

# Little Friend

## Minor Threat

There are no words for what I want to say. No description for what I feel.

It's a non-emotion. It's something gray. Way down inside of me.

YOu could call it anger. You could call it fear. You could call it  
frustration. That's as close as you get.

Now I'm waiting for security. There's something racing inside of me. I'm  
waiting, I'm waiting, for a sign. Waiting for something. Got nothing but  
time.

I said I'm waiting. Waiting for a sign. Just me and my little friend. He's  
deep inside.

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