

# 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