

# 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