

## Aina

# "Flight Of Torek"

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[Narrator: Tobias Sammet]  
[Talon: Glenn Hughes]  
[Torek: Thomas Rettke]  
[Backing Vocals: Robert Hunecke-Rizzo]

[Narrator:]  
The King has ruled a reign of long  
And good and fair he was to all  
But alas, the sun sets on his time  
Which renders him frail and small  
The throne now calls the next in line  
Where Torek stands, proud and strong  
His destiny writ in the books of old  
To rule as King in the House of Ainean

[Chorus:]  
But pride can come to rule the ones  
Whose hearts are faintly clouded  
For love can blind and torture you  
And in rage leave you shrouded  
Destruction of a soul  
Can be the aftermath of loss  
Then fear the flight of Torek  
For it will bring chaos!

The crown that lays upon his head  
Is surely bright and shining  
But won't compare to his shining love  
For whom his heart is pining  
A queen he needs to fill the place  
Beside his throne now empty  
And he's longed for his Lady Oria  
For a thousand years and twenty

[Chorus]

Of his love he'd said to none  
Whilst plans he'd had to make  
And on the eve that he would profess  
His plans he came to break  
For Talon came, his brother dear  
Shaking with delight

And with growing rage did Torek hear  
His love was taken claim that night

[Talon:]

My brother, I have such news to share  
My longing kept hidden in strife  
My heart is overjoying  
For soon I shall have a wife  
To Oria Allyahan  
Did I profess my love  
And fall into my arms did she  
And say that she did love...  
... me too

[Narrator:]

Fire coursing through his veins  
To Oria he ran  
To beg her if it all was true  
To pray to understand

So hear did he her true heart said  
Her love belonged to his brother  
And curse did he their new found love

[Aina Choir:]

For cursed she should be  
If she didn't love he!

[Narrator:]

And should be content with no other!

[Aina Choir:]

Yes, cursed she will be  
If she doesn't love he!

[Narrator:]

Out he storms from Aina fair  
A self-imposed exile  
Far he'll go to escape the burn  
Of rejection's bitter bile  
Out he storms not looking back  
And vows to never return  
For now he hates the lovely land  
And would rather see it burned

[Torek:]

For how I hate that lovely land  
And will someday see it burn!!

