

# The Last

Funker Vogt

see it emerge from the ocean depths  
its dull black eyes staring into yours  
without fear it confronts you  
as it did before the dawn of man

overpopulation is a threat to mankind  
they always depended on the same food  
some may call it controlled resources  
just another phrase for extinction

deep in the forest they are still alive  
a tribe as old as mankind  
isolation has kept them alive  
never heard of any disease

high tech gives us some control  
revealing even the latest secret  
we can't step back we've gone too far  
is much to late for revelation

chorus:  
the last will not know that he is the last  
only we will mourn his loss  
his massive dead body cut into pieces  
left dying on the moss