

Venus Diode, Less Than Three

And from the office room my heart is breaking from within neon walls.
And from the living room the heart it breaks, and drips, drops, falls.
And for the orphan whose little black shoes leave tracks, teeth scars and ultra-violet skin.
I watch this conversation erupt into this hall:

Oh come now, I'd tell you,
if my broken heart can stand this.
(What could this mean?)
What this could mean is, darling,
if I could I would,
I'd shell you a bit of my heartache.

And the orchestra's lonely rag tune is heard from a veneer wall.
Until all that's left is the pianist's grin to stuff of heart-felt sobs.
Of the boys and girls that he once held deeply to his satin heart,
he now is complimenting something new, failure.