

Interlude 4

Alesana

Her youthful flush color
had drained from her much
like the very blood
from her veins upon the bedding
on which she lie.
Such a foul image
for one to behold.
And in some twisted way
it only seemed to enhance
her exquisite beauty.
Like a lily on a grave.
I had failed.
Once again I had let her down.
My poor sweet Annabel.
You trusted in me.
You gave me your love, your soul.
Now I fall to my knees in front of the man
who took you from me.
I fall pathetic, defeated.
I will be with you again so soon, my love.
So very soon.
The eyes of an angel await me
and Ill be damned
if you think you can stop me now.

Sweetheart. Darling. Turn around.
Its me. Follow my voice.
Everythings going to be okay.
My love. Everything will be fine.
Its all over now.