





Optimized by www.ImageOptimizer.net









Optimized by www.ImageOptimizer.net



A true art
Has its own language



They whisper her name, and distort her image. In her
gait they sense majesty, in her status a regal bloodline
and in her attire royalty. They bow their heads before
her, and give her way when she passes. She smiles and
fills her surroundings with glee.



