

## Written in golden letters

I've seen this town the last time, the hills rising and fading in the fog,  
The river flowing downwards the valley like some big, eternal snake  
- so many people died in there, gasping for breath,  
drowning in the current -  
I always kept my distance  
But Lorelei's mellow song always lured me there.

I walked its banks, careful not to get too close.  
The last time my misty glance grazes the hills that are home  
To so many castles – shrouded in long-told legends.  
History has been written and fought over here.

So many battles, so many deaths, so many victories  
And rousing riots – history is so poetic, lyrical  
In prose and song.  
All that blood, red and purple, flowing down the hills.  
Swords clashing, fighters panting, names and deeds  
Echoing into the future.

I lived in this place, growing up near these castles  
Where notorious fighters and powerful royals  
Walked in, lived in, made a home.

I don't want this dread, this legacy,  
Burden of ancestors and namesakes.  
Names I know, names I feel on the tip of my tongue.  
I have heard of them all, following people  
Through castles, admiring architecture.  
Feeling so small in these gigantic footsteps.

It made me yearn to be  
Written in Chronicles and history books.  
I feel martyrdom in my veins -  
And longing for a story  
So memorable that everyone remembers  
My plain old name.

It's historic times we are living in  
And I will not play a role  
But still I wish for my name to be written in golden letters  
In a book that tells of great stories, a tale of my own.

These rolling hills, wild forests, and castles and palaces  
Tell so many stories – history class was always full.  
Famous people, known around the world:  
King Lionheart and Martin Luther -  
Immortal in words.

The truth is – and it rejoices in jumping free -  
That I fought my very own battle in this homeland.  
Fighting myself was never easy  
But I won.

No one will ever write it down, though, my hard-won victory -  
Mark me in the stars with their words.  
Still I wish for this endlessness of remembering  
Every little battle – every little person.

So, I tell these stories instead  
In hopes of being a part of the narrative.  
Stories of the old world. History celebrated and the one that may better be  
Forgotten

Soul-reaching, heart-wrenching,  
History to shape me in the future – my place in a world  
Altered by people long gone.  
All of us are just history when we are  
Outpaced by the old Grim Reaper -  
But who will remember me?

We can all write history.  
Everyone can change this world.

But I cannot do it from here.