

Juliette, The Last Unicorn

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 of path is formed
Look and see her how she sparkles
It's the last unicorn.

I'm alive, I'm alive