

Last Unicorn

Gregorian

When the last eagle flies
Over the last crumbling mountain,
And the last lion roars
At the last dusty fountain
In the shadow of the forest
Though she may be old and worn
They will stare unbelieving
At the last unicorn...

When the first breath of winter
Through the flowers is icing,
And you look to the north
And the pale moon is rising
And it seems like all is dying
And would leave the world to mourn
In the distance, hear the laughter
Of the last unicorn
I'M ALIVE!!
... I'M ALIVE

When the last moon is cast
Over the last star of morning,
And the future has passed
Without even a last
Desperate warning

Then look into the sky
Where through the clouds
A path is formed
Look and see her
How she sparkles
It's the last unicorn!
I'M ALIVE!!
...I'M ALIVE

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