

# Nihilism

## The Dead Musician

Come into the union district  
Drive down on sharon palms  
White ghettos paint a picture  
Broken homes and broken bones  
I was so full of scotch I could not stand up  
I was hittin the shots and I moved to a cup  
Release me from moral assumption  
Total rejection total destruction  
Nihilistic feelings are moving if I try real hard  
I'll see right through them Nihilism! Walkin a path of self destruction  
Not affected by the repercussions  
Lady on the billboard offer me a drink  
Said not right now I need time to think  
Nihilistic feelins are movin  
If you try real hard  
You'll see right through them I was so full of scotch I could not stand up  
I was hittin the shots and I moved to a cup  
White ghettos paint a picture  
Broken homes and broken bones

Lyrics provided by

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