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.