

The Hand That Used To Feed

Rialto

When you let them in your home, you were naked and alone. They'd been carving your tombstone since they first met you. It's not the years spent in the wings, but it's the lies that really sting, but now with one brief little fling the party's over.

It's so hard to understand in a field of also-rans to be someone else that they no longer need, to be smothered by the hand that used to feed.

One little slip was all it took, to put a bullet in your foot. You didn't think to stop and look, but now you're sober. In a single paragraph they turned your life into a farce; when you saw the photographs, the light was so cruel.

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