

Catharsis

Pitchshifter

Watching the hit, I feel calm, crying and blood,
try smell harm, back I go this mode of mind,
you see me nice, you see me kind.
My eyes strain, a blatant stain,
this bloody picture, failing to scare.
Can't touch it, it goes through me,
can't feel the hit, all I do is see,
the two sides of me, this square of glass,
watch from a distance, and let it all pass.