

# Black S

## Blue Foundation

My Kandora, you wander solemnly.

I linger,

I owe - what?

A hundred tides!

I'll wait, I know that

I'm native here.

My Kandora, your blood runs faster.

I linger

I owe - what?

My Kandora, the finest pellicle,

My loning.

I owe what?

A hundred tides!

I'll stay , I know that I'm native here.

I linger,

I owe what?

I wonder why.

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