

# The Legend of the Lava Lizard

by Steve Legg

There was a day in history when a farming village fell,  
Cracking dawn was shattered by a thunder came from hell.  
If you ask a local Tico here what happened on that day,  
When Arenal exploded and the Earth began to shake,  
He'll tell you of a story filled with fire's fury fate,  
How 90 people lost their lives in July of '68.

The volcano is alive you know, it sleeps, it wakes, it rumbles,  
The smoking rocks rush down at will, they crash, they crack, they crumble.

There is a local legend; some people say it's true,  
Something magic happens when the volcano starts to spew.  
The boulders leave the crater and they tumble down the hill,  
They morph into a lizard, as the legend has it still.

Its toes and feet are bouncing, glowing rocks in streams of red,  
Golden flames leap down its back and form plates on its head.

Its body is an avalanche of red rocks burning bright,  
They slither down between the peaks and valleys through the night.

Once you've seen the lava lizard, burning fire in your mind,  
You'll keep that memory with you up until the day you die.

Use your imagination; you'll see the lava lizard too,  
You'll get the lava fever then and this is what you'll do...  
You'll stay up half the night or so, just watching lava fly,  
Come to breakfast late next morning, dark bags beneath your eyes.

It's quite a sight to see it and it's quite a sound to hear,

The lava lizard's power is a power to revere!