

Anna's Love

Cannae

As seen before in a dream
I awaken to the sound of the door
 The eyes of a woman
 Capture all movement
And infect me with a nervous quiver
 No words spoken through her lips
 A sarcastic grin told the thoughts
 For one second as she crept
I saw my reflection from a glint in her blade
My mouth opens in awe
 As hers morphs to a smile
 Her happiness the loneliness
 The happiness seen in her face
Etched a feeling of horror
In madness I reach for my face
 A menacing giggle fills the room
My body droops to the floor
I look up to the cross
 That hangs upon the wall
 Is my ride to hell here
This must be the end
The happiness seen in her face
Etched a feeling of horror

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