

Ophelia's Diary (Hamlet)

Elizabeth: lyrics.
James: guitars, bass.
Nigel: drums, keys.
Kris and Nigel: vocals.

Hamlet, my own betrothed.
Last night saw his father's ghost.
Who told of murder and high treason
I fear Hamlet will lose his reason.

Hamlet's uncle did the deed
Consumed by envy and by greed
Took the life of his own brother
Then took as wife Hamlet's mother

To be or not to be?
Hamlet thinks of suicide.
For his uncle's heinous crime
Revenge is what he desires
By guilt his mind is racked
Unable as he is to act
Victim of his Oedipus
Overthinks everything he does

Hamlet has lost his mind
Has spoken words so unkind
In a voice so cold and stony
Said "get thee to a nunnery!"

To be or not to be?
Hamlet thinks of suicide.
For his uncle's heinous crime
Revenge is what he desires
By guilt his mind is racked
Unable as he is to act
Victim of his Oedipus
Overthinks everything he does

Hamlet gone from my life
Tears in my eyes as I write
I cannot bear such great sadness
I feel I'm slipping into madness

Ophelia drowns herself, half crazed
No-one escapes unscathed
7 others die, aye, there's the rub
Victims of Hamlet's Oedipus

Revenge and madness.
Love and hate
Thus Hamlet, hands blood-soiled,
Shuffled off this mortal coil