Victory Over the Harlot

An inspired poem:

The harlot, the whore
Will seek to open the door
To pour forth her sin and idolatry
But I have opened heaven's windows
And mine is the victory

So let the battle begin
Let the whore do her worst
For she and her minions
Are no match for My church

Holy Spirit will burst into the darkness
Through the windows of My completeness
Pouring forth wholeness where brokenness has been
Redeeming the misery and shame
Making My people glorious again

> *"He gave a mighty shout: "Babylon is fallen—that great city is fallen! She has become a home for demons. She is a hideout for every foul spirit, a hideout for every foul vulture and every foul and dreadful animal.*
>
> *For all the nations have fallen because of the wine of her passionate immorality. The kings of the world have committed adultery with her. Because of her desires for extravagant luxury, the merchants of the world have grown rich."*
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> *Then I heard another voice calling from heaven, "Come away from her, my people. Do not take part in her sins, or you will be punished with her. For her sins are piled as high as heaven, and God remembers her evil deeds.""*
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> *Revelation 18:2-5 (NLT)*