

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.