

Death Rides For Babylon & The Death of Lady Liberty Dream 10-10-25 Shared 10-11-25

I have come to share a dream and a word from the Lord. I received the word last night and I received the dream last night at 10-11-25 @11:11 PM. I journaled it at 9:18 AM, titled The Death of Liberty Dream. The word I received 10-10-25@ 7:57 PM, Death Rides for Babylon.

Death Rides for Babylon Word@ 11-10-25@7:57 PM

“Can you hear them playing the funeral march for Babylon-America?” “I do. It started a few minutes ago.” “Death comes. Death comes riding on his pale horse for Babylon-America. Death has been called forth. Death will not be stopped, for it is I who have commanded Death to go forth fast and furious across America-Babylon's wretched lands. I strike. The Destroyer strikes. This is that time, Daughter. This is that foretold time. Death rides for Babylon's people who are wicked and cruel, mean and unjust, selfish murderers of heart, lovers of self above all others. A life for a life, Daughter. I extract a life for a life from Babylon's numbers for every wrongful death that has occurred inside her walls. A death for a death, blood for blood, a life for life.

Woe has come to your shores, Babylon. It has finally come, arriving in a big wrapped up package that's unwrapped at Midnight (It's referring to a dream I had called One Big Beautiful Birthday) Big wrapped up package that unwraps at Midnight, Daughter. This Midnight, tonight, Death rides to Babylon. Death rides hard. Death rides swift. Death comes now, Daughter. Death comes now. And soon the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air will mean more than a signal for the 10 hidden rogue nuclear devices in the suitcases, hidden in America-Babylon, to explode. It will be the many falling ballistic missiles, of nuclear nature, falling from the sky by the hand of Putin of Russia.

America-Babylon will be struck not only once by nuclear fire. The first in the series are the 10 suitcases that are detonating inside her walls, then followed by the allowed nuclear strike from Putin and the back and forth exchange within a four-day period. This time is now, too. Most are not ready for the food shortages and water shortages, but even fewer are ready for the bitter cold after the scorching heat. In some ways, freezing in the bitter cold of a Nuclear Winter, a Nuclear Holocaust, is more merciful than trying to survive if you're one of Mine who had not repented before I returned, but for the vile and the wretched, it's a one-way ticket to Hell's burning flames. I have no remorse in sending any soul there because it was their own choice to go.

You don't want Me? You don't want to serve Me and live by My rules in the world I created? Then you don't have to. This is why each man, each woman has been given free will. We did not create people to force them to love Us, but to choose if they want to love Us or not, but We have love to give for them all. End of days, Daughter, end of days. The clock has ticked down to the end of days.”

Take this to Jesus Christ in prayer. Try, test, and discern it. You know, I say that a lot, but it's important. It's very important. 1 Thessalonians 5:21 Prove all things. Hold fast to that which is good. Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits. Whether they be of God, the whole purpose, whether they be of God, for many false prophets have gone out into the world 1 John 4:1.

The Death Of Liberty Dream 10-10-25@11:11 PM; Journalled @10-11-25@9:18 AM

It began when I found myself on the side of a street observing many people dressed in black, walking side by side, as if in a grand procession of both men and women. Many were crying, wailing, and outright sobbing, of both men and women. I could hear occasionally someone stopping long enough to blow their nose and then they would begin again, crying, weeping, and wailing. There are many people, many people, filling the streets, participating in this long procession, all dressed in black from head to toe. Crowds were gathered along the streets, watching, that were not participating in the actual procession down this well-known street. They, too, were dressed in black and most were crying or looking sorrowful, as if they were grieving the death of a lost loved one.

“Who could have died to cause so much distress and sorrow for this people?” I asked myself as I continued to watch the long procession of many people of all types of nationalities walk down the street as they moaned and wailed out of grief. I watched for about 30 minutes and it was all the same thing happening, except with different people. Suddenly, I saw coming slowly through the crowd the end of a massive wooden box appear being carried by many, many, many people. The box was of light-colored wood that you could see the dark rain running through it; and it was shiny, as if covered by a protective coating, like shellac or polyurethane.

“It's so wide and massive,” I said out loud. “It looks to be about 30 feet wide.” “It's 40 feet, at least,” a voice beside me said quickly and then continued, “you have to allow room for the width of the whole body and her body parts.” “Her what?” I exclaimed, as I turned to see a man in his late 40s with black-rimmed glasses that had the appearance of either a geek, one who is knowledgeable about and is obsessively interested in something, or he's highly educated. He's a white Caucasian and has dark hair. He's dressed in a light pale, yellow button-up shirt with pearl buttons and khaki pants. He spoke again when I turned his way, “Her waist is 35 feet wide, approximately.” I spoke again, “You said ‘her’.” The man replied, “Watch and see.”

I turned back to the scene of mourners still weeping almost uncontrollably at times. There are many, many, many people carrying the moving box heading our way, but I notice now it's also being partially carried by a cart with wheels of some type, that's located beneath the wooden massive box, heading down the street in front of us. As it drew steadily closer, the people closest to me began crying out as if in deep pain and sorrow. I could see what looked like spikes sticking out above the front edge of the wooden box. “They look familiar,” I thought. The procession was going slowly, slow enough for all who wanted to see what's inside the box to have a good, long look. Like one last look before it passed them by. As the box drew closer to us, I let out a small gasp. There inside it was the Statue of Liberty, only she's not in one piece. Her arms are broken off at each elbow and laying in the box beside her and her head has been cut off. She's been decapitated.

I heard the man beside me say, “She was a titan of a woman, standing at one time, 151 feet without her pedestal.” “I didn't know that,” I answered back. My reply encouraged him, and he began to speak again. “Most people don't realize that the Statue of Liberty's designer, Frederick August Bertholdi, actually designed her, Lady Liberty, after the Roman goddess of freedom named Libertas. Though there are other popular beliefs (Other beliefs are like it's just his mother or a widow.). The Statue of Liberty's official name is Liberty Enlightening the World. It was a

gift from France to the United States in 1886 and was dedicated on October 28th of that year,” he finished saying. “No, I didn't know all that,” I replied. “You said her real name was Liberty Enlightening the World? That's interesting, because when the world uses such words as enlightening or enlightenment, it usually refers to the worshiping of gods. Not just the One True God of Heaven,” I said, as I looked at the decapitated head of the Statue of Liberty. Whose nickname was Lady Liberty, and had become a symbol identifying the United States since her arrival so many years ago.

The man replied, “It's funny you would say that, because Libertas is the Greek equivalent to the goddess of liberty named Eleutheria, which was another title for the goddess Artemis, who, by the way, Artemis is equivalent to the goddess Diana in Greek, Roman, which is written about in the Holy Bible, since you brought up the worship of other gods besides the One in Heaven.” The man seemed genuinely pleased to be able to talk so freely about the Statue of Liberty, even though this procession had turned out to be a funeral or a burial procession. “What happened to her?” I asked the man. I noticed the procession was still moving very, very slow. Almost, it seemed, at a snail's pace now. It's slower than before. The man seemed eager to tell me all he knew.

“Lady Liberty was struck down by 10, which finally resulted in both her arms being removed at the elbow, and then her head finally decapitated. She's made originally out of copper, but the 10 combined blows were lethal. She didn't stand a chance against the nuclear forces behind the blows. It's a miracle she wasn't shattered or melted into a million pieces,” he finally said. “No,” I replied, “she has to be buried. Do you know where they are taking her?” I asked. “Sure do,” the man replied, “to the water's edge to be buried. They're going to place her on a ferry boat, then sink it and her both, a fitting grave for a woman over the water.” “Or one who has to be sunk as holy judgment by the God of Heaven, because it's written Babylon-America will be sunk, and the Statue of Liberty is a symbol worldwide representing America, the United States,” I thought to myself.

I noticed the man was watching the funeral burial procession with interest. “How long do you think it will be before they reach the water's edge, and she gets her water burial?” I asked the man. He looked at me for a moment, and I noticed he had piercing blue eyes. I was surprised I hadn't noticed them earlier, or that they seemed familiar to me. He finally said, “At that rate of progress they're making it, most likely it will be a year or two, maybe three.” “That long!” I exclaimed in surprise. “Yes,” he replied back. “Is there anything else you can tell me that you found interesting about the Statue of Liberty, Lady Liberty, who you have explained to me is the false god Diana, also known as Artemis? You know the Word of God speaks about the false god/goddess Diana and others being worshipped in its pages.”

“If you found that piece of information interesting,” the man said to me, “then you're going to love this part. During the dedication speech given by Grover Cleveland, the President of the United States at this time, on October 28, 1886, he said this, “We will not forget that Liberty has here made her home, nor shall her chosen altar be neglected.... Her chosen altar,” he said. “What is an altar? Altar, a flat top block or table (I'm good at knowing these things, I always look words up.) A flat top block or table used as a focus point of a religious ritual, especially making sacrifices or offerings to a deity, a god, meaning to a false god or the real One. Whoa!” I said in

surprise. “So, the false god Diana, Artemis, who also turns out, when you follow the path, to also be the goddess Libertas, is most likely a fallen angel, a titan, who chose the United States as her chosen altar, her place to be worshipped. No wonder America is so evil, as well as New York.”

Then suddenly the man's voice changed as He reached up and removed the glasses from His face. “Thou shalt have no other gods before Me, it is found written in My Scripture of Truth. This is just one of the many hidden false gods in plain sight that America-Babylon has chosen to embrace over Me, by choice.” My mouth hung open in surprise! This man is not some geek, but is really, in fact, my lovely Jesus Christ. I recognize His voice and His face now, but also the Holy Spirit inside me burns within as He speaks, just like before, but I hadn't understood fully why. “Daughter, this fallen one has become the symbol worldwide for your fallen nation. Your nation has become dead to Me that you live in. No longer shall she represent herself as a beacon of hope and light, when most who come here find spiritual death. She dies quickly by My command, with only a shell of her body remaining, as she gasps her last breath when I remove those of Mine still inside her filthy borders. She dies on a Sabbath that's not really a Sabbath, but a holy day to some, nonetheless on the morrow of promised time, as I spoke to you privately, Daughter, last night. This has not, nor will not change.” And then I awoke.

Let me read you this full speech from President Grover Cleveland. This is the Statue of Liberty dedication. He was the 22nd and 24th president of the United States. It was on October 28th, 1886, his full speech:

“We are not here today to bow before the representation of a fierce warlike god, filled with wrath and vengeance, but we joyously contemplate instead our own deity, keeping watch and ward before the open gates of America and greater than all that had been celebrated in ancient song. Instead of grasping in her hands, thunderbolts of terror and of death, she holds aloft the light which illumines the way to man's enfranchisement. We will not forget that Liberty has here made her home, nor shall her chosen altar be neglected. Willing votaries will constantly keep alive its fires, and these shall gleam upon the shores of our sister republic, thence and joined with answering rays, a gleam of light shall pierce the darkness of ignorance and man's oppression until Liberty enlightens the world.”

It is a flat out false god, and it calls it that. “Our own deity, our own god, keeping watch. We will not forget that Liberty has here made her home, nor shall her chosen altar (the place where you worship and sacrifice) be neglected.” Yeah, it was an eye-opener to me, because I never studied any of that. Take all this to Jesus Christ and prayer. Now I know why He used her to represent the death of America.

Verses:

Jeremiah 1:17-19; 11:1; 112:12; Acts 19:24-41; Exodus 20:3; Isaiah 43:10; Jeremiah 10:10-15; Isaiah 45:5; Deuteronomy 32:39; Jude 6-13; 1 Timothy 1:10; Isaiah 14:24; Acts 7:42-43; Genesis 6:1-4; Deuteronomy 6:13-16; Colossians 2:18; Job 31:26-28; Deuteronomy 4:15-20; 2 Kings 17:16-17; Luke 10:27; Mark 12:30; Zephaniah 1:5; Jeremiah 8:2; Job 4:18; 2 Peter 2:4; 11-19; Numbers 12:6; 1 Timothy 4:1-2; Jeremiah 51:6-10; 42; 55; 63-64; Revelation 18:21-24; Genesis 9:6.