

Funker Vogt, The Last

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

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