

The maggots feed they feed on him
Well some they laugh and some give in
You cannot breathe the putrid air
The bastard's dead and no one cares
There are no relatives or friends
The sad condolences descend
The pauper's grave is all that's left
No one to pay their last respects
To die in filth in filth obscure
To die so dirty and so poor

Your life was right your life was wrong
The virtues and the vice all gone
His mother's heart would surely wrench
To see the poverty and stench
A social worker does discard
A box of letters and postcards
The only records of a life
That now has passed into the light
To die in filth in filth obscure
To die so dirty and so poor

Do you ever wonder that you'd be
Left all alone and lonely
The same as him on Judgement Day
Left all alone to fade away
Because you lack the social skills
And then grow old and then grow ill
To die in filth in filth obscure
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To die so dirty dirty dirty
dirty dirty dirty dirty and so poor