

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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