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.