

## Herefore

## Parcels

I don't want to be caught in the middle  
Taking all that I thought and setting it off  
Temporal moving forward, it's superficial  
But always closing doors, but a ripple

I'm just here for that girl, that girl, that girl  
Would I kill for? Not her, not her, not her  
I'm just here for that girl, that girl, that girl  
Would I kill for? Not her, not her

I don't want to be torn in the middle  
It's deafeningly unsure, unofficial  
But silently still we talk, though a little  
When timing is no more, but a ripple

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Would I kill for? Not her, not her, not her