

Sis

Pig Destroyer

My sisters dangerous. She climbs the barbed wire fence. Changes
clothes in the back seat. Medical gown to red jeans. I can tell
shes
off her meds, cause she's grinning like a death's head. Like a
slit
wrist angel. The asylum lights up, as we pull away. The doctors
don't
get it, my sister can't be kept in a cage.