

Classic Crime, The "The Happy Nihilist"

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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 drive, a 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
Pile books up on the shelf
But it still hurts like hell
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 was a happy nihilist
Now I'm wondering why I exist

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