

Cannae, Anna's Love

As seen before, as seen before in a dream
I awaken to the sound of a door
The eyes of a woman capture all movement
And infect me with a nervous quiver
No words, 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 her's 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 drops 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