

Flapjack, Onion Tears

What makes us equal
hides deep in our souls,
But if it makes us equal,
Now come we're not
equal at all?
What makes us equal
hides deep in our
minds,
But if it makes us equal,
Now come we're not
equal at all?
God bless your manicure
When my sister's starving
God bless your brand new
15th car,
golden rings and silver spoons,
Satisfy your appetite huh huh ?....
Your gonna turn into dust
When your time is coming
I hope you'll die like
professional
In your pink bedroom
Flowers on your grave now
... and onion tears