

Praise my immaculate skin complexion.
Cherish these symmetrical features.
I maintain my poise on this pedestal.
If looks could kill, my charms would scatter faceless dead bodies everywhere.
Like an over-exposed medallion hanging around my neck, ostentation glitters.
Perfect visibility is an asset.
I reach for its crown.
Disseminated black roses follow my every step.
A mirror's reflection is so soothing.
A stunning self-portrait reveals itself.
Immortalize this flawless creation.
Each step feels like a stroll on the red carpet.
Perfect visibility is an asset, a coronation.
Modesty can only reduce one's pride to ashes.
My chin points towards a grey sky: superiority.
I only look down on other beings: inferiority.
Immaculate.
The annihilation of every larvae would not sadden me.
Immaculate.
My contempt for the living elevates my one true love to a higher rank.
Diminish a hero to embellish my dignity.
Perfect visibility is an asset, a crown held up high.
I will sit alone on my throne.
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I will sit alone on my throne.
I will sit alone on my throne.
Secluded.