

## 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.