

The Happy Nihilist

The Classic Crime

I am a happy nihilist, no absolute truth does exist
When I decide to shake my fist, I only got myself to
blame
Cause we're all players and life's the game
I only take what I need, I am so light on my feet
I will not stop or concede, I am not driven by greed
No moral compass for me, it's all just natural feelings
Existence has no meaning, there's no such thing as
happy
But late at night when I sleep, I dream of more than I
see
There's something burning in me, a driving need to be
free,
Why do I sit here and think about the things that I
need?
There's nothing left to believe, oh is it all just a
dream?
I've taught this to myself, piled books up on the shelf
But it still hurts like h*ll to trust nobody else but
me
I used to read everything, I used to need nothing
I put my money on me, I used to be something
Now I can't sleep, cause I'm not happy
I've taught this to myself, piled books up on the shelf
But it still hurts like h*ll to trust nobody else but
me
Whoa oh oh
Why am I haunted by the metaphysical?
Is it a cosmic lie or is it literal?
The books I read that used to free my mind
Have made me more blind but the truth I'll find it
I was a happy nihilist
Now I'm wondering why I exist
I've taught this to myself, piled books up on the shelf
But it still hurts like h*ll to trust nobody else but
me