

As for mine enemies
The sun shall impede the beating of their hearts
And blind their eyes
Let the shades of my fathers curse their faces
Let the eye of Sekhmet send the violence of the sun
Down upon their heads
Let searing torrents of fire descend upon their brow
Let flames immolate their places of sleeping
Let the eye of Sekhmet cause their hearts to burst into flames
Let carnivorous dogs consume their entrails
As for mine enemies let their charred ashes be as discarded refuse
Lying forgotten in the desert, let their shades not rise again
Anoint my phallus with the blood of the fallen
Let my curses be heard, let my will be as Menthu the bull
Potent to create and savage to slay those whom I have cursed
Let my wrath be terrible and my vengeance unmerciful
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