

# 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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