

# 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.

Songwriters

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