

# Spectra Paris, Spectra Murder Show

My runway is a narrow flat purgatory,  
coming to life each time I'm gonna move my lips.  
My young robot-ladies are marching sinuously,  
trampling on death highways, unmercifully.  
I feed them with diamonds and crystalline ice,  
served by doomy footmen with remote-drive-eyes.  
I quench them with gold wines and unearthly rain,  
born in royal black halls, islands of pain.  
A beautiful day, the audience go wild,  
my sex robot-girls are starting the show in  
a beautiful way, the moment has come,  
shivers running down the spine, shock music whirl,  
A beautiful day, the audience afraid  
my fiend robot-girls are spoiling the fun in  
a beautiful way, the last final shot  
draws a line between the androids and the crowd.  
Dull preys are collapsing and their empty glance  
remains pretty unchanged, lifeless, on a trance.