Biological warfare

Oh brain! See there, a luscious lad
He has my pulse rate going mad.
And would it not be cool indeed
To go to him and start to breed?

Oh brain! See there, a luscious maid.
Should we not go and get her laid?
She's got me shaky in the knees;
Could we not give her tits a squeeze?

For goodness sake, body, I've told you before
Life's too complicated to let you just whore.
For long term advantage, I'll have to insist
That you keep some decorum! Now cease and desist!

But look, his muscles! See his skin!
And see his cheeky, sparkly grin!
And hark – his voice: so rich and deep!
How could I now consider sleep?

But look, her wiggle! See her eyes!
And focus there, between her thighs!
And listen to her laughter rich!
She's casting spells, the sultry witch!

I'm spinning too many plates, up in this head;
The hormonal load could awaken the dead!
I'm trying to focus on cortical thought
And your hind-brain insistence is making this fraught!

Oh brain, you paint a sorry scene;
Just let me give you dopamine!
For when I've got him inside me,
You'll get your mental ecstasy!

Oh brain, you paint a sorry scene;
Just let me give you dopamine!
For when I've got her thighs apart
And got inside, you'll thank your heart!

Oh god, how to make you just leave me alone?
I'm straining here, holding each muscle and bone!
If I were to yield to your wishes instead,
It'd all go tits up and go arse over head!

You want tits up? With nipples pert?
I'll happily take off this shirt!
I'll lay him on a nearby bed
And sink my arse upon his head!

Hah! These are thoughts I'll get behind!
If tits are up, I think you'll find
My head will find a willing way!
So come on, brain, I need this lay!

Oh body, there's so much you can't understand:
How things that are nice to have sometimes get banned.
I'll just tell you this (but expect your complaint):
You'll get much more fun with some (partial) restraint!

Oh brain, I don't know very much,
But I just need his body's touch.
I'll make out with him, and allow
No thought beyond what's here and now!

Oh brain, I don't know very much,
But I just need her body's touch.
I'll make out with her, and allow
No thought beyond what's here and now!

And then what will happen, next day or next week?
But…gentle affection I will let you seek.
So: bend, but don't break, cold society's rule.
And if you can just hold on to that thought, we're cool.

Oh brain! I think we have a deal.
I'll stroke his head, and maybe steal
A little kiss upon his cheek.
…And yet, my knees will still be weak…

Oh brain! I think we have a deal.
I'll stroke her head, and maybe steal
A little kiss upon her cheek.
…And yet, my knees will still be weak…

Oh body, I know that this compromise will
Be half-measures, and some urges cannot fulfil.
I'll take all the strain, twixt the front and the hind…
And regret that I ever was this way designed.

Yay! Fun time! Off we go!

Yay! Fun time! Off we go!

Oh god…