

Blue Foundation, Black S

My Kandora, you wander solemnly.
I linger,
I owe what?
A hundred tides!

Ill wait, I know that
Im 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!

Ill stay , I know that Im native here.
I linger,
I owe what?

I wonder why.