

Cannae **"Anna's Love"**

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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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