

# The last Unicorn

Michael Schulte

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 a 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 torn  
Look and see her how she sparkles, it's the last unicorn

I'm alive, I'm alive