

## The Contract

### Falling Up

Turn the handle to the shadowlands  
Legs will break like shattering glass  
Settle in to slower pattern ventilation  
And hit the ground as soon as it shoots back  
But now I owe, I owe the voices in my head  
To say "Were these things miracles?"

Oh, my heart beats like a helicopter  
On thoughts of letting go  
My heart beats like a helicopter

So we dig a hole into a room  
To correlate the shadows even more  
And he knew, he knew that it was terrifying  
To slow it down so many levels over  
And now I owe, I owe the voices in my head  
They said "Were these things miracles?"

My heart beats like a helicopter