

Maxwell's charred body lies on his mattress
His charred flesh you can smell
His dress is like like broken flowers
His assassins will go to Hell

Maxwell's make-up and the dress are melted
His high heels broken and charred
He looks like a woman now he lies buried
In a council part in the graveyard

Maxwell's Hell
Maxwell's Hell

Maxwell was lonely his parents disowned him
You do not break the taboos
You wear Brut 45 you wear tassels and crombies
Or you will stand accused

Maxwell's Hell
Maxwell's Hell
Maxwell's Hell
He burns in

Maxwell's charred body lies on his mattress
His charred flesh you can smell