

Last Unicorn

Groove Coverage

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 all old and worn
.They will stare unbelieving at the last Unicorn.

When the first breath of winter through the flowers it's 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 mo
urn.
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 past without even a last desperate warning.
Then look into the sky where through the clouds a path is forme
d.
Look and see her how she sparkles, it's the last unicorn.

I'm alive
I'm alive

I'm alive
I'm alive

I'm alive
I'm alive