"Stand with me"
By John Lyckett and the Spirit of Jehovah

In a dream, I stood on the streets of the city of darkness; with what the dim street lights in the thick darkness would allow me to see.

Satan's ground patrol consisted of young things who stood for what they thought was right—but I had prepared for this... or at least, I thought I did.

Whores, hookers, and hustlers stood in the near distance, waiting and watching their stranger, who seemed to be a light shining in darkness, and for any chance, that if he should reveal the deed of those young things; while he had Rested to regain strength, they would attempt to Quench the power of his Counselor, with pleasure and evil gain... But stand with me...

The things began to approach me, and what was worse... they knew my name.

"John", was the words of the Superior Consoler, "Come, into our streets... Stand with us on our corners."

I knew that my only way out was beyond the deed of those things, in the City of darkness.
But instead, I dashed in the opposite direction, into a place where my brother was… Why should I escape the darkness alone?

I strapped myself with the weapons of war, and equipped Michael as well…

"Brother, come, please stand with me."

We stood on the grounds in the midst of every soul, and where an old harlot had seen the weapons of our redemption, she screamed…

We dropped the whole city.

Me and my brother… stand with me.

[Signature]

[God the Spirit of Jehovah…]

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