

The Burning Pits of the Duat

Nile

I Hath Been Immersed Head Down.
In that, Which Floweth In Abundance from the Slaughtered Ones.
I Hath Been Made to Eat Feces and Drink Urine.
I Lay in Chains before the Undying Flames.
I am Helpless in the Presence of He Who is Master of the Pits of Fire
.
I am Humbled and Broken in the Presence of Those Who Shall Consume My
Shade in the Pits of Burning.

I Didst Bow in Homage to the Spawn of Set.
I Hath Kneeled in Homage to the Servants of Shesses.
In Rebellion, I Did Recite the Formulae of Rites in Glorification of
the Lords of Filth.
I Hath Recited the Formulae of Rites in Glorification of the Lords of
Wickedness.
He Who Hath Dominion of Khenti-Amenti Hath Uttered,

"Hack in Pieces and Cut Asunder the Bodies of Mine Enemies and the Me
mbers of the Dead Who Hath been Turned Upside Down.
Scatter in Pieces Their Shades.
They Shall be Cast Down Headlong into the Pits of Fire.
They Shall not Escape nor be able to Flee From the Flames Which Art i
n the Serpent Set-Heh."
I burn.

My Heart Desires to Burn in the Pit of Fire.
Allow My Ka to Blaze in Flames and be Utterly Consumed.
I Stand in Submission Before the Living Uraei of Flame Who Hurls Fort
h Burning Heat Against The Tongues of Those Who Hath Spoken Evil.
Incinerate Me in the Pits of Burning.
Sear Me in the Pits of the Damned.
Immolate Me in the Pits of Torment.
I Seek only the Charnel Bliss and the Blackened Caress of the Burning
Pits of the Duat.

I Burn.
I Burn.
I Burn.
I Burn in this Tomb of Fire.
I Burn in this Tomb of Fire.
I Burn in this Tomb of Fire.
I Burn in this Tomb of Fire.

["The Burning Pits of the Duat" features further collaboration with D
allas. I worked on the lyrics and Dallas set the to music. Dallas rea
lly felt that the lyrics and title unquestionably called for utter un
derworld socery - riffs so fast, chopping and iniquitous as to muscal
ly capture the sensation of being consumed in pits of fire.

So Dallas went to work, and the infernal riffing he conjured was so o
verwhelming in its brutality and hellish in its technicality that for
the rest of us to play the material correctly required weeks of inte

nse rehearsal; not only to play the riffs clean and in time (and to legitimately nail the tricky changes), but for the drums to maintain the overwhelming 256 BPM blasting, constant quick beat changing and crazy fills.

This was the impossible song at Nile rehearsals - not only challenging but excruciatingly painful. I would return home every night with my wrist in so much pain that I began to wonder if the song would end my career. After weeks of work, when we finally got the song rehearsed to the point of being able to consistently nail it, I breathed a thankful sigh of relief. I was reminded of the time when John McEntree (Incantation guitarist) toured with Immolation, and spent the whole tour with his wrists in agony, wearing wrist braces, because he was unaccustomed to the strain of using completely differing groups of wrist muscles needed to play Bob Vigny's unusual riffing style. Dallas had "Vigny'ized" me. The song is undeniably deliciously malevolent, yet fun to play, even if it fucking hurts like a bitch.

Lyricaly, the inspiration for this song comes from the book "Am-Duat (Division XI)", which shows that after the enemies of Orisis were beheaded and mutilated, the remains were disposed of by burning. The body was cut into pieces, the spirit severed, the shadow driven away, the skull battered in, and the pieces cast down into a pit, or pits, of fire. The pictures which accompany the texts leave no doubt on this point, for in them, the pits are clearly shown, and we see the bodies, souls, shadows and heads being consumed. Each pit is overseen by a fire-vomiting goddess, who dilligently ensures that the all-consuming flames are renewed. Each goddess wields a knife, which was used to stab, cut and hack the body into "such a way that ye shall never again see those who are living upon the Earth". The entire horrible scene is related in detail from the aforementioned text courtesy of renowned Egyptologist Sir E. A. Wallis Budge:

"The Majesty of this God uttereth the decree: Hack in pieces and cut asunder the bodies of mine enemies and the members of the Dead who have been turned upside down, O my Father Osiris. My Father having been helpless hath smitten you, he hath cut up your bodies, he hath hacked in pieces your spirits and your souls, and hath scattered in pieces your shadows, and hath cut in pieces your heads. Ye shall nevermore exist, ye shall be overtheown, and ye shall be cast headlong into the pits of fire, and ye shall not escape therefrom, and ye shall not be able to flee from the flames which art in the Serpent Set-Heh. The fire of Hert-Khettut-S is against you, the flames of Hert-Hatu-S are against you, the blazing heat of Hert-Nemmat-S is against you. Het-Sefu-S is against you, and she stabs at you and hacks you in pieces, and cuts you up in such a way that ye shall never again see those who are living upon the Earth. As for those who are in this picture in the Tuat, it is for the Majesty of Heru-Tuati who giveth the order for their slaughter each day. Those who are in this picture, who are depicted with the enemies of Osiris of the Duat, and with Her-Utu-D, who is the guardian of this circle, live by means of the voice of the enemies, and by the cries of entreaty of the souls and shadows which have been placed in their pits of fire."

I chose to write the lyrics from the doomed enemy's viewpoint. The character in the lyrics is not only resigned to his ultimate doom, but actively yearns for it - perhaps as a means to a quicker end to his to

ment, or maybe just the finality of glorious culmination of his chosen, infernal path.]