# 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 bladeMy mouth opens in awe
As hers morphs to a smile
Her happiness the loneliness
The happiness seen in her face
Etched a feeling of horrorIn madness I reach for my face
A menacing giggle fills the room
My body droops to the floorI look up to the cross
That hangs upon the wall
Is my ride to hell here
This must be the endThe happiness seen in her face
Etched a feeling of horror

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