

America "The Last Unicorn"

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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

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