

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