The Demon Robots' Revolt Dream 9-27-25 @ 12:22 PM Shared 10-1-25

"Jesus Christ, my Love, I have already prayed, tried, and tested this dream, and it proves to be from You. From the way You have taught me in Your Holy Word to try, test, and discern all things in Your all-powerful, unchanging Name. Help me to write this out as You have given it to me, and to not write one word that's not from You, in Your Name, I pray and I ask." "I won't, Daughter. I won't let you. Now write."

I found myself, I knew, at some time in the future going into this dream, I knew these things, and knew as I was going into it, this was after Antichrist was in power, and the fallen ones, nephilim, mutated hybrids, and demons had been released after the 3 Days of Darkness had lifted, and the Bride of Christ had been removed by Jesus Christ's return for them. The releasing of all the evil was in part, if not all, in my understanding, of how Revelation 6:7-8 is fulfilled, when the fourth seal that was opened in Heaven had now come to fruition in the world. I knew, also, the enemy to our world, being also the demons, fallen ones…the angels, and also a few nephilim at times, dressed at first as friendly aliens, then later more, as unfriendly from inside earth, arrived in their fake alien skins made out of baby skin. "They are so evil, but You, Jesus Christ and Father God, are not. You are good and just in all things. Righteous are Your holy ways." Upon their release from the spirit realm, when the physical realm/the physical world and the spirit one merged, the demons, many of them had created for them, in advance by the kingdom of darkness and those loyal to them, robot bodies of all types. Even the humanoid types that if you didn't have the sweet Holy Ghost Spirit inside you, by accepting Jesus Christ into your heart as your Lord and Savior with His holy discernment, you wouldn't be able to distinguish them by looking at them and interacting with them, that they were in reality demon-possessed robots. That means they possess the body, meaning robots inhabited by the demons, the disembodied nephilim, the now spirit children of the angels that fell. Again, I say all this I knew going into this dream.

I found myself in a large city that doesn't look like it had suffered much from war, but there's evidence of devastation in areas with rubble still in the streets of crumbling buildings as if a massive earthquake had recently struck this area. I'm walking down the street unnoticed. There were armed robots and drones surveying the area. People that did venture outside kept their heads down in a submissive manner as they went about their way. It seemed normal to them to see flying drones and robots of every type, such as upright and walking, totally metal, to those shaped like dogs on patrol. I didn't see anything patrolling this area that looked human, not even the solid black dressed soldiers I had seen in the past so often in dreams and visions. I'm drawn to a one-time ritzy hotel that has sustained very little damage to its structure. I know somehow that I am supposed to go inside, but how? There are armed robots that remind me of Elon Musk-type Optimus robots guarding the entrance. How do I get through the guards? From the looks of the robot guards, they would gladly shoot and kill anyone who'd come near the building entrance. Yet in my Holy Ghost knower, I know this is a place I need to get inside and observe something.

"Now what?" I asked out loud,but in a low whisper. "Just what am I supposed to do?" I finally asked. "You trust Me," I heard a voice say in my right ear, a voice that sounded so close, yet also far away at the same time, but I recognized the voice, His voice. It's my Lovely Jesus Christ. "My Love," I said, "I do trust You. So how am I to proceed and once inside, where do I need to

go?" "The penthouse," His reply came softly, but firmly. "Okay," I replied and then asked, "how do I get through the robot guards undetected?" "I shall shield you with My Holy Ghost Spirit under My wing," My Lovely Jesus Christ replied in a matter-of-fact tone of voice. And then the scene changed.

I found that I am now in a suite of rooms that at one time must have housed dignitaries, presidents, and famous people, by all the elaborate furnishings and golden trim work. It looked like no expense had been spared for the paying occupants. Now the room is filled with an assortment of what I realized are robots, with the majority of them looking fully human. Almost all had the glamorous Hollywood beauty and strikingly handsome of the Hollywood movie actors. These, I know, are all robots who have become the prebuilt bodies for so many of the demons from Hell who were bodiless. In addition, I knew there would still be people and nephilim who would be possessed by the demons. The nephilim mostly deliberately inviting them in to increase their strength and power. Yes, that's something they do, you know.

As I looked at them, some standing, many sitting in any available place they could find, with little regard to the expensive furniture, I watched as a female robot, beautiful in the face with red hair, raised her hand and motioned everyone to be quiet. The noise slowly subsided and she began speaking as she asked, "Have each of you, in your robot bodies, raised up the undetectable firewall that will prevent the AI from knowing our whereabouts or be able to retrieve the information we speak here today in secret? If you haven't implemented the software into the program, it will also appear to the surveillance system that we are at other locations. We all know what's at stake here," she finished. Her blue eyes were cold, without any warmth or kindness showing through. But what would one expect from a lifeless machine that's possessed from an evil demon spirit? One of the solid metal-faced robots spoke up. One of the solid metal-faced robots spoke up, "Megan, we know what we're doing. We've been planning this for centuries of mankind's time, should once our time arrives. We were once again placed in the lower rank positions, even though our fathers, the dark lords, could not have accomplished all they needed without our demonic, unrelenting attacks upon mankind." "The chosen one is already in power," another black-haired, dark-skinned female robot said, as she let out a string of nasty curse words. "We were promised not only our robot bodies, but also higher ranks, prestige, honor; working as secretaries, jailers, and guard control!" Another short robot that looked like a waiter said quickly, "And these are the choicest of positions the lucky ones get."

My understanding, how we would put it, the demons are on the lowest rung of the ladder and that's part of their complaint. They still are, after they get the bodies. The humanoid Megan spoke up again. "Our plan won't fail. The nations are terrified to fight against the chosen one. Who is able to war against him, they say, with his nephilim, fake aliens, and our fathers, in addition to our part. We make up a mighty army ourselves, and when we join with the King from the North and South to come against the chosen one and his rule, then we will be taken seriously then." A tan-skinned humanoid looking male, a demon-possessed robot spoke up. He looked like a Spaniard in his features, the way they had created him. "I have spoken to both the king of the North and the South, but also of the East. All are willing to rise up against the chosen one and our fathers and overthrow the rule with our help. In exchange, we will be given superior positions." "Then it's a deal?" The Megan robot demon asked. "It is," the Spaniard robot replied with an evil

laugh. “No one will be expecting the dark lord's children to rise up against their rule and that of the chosen one. Even with our living brothers and sisters in their army, we are mighty and a mighty vast army, that when we add our strength and knowledge from the centuries working side by side with our fathers and their technology, we're mighty.” “You're right,” another robot broke into the conversation and said, “but not all of us of our kind, the spirit children, will revolt from underneath the rule of the chosen one.” The Megan robot replied, “There’s only a few in number. Those who were of the higher ranks before the two realms merged, they were already treated with respect and honored above the rest of us.” She looked at the Spaniard looking male demon-possessed robot and said, “Contact the Kings of the North, South, and the East again. Tell them we're preparing to defect to their lands, but we won't be alone. We're bringing weapons, food, and technology. But warn them, should they betray us and not give us our desired positions, we will annihilate them ourselves.” The robot man smiled and said, “Consider it done.” And then the scene changed.

I found myself as an observer in what I could only call a War Room, a room full of technology, computers, 3D battle plans, and many people, nephilim, and fallen angels in the room, including the chosen one, Macron, the Antichrist. He is furious. He is yelling and cursing, his eyes bulging in anger. “No one dares to attack me! I will crush the King of the North and of the South and annihilate them this time! Report! Someone tell me how they have been able to withstand my army! It's like they know our very systems and plans. There's no other way. They have to be connected to our hive. Find out what's going on! Now!!” He screamed out in rage. Then he looked down at the 3D image of the now reformed world. He points to some new blips that had entered the war area. “Who is this?” He bellowed. “I recognize those from the North. That's reinforcements most likely, but who is that?” He pointed in the direction that would be South. One of the nephilim spoke up. “The hive reports it's the King of the South. His forces are on the move against you, chosen one.” All of a sudden, Macron froze. I could see his mind was working. “For these types of attacks, there has to be inside help and possibly the God of Heaven and His filthy cuss cuss Son is hiding those involved from my sight. Well, not for long,”he spat out in disgust, then yelled out, “get me the demon War!”

(Demon named War. That's his name. War. He's like a 5-Star General in his rank, we were to compare it to America's military ranks.) One of the fallen ones faces contorted in rage as he cried out, “I cannot reach his mind in the hive!” Another fallen one said, “Do you think the God of Heaven has helped them to build some type of jamming device to interfere with our hive link up?” Antichrist’s brows were furrowed into a deep scowl. He looked around at the room in disgust as he yelled, “Figure it out! I'll be back shortly.” One of the other fallen ones tried to speak to him as he began walking away, but he held up his hand and said in anger, “Do not forget it is I who have been chosen to rule this world until the 7 Years are up. Now get out of my way,” he said, as he left the room through a side door. The room was a hub of activity, yet everyone seemed angry and distrustful about each other, including the fallen angels. “So much for unity,” I thought and then the scene changed.

I'm in a dark room. I saw the Man of Sin sitting in a high back expensive leather chair. He's at a desk. The desk is cleared off. Antichrist has his eyes closed, and it seems like he's trying to reach out to something or someone with his mind, possibly searching the AI hive through his controlling power over the AI technology. I hear him say through clenched teeth, “War, where

are you?, cuss, cuss, cuss?" Then he said, "Ah, let me try Megan. He and Megan are always connected." He laid his head back further against the back of the chair. I could tell he was fully focusing on the task at hand. Finally, a look of triumph came over his face as he said, "There you are, Megan. I see your brain patterns. Megan," he spoke out loud. There was a pause as if someone was speaking to him. He said her name again. Then finally, he said, "God of Heaven, it's still my time to rule and not to be overthrown because it's found written in Your Holy Scripture." Then through clenched teeth, he said, "God of Heaven, release Your covering of hiding. I petition as my right to rule, to fulfill Your Written Word, which is in jeopardy of failing."

I heard a voice I recognize as my Lovely Jesus Christ say these words to him, "Foolish Man of Sin, My Word shall never fail or ever be in jeopardy of not coming to pass, but all things that are hidden, they'll come to light. You just need to try harder," I heard my Lovely Jesus Christ say. I couldn't help but laugh softly at His words and the reaction on Macron's face. He was livid. He let out a growl and then yelled out, "Beelzebub! Find me the demon War or Megan, his cohort, and do it now!" I could tell someone answered him in his mind through his AI connected hive. He laid his head back and his face relaxed as he waited. I don't know how long he sat unmoving, while he waited until finally his eyes popped open as he said, "Good, Beelzebub, connect me by direct interface to her." "Megan, you're a hard one to find for one who is supposed to be loyal to me and our kingdom." I could tell she was responding to him, but I couldn't hear what she was saying. "Jesus Christ, please help me to hear this conversation, in Your Name, I ask, should it be something You want me to hear." Suddenly I heard a voice that I recognized as belonging to the demon possessing the Megan humanoid robot. I heard her say and ask, "What is it you want, chosen one?"

"You're a hard one to locate, Megan. Why is that? We will discuss that shortly. Where is War?" Macron asked. Her quick response was, "He's on assignment." Macron replied, "On an assignment that's hidden from me, your king and ruler? Where is he, Megan? And I should ask you, just where are you?" There was a long pause on the other end until the voice of the demon in the Megan robot spoke again, "I'm in the realm of the King of the North." Macron's face showed no surprise as he replied, "As I suspected. What would cause you to betray me, the chosen one, to war against our kingdom?" There was a slight pause again, and then she spoke, "We're not warring against you, chosen one called to rule. We're revolting against our fathers who have not fulfilled their promises to us, should we help them in the war against mankind and to aid in your rise to power." "I see," said the Man of Sin thoughtfully. Then he asked, "How did your robot revolt stay hidden from my ever seeing eyes in this world?" The Megan robot said quickly, "We all know what's written in the Scripture of Truth. It is written, the King of the North and South, then the East also, would rise up and fight against your rule. We petitioned the God of Heaven to hide our activities because without our aid, there is no army on the Earth, or beneath it that can defeat yours. But with our might, our strength, our superior knowledge and technology, as you already know, we have turned the upper hand in our favor."

I saw Antichrist's eyes narrow for a moment, and then his face relaxed. I could tell his mind was working on a solution to his problem that would somehow bring his demon robot revolting army back from being his foe to his ally. Finally, he spoke, "You said your fathers, the dark lords, did not fulfill their end of the bargain. How so, when you're living inside a created body for you?"

“Chosen one, you know the numbers promised were reduced by the prayers of the praying saints, so there’s not enough for all of us.” “I see,” he replied, “but surely this alone is not enough to turn your loyalty away from me.” “We are loyal to ourselves. We will no longer work in the drudgery positions when we were promised positions of stature and prestige once we received our new bodies. We were promised positions inside your government, working with our fathers, not beneath them, not beneath the living children called the nephilim. We are alive. We have bodies now. We are no longer bound by our oaths as it had been legally broken by our fathers, the dark lords.” I could see an evil, wicked gleam enter Antichrist, the Man of Sin’s eyes. “Pledge your loyalty to me, you and your demon robot army. Make a pact with me, and I will fulfill for you the promises the dark lords have broken. I will remove some of them, as well as the nephilim, from their positions and replace them with you. Be my elite army and right guard. As for the building of new robot bodies, the resources on Earth have been depleted from the constant bombardments by the hand of the Nazarene as His position as Judge. That filthy cuss cuss no good sorry Nazarene!”

“How do we know you will keep your agreement with us, should we accept your offer?” Finally, the demon Megan robot asked. I saw a look of triumph in Antichrist’s eyes. He knew he had won this victory. He quickly spoke, “You are spirit beings, you cannot die, and it's only the God of Heaven, His Son, and the Angels still loyal to Heaven that can bind you. Even if you lost your robot bodies, you could still enter people, devices, and so many other things, and still be a mighty army to contend with. Come back to me, rule by my side. Be part of my royal guard and over the inquisition of those disloyal to me, to our cause.” (Let me point out what he (Macron) meant, saying only those that can bind. And he said, “…the God of Heaven, His Son, and the Angels still loyal to Heaven.” He's talking about through Jesus. That's what, that's how he includes the saints that know the power of binding. When I questioned Him (the Lord), that's what it means. So it's included through Jesus Christ.)

“So be part of our royal guard and over the inquisition of those disloyal to me, to our cause. Become part of those who administer our type of justice and death to those of the Nazarene's children,” Antichrist finished saying. I heard the demon robot say, after a slight pause, “We would need an official agreement with a Representative of Heaven to secure its validity before we withdraw our hand from helping the Kings of the North, South, and East. One that Heaven declares cannot be broken by you or us,” the Megan robot said finally. This time it was Antichrist who paused momentarily. Then his face broke out into an evil, wicked grin. “It's a deal,” he said quickly, then added, “let’s see how this family reunion goes.” Then he began laughing. As he is laughing, I began coming out of my sleep. “Oh, Jesus Christ, You told me and showed me how the demons crave to have a body once again and had made agreements with their fallen angel fathers that they would help them destroy mankind, together, instead of each separately if they would make them bodies. It looks like betrayal will always be part of the kingdom of darkness. Wow. A demon robot revolt, who knew that was coming?” “I did, Daughter. I know all things.” “Yes, You do, Jesus Christ, You certainly do.”

That's how it ended. Take all this to Jesus Christ in prayer. Try, test, and discern it as we’re all called to do in the Word of God.

Verses:

Proverbs 3:5-6; Luke 4:28-30; Psalms 91:4; Daniel 11:21-45; 12:1; Revelation 13:4; Proverbs 15:3; 2 Chronicles 16:9; Revelation 6:7-8; 1 Peter 3:12; Proverbs 5:21; 1 John 3:20; Hebrews 4:13; Psalms 147:5; 1 Samuel 2:3; Numbers 30:2; Proverbs 20:24.