But that's like foolishly believing,
Two plus three equals seven.**

**There are many who come to Me,
On spiritual section eight,
They are in moral poverty,
And will not enter My pearly gate.**

**Moral bankruptcy,
They have truly filed,
They do not know Me,
For they are not My child.**

**You who refuse to teach,
My people the ways of the Lord,
Soon you will find,
You can not escape my sword.**

**Promising My people,
Nothing but houses and cars,
But these will not get you,
Not get you very far.**

**Tell the people to stop,
To halt all of their sins,**

**Tell them to live holy,
So they can enter in.**

**It is time for the saints,
To be truly tried,
Stand firm upon My word,
And in Me truly abide.**

**If you deny my son Jesus,
In front of any man,
You will sink faster,
Than standing in quick sand.**

**So know these things,
They surely will take place,
Come live your life for Jesus,
And receive My mercy and grace.**