



## Texas Horned Lizard

Life in South Texas involved dirt and wind,  
We'd ride our bikes for hours on end,  
Looking for something to keep us entertained,  
Looking for any type of game.

We all had marbles we kept in a pouch,  
And every so often we'd stop and crouch,  
Circling up to shoot a few for chance,  
Take care or lose the pouch to circumstance.

At the edge of our vision was a red ant bed,  
The big red harvesters with a scary head,  
And a mound with a big hole set dead center,  
The ants marching like soldiers in line to enter.

And sitting there at the edge of the bed,  
Was a stealthy lizard the color of lead,  
That blended so well with the local terrain,  
No need for hiding, no need for feign.

We called them horny toads back in the day  
And they were everywhere the red ants lay,  
We'd catch them and pet them and let them go,  
We took them for granted – they set us aglow.

When approached it puffs up to twice its size,  
How about that for a lizard surprise,  
And I've been told it shoots blood from its eyes,  
Now that would have scared me and the guys.

Today horned lizards are hard to find,  
Fire ants and pesticides have been their demise,  
And habitat loss fits in there too,  
A great Texas treasure being lost to you.

Horned lizards still exist in some Earth Church temples,  
They are scarce but remain Texas symbols,  
They were part of the landscape growing up,  
Reminding me of life when I was just a pup.

So welcome to Earth Church,  
Pull yourself up a pew,  
Say a prayer that the horned lizard,  
Will greet your kids too.