

# The Last Unicorn

[Loreena McKennitt](#)

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 her 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 past Without even a last desperate  
warning Then look into the sky where through The clouds a path is formed Look and see her how she sparkles  
It's the Last Unicorn I'm alive... I'm alive.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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