

Minor Threat, Little Friend

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'll 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