

## In Flagrante Delicto

Propagandhi

Après la petit mort, homey don't want you no more  
That surge of dopamine has turned to dust  
Save for the Coolidge Effect, post coitum omne triste est  
That fine line between arousal and disgust

When the act is complete, you recoil to your feet  
Excuse yourself and stare into the mirror in disbelief

Social cohesion be damned, you just had to get your hands  
Upon this novel creature's flesh  
The neurochemistry of all profound regret  
Trust me kid, you ain't seen nothing yet

Oh the ridiculous things in service of self-esteem  
To be desired, some basic human need  
The moralistic glee that we all take in the  
Public airing of fellow hapless human's sins

Well, they're rubber, you're glue  
Your webcam stares back at you  
The sprawling subdivisions of glass-houses housed within

Don't be so hard on yourself  
You're just like everybody else