

2:00 AM

It's 2:00 AM.

The angel of death has got you.

He's holding your throat with his skeleton hands,

and you can't breathe,

and every rotten, miserable thing you've ever done is coming back to you,

and you're prayin',

Prayin' to die.

Because you know,

like the goddamn ghost of Christmas future,

he's going to point his skeleton finger into the darkness,

and there will be nothing there,

at least nothing that you can see at 2:00 AM