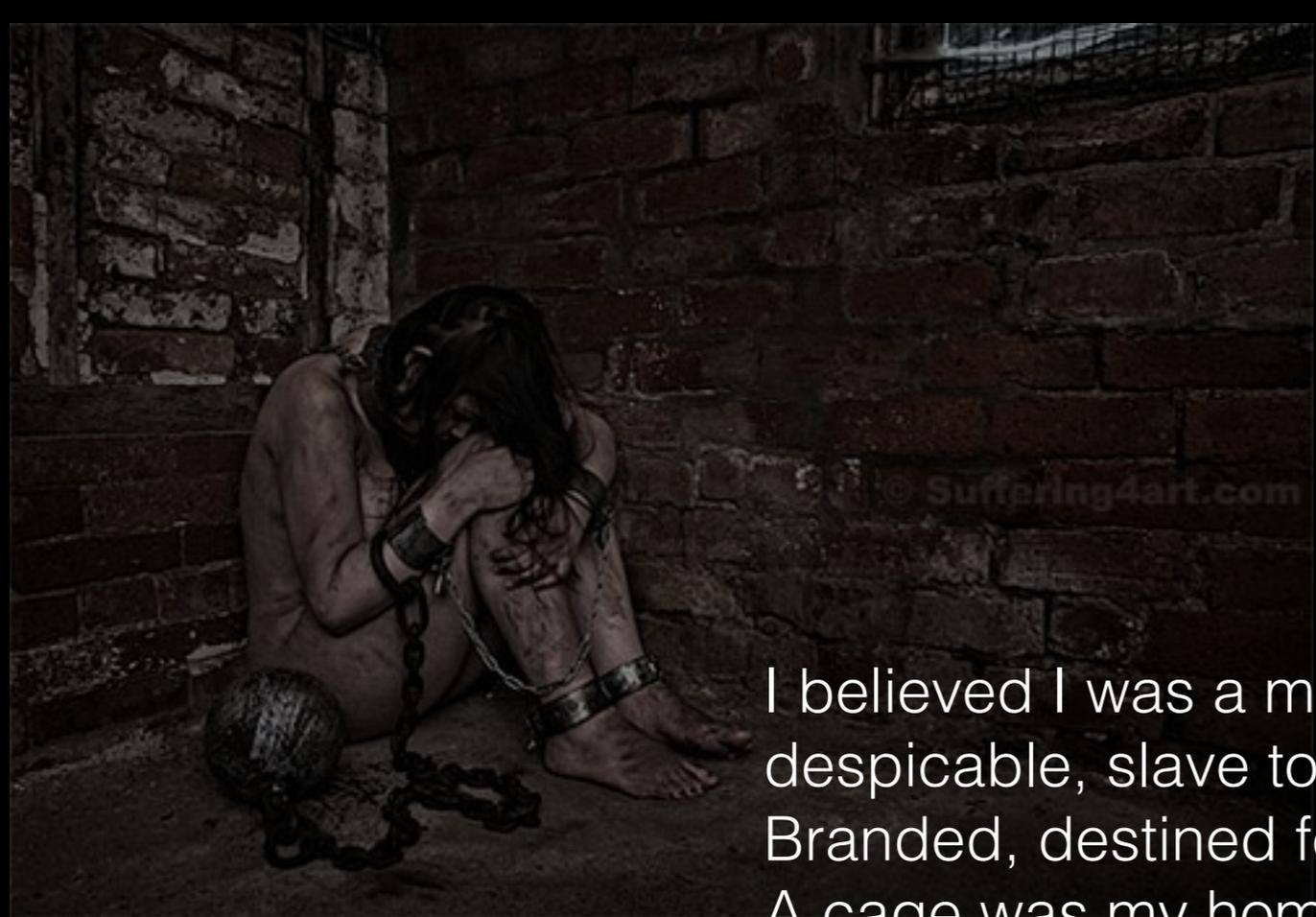




I believed I was a queen,  
beautiful and beloved by her king.  
Perfect love, perfect romance.  
A crown and a scepter,  
the world at my feet.





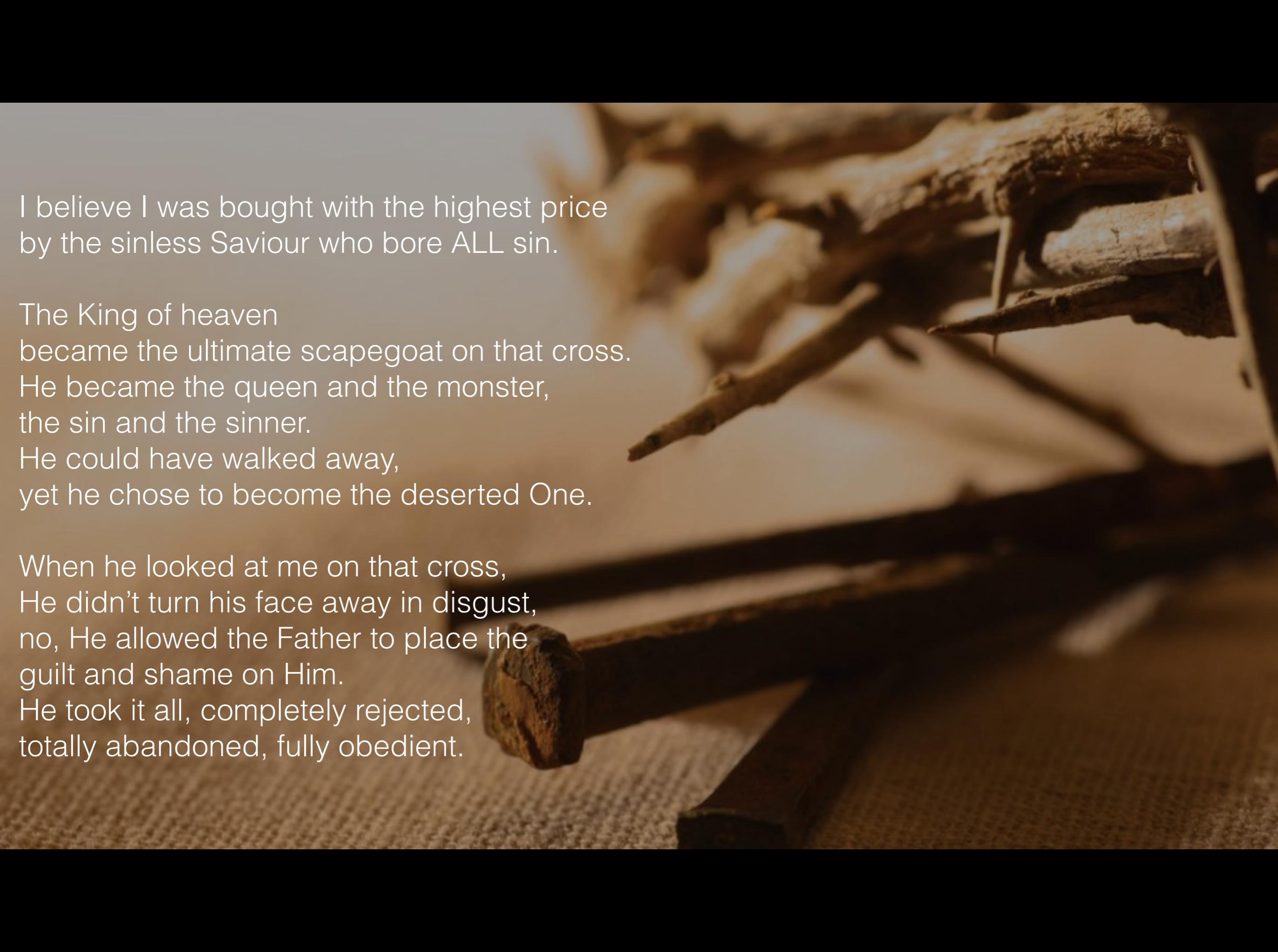
I believed I was a monster,  
despicable, slave to the master.  
Branded, destined for eternity in hell.  
A cage was my home,  
Shackles to hold me in an icy embrace.  
I was hidden in the belly of the earth



I believe I am Victoria Priscilla,  
once a monster, escaped into a queen,  
but truly a daughter of the most High King.  
Free to run into His loving arms with  
nothing to hold me back.



I believe that my King is  
a good and fair Master.  
I am His slave, yet my will is free  
to hear and to obey.



I believe I was bought with the highest price  
by the sinless Saviour who bore ALL sin.

The King of heaven  
became the ultimate scapegoat on that cross.  
He became the queen and the monster,  
the sin and the sinner.  
He could have walked away,  
yet he chose to become the deserted One.

When he looked at me on that cross,  
He didn't turn his face away in disgust,  
no, He allowed the Father to place the  
guilt and shame on Him.  
He took it all, completely rejected,  
totally abandoned, fully obedient.

When He cried out, "It is finished!" it was the end of the era of separation from the Father.

When He entered the belly of the earth, satan and his servants were ready to keep him forever as their slave in death. But death could not hold him! Jesus did not enter as a subject to satan, He entered with triumph, demanding the keys of hell. He made a public spectacle of them, triumphing over them by the cross.

And one day, on that amazing day, the victory will be sealed when satan is thrown in that special place of hell, the lake of fire.

Then there will be no more tears, no more pain. I will be home, together with my King, my Saviour, for eternity

