

Rialto, The Hand That Used To Feed

When you let them in your home, you were naked and alone. They'd been carving your tombstone

It's so hard to understand in a field of also-rans to be someone else that they no longer need, to be

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

(CHORUS)

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(CHORUS)