

## Isenburg

### "The Return"

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Restless years of travels behind,  
My bones are weak and old.  
No place like home I see for years,  
But now it's time to return.  
From north to south, from hell and back,  
Not even knowing what to search.  
Maybe the aim was to return  
And see the treasures of my homeland.  
On this ground my journey will end.  
Here my spirit will rest till the day of my return.  
My soil below,  
The terminal breath.  
I'm home again,  
My final rest.

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