

# 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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