



The name of this work is 'The Wheel of Sharp Weapons  
Effectively Striking the Heart of the Foe'.

I pray heartfelt homage to you, Yamantaka;  
Your wrath is opposed to the Great Lord of Death.

1) In jungles of poisonous plants strut the peacocks,  
Though medicine gardens of beauty lie near.  
The masses of peacocks do not find gardens pleasant,  
But thrive on the essence of poisonous plants.

2) In similar fashion the brave Bodhisattvas  
Remain in the jungle of worldly concern.  
No matter how joyful this world's pleasure gardens,  
These Brave Ones are never attracted to pleasures,  
But thrive in the jungle of suffering and pain.

3) We spend our whole life in the march for enjoyment,  
Yet tremble with fear at the mere thought pain;  
Thus since we are cowards, we are miserable still.  
But the brave Bodhisattvas accept suffering gladly  
And gain from their courage a true lasting joy.

4) Now desire is the jungle of poisonous plants here.  
Only Brave Ones, like peacocks, can thrive on such fare,  
If cowardly beings, like crows, were to try it,  
Because they are greedy they might lose their lives.

5) How can someone who cherishes self more than others  
Take lust and such dangerous poisons for food?  
If he tried like a crow to use other delusions,  
He would probably forfeit his chance for release.

(6) And thus Bodhisattvas are likened to peacocks:  
They live on delusions poisonous plants.  
Transforming them into the essence of practice,  
They thrive the jungle of everyday life.

Whatever is presented they always accept  
While destroying the poison of clinging desire.

(7) Uncontrollable wandering through rounds of existence  
Is concern by our grasping at egos as real.  
This ignorant attitude heralds the demon  
Of selfish concern for our welfare alone:  
We seek some security for our own egos;  
We want only pleasure and shun any pain.  
But now we must banish all selfish compulsion  
And gladly take hardship for all other's sake.

(8) All of our sufferings derive from our habits  
Of selfish delusions we heed and act out  
As all of us share in this tragic misfortune,  
Which stems from our narrow and self-centred ways,  
We must take all our sufferings and the miseries of others  
And smother our wishes of selfish concern.

(9) Should the impulse arise now to seek our own pleasure,  
We must turn it aside to please others instead;  
For even if loved ones should rise up against us,  
We must blame our self-interest and feel it's our due.

(10) When our bodies are aching and racked with great torment  
Of dreadful diseases we cannot endure,  
This is the wheel of sharp weapons returning  
Full circle upon us from wrongs we have done.  
Till now we have injured the bodies of others;  
Hereafter let's take on what sickness is theirs.

(11) Depressed and forlorn, when we feel mental anguish,  
This is the wheel of sharp weapons returning  
Full circle upon us from wrongs we have done.  
Till now we how deeply disturbed minds of others;  
Hereafter let's take on this suffering ourselves.

(12) When hunger or violent thirst overwhelms us,  
This is the wheel of sharp weapons returning  
Full circle upon us from wrongs we have done.  
Till now we have kept what we had without sharing;  
We have plundered and stolen and lured people on.  
Hereafter let's take from them hunger and thirst.

(13) When we lack any freedom, but must obey others,  
This is the wheel of sharp weapons returning  
Full circle upon us from wrongs we have done.  
Till now we have looked down upon them who were lowly  
And used them as servants for our own selfish needs;  
Hereafter let's offer our service to others  
With humble devotion of body and life.

(14) When we hear only language that is foul and abusive,  
This is the wheel of sharp weapons returning  
Full circle upon us from wrongs we have done.  
Till now we have said many things without thinking;  
We have slandered and caused many friendships to end.  
Hereafter let's censure all thoughtless remarks.

(15) When we are born in oppressive and wretched condition,  
This is the wheel of sharp weapons returning  
Full circle upon us from wrongs we have done.  
Till now we have always had a negative outlook  
We have criticized others, seeing only their flaws  
Hereafter let's cultivate positive feelings  
And view our surroundings as stainless and pure.

(16) When we are parted from friends and from those who can help us,  
This is the wheel of sharp weapons returning  
Full circle upon us from wrongs we have done.  
Till now we have taken the friends and good servants  
Of others away, wanting them for ourselves;  
Hereafter let's never cause close friends to part.

(17) When supreme holy Gurus find us displeasing,  
This is the wheel of sharp weapons returning  
Full circle upon us from wrongs we have done.  
Till now we have turned from the Gurus and teachings,  
preferring the counsel of misleading friends;  
Hereafter let's end our dependent relations  
With those who would turn us away from the path.

(18) When unjustly we are blamed for the misdeeds of others,  
And are falsely accused of flaws that we lack,  
And are always the object of verbal abuse,  
This is the wheel of sharp weapons returning  
Full circle upon us from wrongs we have done.  
Till now we have despised and belittled our Gurus;

Hereafter let's never accuse others falsely,  
But give them full credit for virtues they have.

(19) When the things we require for daily consumption  
And use, fall apart or are wasted or spoil,  
This is the wheel of sharp weapons returning  
Full circle upon us from wrongs we have done.  
Till now we have been careless with others' possessions;  
Hereafter let's give them whatever they need.

(20) When our minds are unclear and our hearts are unhappy,  
We are bored doing virtue but excited by vice,  
This is the wheel of sharp weapons returning  
Full circle upon us from wrongs we have done.  
Till now we have led others to acts of non-virtue;  
Hereafter let's never provide the conditions  
That rouse them to follow their negative traits.

(21) When our minds are disturbed and we feel great frustration  
That things never happen the way that we wish,  
This is the wheel of sharp weapons returning  
Full circle upon us from wrongs we have done.  
Till now we have caused interfering disturbance  
When others were focused on virtuous acts;  
Hereafter let's stop causing such interruption.

(22) When nothing we do ever pleases our Gurus,  
This is the wheel of sharp weapons returning  
Full circle upon us from wrongs we have done.  
Till now with our Gurus we have feigned pious manners,  
But out of their presence have reverted to sin.  
Hereafter let's try to be less hypocritical  
And take all the teachings sincerely to heart.

(23) When others find fault with whatever we are doing  
And people seem eager to blame only us,  
This is the wheel of sharp weapons returning  
Full circle upon us from wrongs we have done.  
Till now we have been shameless, not cared about others,  
We have thought that our deeds did not matter at all,  
Hereafter let's stop our offensive behavior.

(24) When our servants and friends are annoyed by our habits,  
And after a while cannot stay in our homes,

This is the wheel of sharp weapons returning  
Full circle upon us from wrongs we have done  
Till now we have imposed our bad habits on others;  
Hereafter let's change and show only hind ways.

(25) When all who are close turn against us as enemies,  
This is the wheel of sharp weapons returning  
Full circle upon us from wrongs we have done.  
Till now we have held grudges inside us with anger  
With thoughts of sly methods to cause others pain;  
Hereafter let's try to have less affectation,  
Not pretend to be kind while we harbour base aims.

(26) When we suffer from sickness and such interference  
Especially when gout has swollen our legs,  
This is the wheel of sharp weapons returning  
Full circle upon us from wrongs we have done.  
Till now without shame and with no self-control  
We have stolen or misused what others have given;  
Hereafter let's never take anything offered  
To the Three Jewels of Refuge as if it were ours.

(27) When strokes and diseases strike without warning,  
This is the wheel of sharp weapons returning  
Full circle upon us from wrongs we have done.  
Till now we have broken our vowed words of honour;  
Hereafter let's shun such non-virtuous deeds.

(28) When our mind becomes clouded whenever we study,  
This is the wheel of sharp weapons returning  
Full circle upon us from wrongs we have done.  
Till now we have thought that the study of Dharma  
Lacked prime importance and could be ignored;  
Hereafter let's build up the habits of wisdom  
To hear and to think about what Buddha taught.

(29) When sleep overwhelms us while practising virtue,  
This is the wheel of sharp weapons returning  
Full circle upon us from wrongs we have done.  
Till now we have gathered the causes for obstacles  
Hindering our practice of virtuous acts.  
(We have lacked all respect for the scriptural teachings;  
We have sat on our books and left texts on the ground.  
We have also looked down upon those with deep insight.)

Hereafter for the sake of our practice of Dharma  
Let's gladly endure all the hardships we meet.

(30) When our mind wanders greatly and runs towards delusion,  
This is the wheel of sharp weapons returning  
Full circle upon from wrongs we have done.  
Till now we have neglected to meditate fully  
On defects pervading this transient world;  
Hereafter let's work to renounce this existence  
(And see the impermanent nature of things).

(31) When all our affairs, both religious and worldly,  
Run into trouble and fall into ruin,  
This is the wheel of sharp weapons returning  
Full circle upon us from wrongs we have done.  
Till now we have felt cause and effect {9} could be slighted;  
Hereafter let's practise with patience and strength.

(32) When rites we perform never seem to be fruitful,  
This is the wheel of sharp weapons returning  
Full circle upon us from wrongs we have done.  
Till now we have relied on the gods of this world  
Or on unskillful actions to bring us relief;  
Hereafter let's turn in another direction  
And leave our non-virtuous actions behind.

(33) When none of the wishes we make reach fulfillment,  
Although we have made prayers to the Three Precious Gems,  
This is the wheel of sharp weapons returning  
Full circle upon us from wrongs we have done.  
Till now we have had an imperfect commitment  
To Buddha whose teachings deserve complete trust;  
Hereafter let's place our exclusive reliance  
On Buddha, his teachings and those in his fold.

(34) When prejudice, polio or strokes have us crippled  
And external forces or harm rise against us,  
This is the wheel of sharp weapons returning  
Full circle upon us from wrongs we have done.  
Till now we have collected vast stores of non-virtue  
By breaking, our vows and offending protectors  
In our practice from Guru-devotion to tantra; {10}  
Hereafter let's banish all prejudiced views.

(35) When we lack all control over where we must travel  
And always must wander like waifs with no home,  
This is the wheel of sharp weapons returning  
Full circle upon us from wrongs we have done.  
Till now we have disturbed holy Gurus and others  
And forced them to move from their homes or their seats;  
Hereafter let's never cause others disturbance  
By evicting them cruelly from where they reside.

(36) When the crops in our fields are continually plagued  
By drought floods and hailstones, insects and frost,  
This is the wheel of sharp weapons returning  
Full circle upon us from wrongs we have done.  
Till now we have failed to honour our pledges;  
Hereafter let's keep all our moral vows pure,

(37) When we are poor, yet are filled with much greed and desire,  
This is the wheel of sharp weapons returning  
Full circle upon us from wrongs we have done,  
Till now we have been misers, reluctant to share.  
The offerings we have made to the Three Jewels were  
meager;  
Hereafter let's give with a generous heart.

(38) When our bodies are ugly and others torment us  
By mocking our flaws, never showing respect  
This is the wheel of sharp weapons returning  
Full circle upon us from wrongs we have done.  
Till now we have made images lacking in beauty,  
By venting our anger we have made ugly scenes;  
Hereafter let's print books and make pleasing statues,  
And not be short-tempered but be of good cheer.

(39) When attachment and anger disturb and upset us  
No matter how much we may try to suppress them,  
This is the wheel of sharp weapons returning  
Full circle upon us from wrongs we have done.  
Till now we have held on to the improper outlook:  
Stubbornly cherishing only ourselves,  
Hereafter let's uproot self-interest completely.

(40) When success in our practices always eludes us,  
This is the wheel of sharp weapons returning  
Full circle upon us from wrongs we have done.

Till now, deep within, we have clung to our ego,  
Fully immersed in self-cherishing ways;  
Hereafter let's dedicate all of the virtuous  
Actions we do, so that others may thrive.

(41) When our mind is untamed though we act with great virtue,  
This is the wheel of sharp weapons returning  
Full circle upon us from wrongs we have done.  
Till now we have engaged in those worldly ambitions  
That aim at success for ourselves in this life;  
Hereafter let's work with pure one-pointed effort  
To nourish the wish to gain freedom's far shore.

(42) When after we do any virtuous action  
We feel deep regret or we doubt its effect,  
This is the wheel of sharp weapons returning  
Full circle upon us from wrongs we have done.  
Till now we have been fickle and, stirred by base motives,  
Have courted only those who had power or wealth;  
Hereafter let's act with complete self-awareness,  
Exerting great care in the way we make friends.

(43) When those with ambition repay trusting friendship  
By luring us on with their devious schemes,  
This is the wheel of sharp weapons returning  
Full circle upon us from wrongs we have done.  
Till now from ambition we have acted with arrogance,  
Hereafter let's dampen our self-centred pride.

(44) When the force of attraction or that of repulsion  
Colours whatever we hear or we say,  
This is the wheel of sharp weapons returning  
Full circle upon us from wrongs we have done.  
Till now we have ignored what has caused all our troubles:  
The mass of delusion that dwells in our heart;  
Hereafter let's try to abandon all hindrances  
Note their arising, examine them well.

(45) When no matter how well-meant our actions towards others,  
They always elicit a hostile response,  
This is the wheel of sharp weapons returning  
Full circle upon us from wrongs we have done.  
Till now we have repaid loving-kindness with malice;

Hereafter let's always accept others' favours  
Both graciously and with most humble respect.

(46) In short then, whenever unfortunate suffering  
We haven't desired crash upon us like thunder,  
This is the same as the smith who had taken  
His life with a sword he had fashioned himself  
Our suffering is the wheel of sharp weapons returning  
Full circle upon us from wrong we have done.  
Hereafter let's always have care and awareness  
Never to act in non-virtuous ways.

(47) All of the sufferings that we have endured  
In the lives we have led in the three lower states,  
As well as our pains of the present and future,  
Are the same as the case of the forger of arrows  
Who later was killed by an arrow he had made.  
Our suffering is the wheel of sharp weapons returning  
Full circle upon us from wrong we have done.  
Hereafter let's always have care and awareness  
Never to act in non-virtuous ways.

(48) When the troubles and worries of family life grieve us,  
This is the same as the case of a child  
Who was cared for with love later killing his parents.  
Our suffering is the wheel of sharp weapons returning  
Full circle upon us from wrong we have done.  
Hereafter it is fitting in all of our lifetimes  
For us to live purely as monks or as nuns.

(49) As it's true what I have said about self-centred interest,  
I recognise clearly my enemy now.  
I recognise clearly the bandit who plunders,  
The liar who lures by pretending he is part of me;  
Oh what relief that I have conquered this doubt!

(50) And so Yamantaka spin round with great power  
The wheel of sharp weapons of good actions now.  
Three times turn it round, in your wrathful-like aspect-  
Your legs set apart for the two grader of truth,  
With your eyes blazing open for wisdom and means.

(51) Baring your fangs of the four great opponents,  
Devour the foe-our cruel selfish concern!

With your powerful mantra of cherishing others,  
Demolish this enemy lurking within!

(52) Frantically running through life's tangled jungle,  
We are chased by sharp weapons of wrongs we have done  
Returning upon us; we are out of control  
This sly, deadly villain-the selfishness in us,  
Deceiving ourselves and all others a well-  
Capture him, capture him, fierce Yamantaka,  
Summon this enemy, bring him forth now!

(53) Batter him, batter him, rip out the heart  
Of our grasping for ego, our love for ourselves!  
Trample him, trample him, dance on the head  
Of this treacherous concept of selfish concern!  
Tear out the heart of this self-centred butcher  
Who slaughters our chance to gain final release!

(54) Hum! Ham! Show all your powers, O mighty protector.  
Dza! Dza! Tie up this enemy; do not let him loose.  
P'a! P'a! {17} Set us free by your might, O great Lord over Death  
Cut! Cut! Break the knot of self-interest that binds us inside.

(55) Appear Yamantaka, O wrathful protector;  
I have further entreaties to make of you still.  
This sack of five poisons, mistakes and delusions,  
Drags us down in the quicksand of life's daily toil-  
Cut it off, cut it off, rip it to shreds!

(56) We are drawn to the sufferings of miserable rebirths,  
Yet mindless of pain, we go after its cause.  
Trample him, trample him, dance on the head  
Of this treacherous concept of selfish concern,  
Tear out the heart of this self-centred butcher  
Who slaughters our chance to gain final release.

(57) We have high expectations of speedy attainments,  
Yet do not wish to work at the practice involved.  
We have many fine projects we plan to accomplish,  
Yet none of them ever are done in the end.  
Trample him, trample him, dance on the head  
Of this treacherous concept of selfish concern,  
Tear out the heart of this self-centred butcher  
Who slaughters our chance to gain final release.

(58) Our wish to be happy is strong at all times,  
Yet we do not gather merit to yield this result.  
We have little endurance for hardship and suffering,  
Yet ruthlessly push for the things we desire.  
Trample him, trample him, dance on the head  
Of this treacherous concept of selfish concern,  
Tear out the heart of this self-centred butcher  
Who slaughters our chance to gain final release.

(59) With comparative ease, we develop new friendships,  
Yet since we are callous, not one of them lasts.  
We are filled with desire for food and fine clothing,  
Yet failing to earn them, we steal and we scheme.  
Trample him, trample him, dance on the head  
Of this treacherous concept of selfish concern,  
Tear out the heart of this self-centred butcher  
Who slaughters our chance to gain final release.

(60) We are experts at flattering others for favours,  
Yet always complaining, we are sad and depressed.  
The money we have gathered we cannot bear to part with;  
Like misers we hoard it and feel we are poor.  
Trample him, trample him, dance on the head  
Of this treacherous concept of selfish concern,  
Tear out the heart of this self-centred butcher  
Who slaughters our chance to gain final release.

(61) We have done very little to benefit someone,  
Yet always remind him how much we have done.  
We have never accomplished a thing in our lifetime,  
Yet boasting and bragging, we are filled with conceit.  
Trample him, trample him, dance on the head  
Of this treacherous concept of selfish concern,  
Tear out the heart of this self-centred butcher  
Who slaughters our chance to gain final release.

(62) We have many great masters and teachers to guide us  
Yet shirking our duty, ignore what they teach.  
We have many disciples, yet do not meet help them;  
We cannot be bothered to give that advice.  
Trample him, trample him, dance on the head  
Of this treacherous concept of selfish concern,  
Tear out the heart of this self-centred butcher  
Who slaughters our chance to gain final release.

(63) We promise to do many glorious deeds,  
Yet In practice we give others minimal help.  
Our spiritual fame has been spread far and wide,  
Yet inwardly all of our thoughts are repulsive  
Not only to gods, but to demons and ghosts.  
Trample him, trample him, dance on the head  
Of this treacherous concept of selfish concern,  
Tear out the heart of this self-centred butcher  
Who slaughters our chance to gain final release.

(64) We have read very little, heard only few teachings,  
Yet talk with authority pertly on Voidness.  
Our knowledge of scriptures is pitifully lacking,  
Yet glibly we make up and say what we like.  
Trample him, trample him, dance on the head  
Of this treacherous concept of selfish concern,  
Tear out the heart of this self-centred butcher  
Who slaughters our chance to gain final release.

(65) We have many attendants and people around us,  
Yet no one obeys us or heeds what we say.  
We feel we have friends in positions of power,  
Yet should we need help, we are left on our own.  
Trample him, trample him, dance on the head  
Of this treacherous concept of selfish concern,  
Tear out the heart of this self-centred butcher  
Who slaughters our chance to gain final release.

(66) We have gained lofty status and ranks of prestige.  
Yet our knowledge is poorer than that of a ghost.  
We are considered great Gurus, yet even the demons  
Do not harbour such hatred or clinging desire  
Or as closed-minded an outlook-as we seem to have.  
Trample him, trample him, dance on the head  
Of this treacherous concept of selfish concern,  
Tear out the heart of this self-centred butcher  
Who slaughters our chance to gain final release.

(67) We talk about theories and the most advanced teachings,  
Yet our everyday conduct is worse than a dog's.  
We are learned, intelligent, versed in great knowledge,  
Yet cast to the Wind wisdom's ethical base.  
Trample him, trample him, dance on the head  
Of this treacherous concept of selfish concern,

Tear out the heart of this self-centred butcher  
Who slaughters our chance to gain final release.

(68) We have selfish desires and horrible anger,  
Which fester inside us, we would never admit;  
Yet without provocation we criticise others  
And self-righteously charge them with faults we possess.  
Trample him, trample him, dance on the head  
Of this treacherous concept of selfish concern,  
Tear out the heart of this self-centred butcher  
Who slaughters our chance to gain final release.

(69) We wear robes of saffron, yet seek our protection  
And refuge in spirits and gods of this world.  
We have promised to keep solemn vows of strict morals,  
Yet our actions accord with the demons, foul ways.  
Trample him, trample him, dance on the head  
Of this treacherous concept of selfish concern,  
Tear out the heart of this self-centred butcher  
Who slaughters our chance to gain final release.

(70) Our pleasure and happiness come from the Buddhas,  
The Gurus, the teachings, and those who live by them,  
Yet still we make offerings to ghosts and the spirits.  
All of our guidance derives from the teachings,  
And yet we deceive those who give this advice.  
Trample him, trample him, dance on the head  
Of this treacherous concept of selfish concern,  
Tear out the heart of this self-centred butcher  
Who slaughters our chance to gain final release.

(71) We seek to have homes in monastic seclusion,  
Yet dawn by distractions, we venture to town.  
Discourses we hear teach us most noble practice,  
Yet we spend all our time telling fortunes with dice.  
Trample him, trample him, dance on the head  
Of this treacherous concept of selfish concern,  
Tear out the heart of this self-centred butcher  
Who slaughters our chance to gain final release.

(72) We give up monks' vows, the true path to gain freedom,  
We would rather be married, have children and homes.  
We cast to-the wind this rare chance to be happy,  
And pursue further suffering, more problems and woes

trample him, trample him, dance on the head  
Of this treacherous concept of selfish concern,  
Tear out the heart of this self-centred butcher  
Who slaughters our chance to gain final release.

(73) Discarding our practice to reach Liberation,  
We drift about searching for pleasure or trade.  
We have obtained bodies with precious endowments,  
Yet use them to gain only hellish rebirths.  
Trample him, trample him, dance on the head  
Of this treacherous concept of selfish concern,  
Tear out the heart of this self-centred butcher  
Who slaughters our chance to gain final release.

(74) Ignoring effects that the teachings can bring us,  
We travel on business for profit end gain.  
Leaving behind all our Gurus' wise lectures,  
We tour different places in search of some fun.  
Trample him, trample him, dance on the head  
Of this treacherous concept of selfish concern,  
Tear out the heart of this self-centred butcher  
Who slaughters our chance to gain final release.

75) We hoard what we have, never willing to use it,  
And leech all our food and our clothing from friends.  
We leave aside wealth from our father's inheritance,  
Taking from others as much as we can.  
Trample him, trample him, dance on the head  
Of this treacherous concept of selfish concern,  
Tear out the heart of this self-centred butcher  
Who slaughters our chance to gain final release.

(76) It's amazing how little endurance we have  
To do meditation, and yet we pretend  
To have gained special powers so others are fooled.  
We never catch up with the paths of deep wisdom,  
Yet run here and there in a needless great haste.  
Trample him, trample him, dance on the head  
Of this treacherous concept of selfish concern,  
Tear out the heart of this self-centred butcher  
Who slaughters our chance to gain final release.

(77) Someone gives us advice from the depths of his heart,  
Which is for our own good, but is harsh to our ears,

And with anger we view him as if he is our foe.  
Yet when someone without any true feelings for us  
Deceitfully tells us what we like to hear,  
Without taste or discernment we are kind in return.  
Trample him, trample him, dance on the head  
Of this treacherous concept of selfish concern,  
Tear out the heart of this self-centred butcher  
Who slaughters our chance to gain final release.

(78) When others consider us close and dear friends  
And relate in strict confidence as they know,  
We disclose their deep secrets to especially their foes.  
When we have a good friend who is constantly with us,  
We locate his weak points so we can torment him.  
Trample him, trample him, dance on the head  
Of this treacherous concept of selfish concern,  
Tear out the heart of this self-centred butcher  
Who slaughters our chance to gain final release.

(79) Our jealousy is strong and whatever is said  
We are always the sceptic, we doubt what is meant.  
We are fussy bad-tempered and hard to get on with,  
Inflicting obnoxious behavior on others.  
Trample him, trample him, dance on the head  
Of this treacherous concept of selfish concern,  
Tear out the heart of this self-centred butcher  
Who slaughters our chance to gain final release.

(80) When someone requests us to do something for him,  
We are never obliging, but think up instead  
Clever devious methods to do him some harm.  
When others concede and agree with our viewpoint,  
We do not acquiesce-we argue still more.  
Trample him, trample him, dance on the head  
Of this treacherous concept of selfish concern,  
Tear out the heart of this self-centred butcher  
Who slaughters our chance to gain final release.

(81) We do not pay attention to what others tell us;  
We are a trial to be with; we strain others' nerves.  
Our feelings are hurt at the slightest remark,  
And we hold grudges strongly-we never forgive.  
Trample him, trample him, dance on the head  
Of this treacherous concept of selfish concern,

Tear out the heart of this self-centred butcher  
Who slaughters our chance to gain final release.

(82) We always are jealous of those of great status;  
We feel holy Gurus are threats to avoid  
Overwhelmed by attachment and ruled by our passions,  
We spend all our time lusting after young loves.  
Trample him, trample him, dance on the head  
Of this treacherous concept of selfish concern,  
Tear out the heart of this self-centred butcher  
Who slaughters our chance to gain final release.

(83) We do not think of friendships as long-term commitments  
We treat old companions with thoughtless neglect.  
And when we are making new friends with a stranger,  
We try to impress him with grandiose ways.  
Trample him, trample him, dance on the head  
Of this treacherous concept of selfish concern,  
Tear out the heart of this self-centred butcher  
Who slaughters our chance to gain final release.

(84) We lack clairvoyance, yet we, feigning powers,  
And then when proved wrong, we must bar all complaints.  
We have little compassion for those who are near us,  
Whenever they blunder, we are quick to lash out  
Trample him, trample him, dance on the head  
Of this treacherous concept of selfish concern,  
Tear out the heart of this self-centred butcher  
Who slaughters our chance to gain final release.

(85) We have poor education and limited knowledge;  
Whenever we speak we are unsure of ourselves.  
Our learning in scriptural texts is so meagre,  
When hearing new teachings we doubt they are true  
Trample him, trample him, dance on the head  
Of this treacherous concept of selfish concern,  
Tear out the heart of this self-centred butcher  
Who slaughters our chance to gain final release.

(86) By making a habit of anger and passion,  
We come to despise everyone that we meet  
And by making a habit of jealous resentment,  
We ascribe fruits to others, disclaiming their worth.  
Trample him, trample him, dance on the head

Of this treacherous concept of selfish concern,  
Tear out the heart of this self-centred butcher  
Who slaughters our chance to gain final release.

(87) We do not follow proper Procedures of study;  
We say it is needless to read the vast texts.  
We feel there is no value learning from Gurus;  
We slight oral teachings and think we know best.  
Trample him, trample him, dance on the head  
Of this treacherous concept of selfish concern,  
Tear out the heart of this self-centred butcher  
Who slaughters our chance to gain final release.

(88) We fail to explain what the 'Three Baskets teach,  
But instead dwell on theories we have made up ourselves.  
We lack deep conviction and faith in the teachings,  
Whatever we say leaves disciples confused.  
Trample him, trample him, dance on the head  
Of this treacherous concept of selfish concern,  
Tear out the heart of this self-centred butcher  
Who slaughters our chance to gain final release.

(89) We do not despise actions unwise and immoral,  
Instead we dispute and attempt to pick flaws  
In the excellent teachings and great masters' works.  
Trample him, trample him, dance on the head  
Of this treacherous concept of selfish concern,  
Tear out the heart of this self-centred butcher  
Who slaughters our chance to gain final release.

(90) We are never embarrassed when acting disgracefully,  
Only respectable deeds cause us shame.  
Trample him, trample him, dance on the head  
Of this treacherous concept of selfish concern,  
Tear out the heart of this self-centred butcher  
Who slaughters our chance to gain final release.

(91) All the things we should do we do not do even once,  
For improper behavior takes up all our time.  
Trample him, trample him, dance on the head  
Of this treacherous concept of selfish concern,  
Tear out the heart of this self-centred butcher  
Who slaughters our chance to gain final release.

(92) O mighty destroyer of selfishness demons,  
With Body of Wisdom unchained from all bonds,  
Yamantaka come brandish your skull-headed bludgeon  
Of egoless wisdom of Voidness and bliss.  
Without any misgiving now wield your fierce weapon  
And wrathfully swing it three times round your head.

(93) With all of your fierceness come smash this foul enemy!  
Burst ego-concepts with your wisdom's great might!  
With your boundless compassion protect us from suffering  
The miseries caused by our self-centred actions  
Destroy our self-cherishing once and for all!

(94) With all the sufferings that others experience,  
Smother completely or selfish concern.  
The sufferings of others arise from five poisons;  
Thus whichever delusion afflicts other beings  
Take it to smother delusions self.

(95) Through we have not a doubt, for we recognise fully  
The cause and the root of mistakes we all make,  
If there is still left a part of our minds that would tend  
To support this delusion of self that we have,  
Then destroy the firm hold of this part of our minds  
That, against or true wishes, makes fools of us still.

(96) As all that is wrong can be traced to one source:  
Our concern for ourselves, whom we cherish the most,  
We must meditate now on the kindness of others.  
Accepting the suffering that they never wished for,  
We must dedicate fully our virtues to all.

(97) Thus accepting ourselves all deluded non-virtuous  
Actions that others have done in the past,  
In the present and future with mind, speech and body,  
May delusions of others as well as our own  
Be the favoured conditions to gain our Enlightenment  
Just as the peacocks eat poison and thrive.

(98) As crows may be cured after swallowing poison  
By a powerful antidote given in time,  
Let's direct to all others our virtuous merit,  
That this may replenish their chances for freedom  
May all sentient beings reach Buddhahood soon!

(99) Till the time when all motherly beings and I  
Gain the perfect conditions for us to be Buddhas,  
Though the force of our actions may cause us to wander  
Through various realms in the six rebirth states  
May we always be able to help one another  
To keep our aim find on Enlightenment's shore.

(100) Then for even the sake of but one sentient being  
May we gladly take birth in the three lower states.  
With Enlightening Conduct that never grows weak  
May we lead all the beings in miserable rebirths  
Out of their sufferings and causes for pain.

(101) As soon as we have placed ourselves into their realm  
May the guards of the hells come to see us as Gurus,  
May the weapons of torture they hold turn to flowers;  
May all harm be stilled-peace and happiness grow.

(102) Then may even hell beings develop clairvoyance  
And take higher rebirths as men or as gods.  
By developing strongly the wish to be Buddhas,  
May they pay back our kindness through heeding the  
teachings  
And regard us as Gurus with confident true.

(103) Then may all sentient beings of the three higher rebirths  
Perfect meditation on Egolessness  
In this way may they realise the non-self-existence  
Of worldly involvement and freedom as well.  
May they place concentration on both of these equally,  
Seeing their natures as equally void.

(104) If we practise these methods we shall soon overcome  
Our true enemies: selfish concern and self-love.  
If we practise these methods we shall overcome also  
false concepts of ego we hold to be real  
Thus by joint meditation on Egolessness  
And on non-dual wisdom of Voidness and Bliss,  
How can anyone not gain the causes to win  
A Buddha's Physical Body and its fruit, Buddhahood

(105) O mind, understand that the topics discussed here  
Are interdependent phenomena all;  
For things must rely on dependent-arising

To have an existence-they cannot stand alone,  
The process of change is alluring like magic,  
For physical form is but mental appearance,  
As a torch whirling round seems a circle of flame.

(106) There is nothing substantial to anyone's life-force  
It crumbles apart like a water-soaked log  
And there is nothing substantial to anyone's life-span  
It bursts in an instant like bubbles of foam.  
All the things of this world are but fog-like appearance;  
When closely examined, they out of sight.  
Like mirages these things at a distance seem lovely  
But when we come closer, they are not to be found.

(107) All things are like images found in a mirror,  
And yet we imagine they are real, very real;  
All things are like mist or like clouds on a mountain,  
And yet we imagine they are stable and firm.  
Our foe: our insistence on ego-identities  
Truly our own, which we wish were secure,  
And our butcher: the selfish concern for ourselves  
Like all things there appear to be truly existent,  
Though they never have been truly existent at all.

(108) Although they appear to be concrete and real,  
They have never been real, any time, anywhere.  
They are not things we should burden with ultimate value,  
Nor should we deny them their relative truth.  
As our grasping for egos and love for ourselves  
Lack substantial foundations with true independence,  
How can they yield acts that exist by themselves?  
And then how can this cruel vicious circle of suffering,  
The fruit of these actions, be real from its core?

(109) Although all things thus lack inherent existence,  
Yet just as the face of the moon can be seen  
In a cup of clear water reflecting its image,  
The various aspects of cause and effect  
Appear in this relative world as reflections.  
So please, in this world of appearances only,  
Let's always be sure what we do is of virtue  
And shun all those acts that would cause us great pain.

(110) When our bodies are charred in a horrible nightmare  
By the world-ending flames of a stellar explosion,  
Although this ordeal is not actually happening  
We nevertheless feel great terror and scream.  
In similar fashion unfortunate rebirths  
In hells or as ghosts are not actually real,  
And yet we can fully experience their pain.  
Thus fearing such suffering as burning alive,  
We must cease all these actions that yield this result.

(111) When our mind are delirious, burning with fever,  
Although there is no darkness, we feel we are plummeting  
Further and further inside a black pit  
With the walls pressing closer the deeper we fall.  
In similar fashion, although our dark ignorance  
Lacks self-existence, we nevertheless  
Must by all means break out of its strangling construction  
By putting the three kinds of wisdom to use.

(112) When musicians are playing a beautiful melody,  
Should we examine the sound they are making  
We would see that it does not exist by itself.  
But when we are not making our formal analysis,  
Still there is a beautiful tune to be heard,  
Which is merely a label on notes and on players  
That is why lovely music can lighten sad hearts.

(113) When we closely examine effects and their causes,  
We see that they both lack inherent existence  
They cannot stand alone, either whole or apart  
Yet there seem to exist independently rising  
And falling events, which, in fact, are conditioned  
By various forces, components and parts,  
It is this very level on which we experience  
Birth and our death and whatever life brings.  
So please, in this world of appearances only,  
Let's always be sure what we do is of virtue  
And shun all their acts that would cause us great pain.

(114) When a vase has been filled by the dripping of water,  
The first drops themselves did not fill it alone;  
Nor was it made full by the last several drops.  
It was filled by an interdependent collection

Of causes and forces that came all together  
The water, the pourer, the vase and such things.

(115) It is precisely the same when we come to experience  
Pleasure and pain: the results of our past  
Effects never come from the first causal actions,  
Nor do they arise from the last several acts.  
Both pleasure and pain come from interdependent  
Collections of forces and causes combined.  
So please, in this world of appearances only,  
Let's always be sure what we do is of virtue  
And shun all their acts that would cause us great pain.

(116) When not making formal dissections with logic,  
Merely letting life's happening flow freely on,  
Although we experience feelings of pleasure,  
In ultimate truth the appearance of happiness  
Lacks self-existence inherently real.  
And yet on the everyday operative level  
This seeming appearance has relative truth.  
To understand fully this deep profound meaning  
For slow-minded persons, alas, will be hard.

(117) And now when we try to do close contemplation  
On Voidness, how can we have even a feeling  
Of conventional truth at the very same time?  
Yet what can there be that has true self-existence;  
And what can there be that lacks relative truth?  
How can anyone anywhere believe in such things?

(118) Just as objects of Voidness are non-self-existent,  
The Voidness of objects itself is the same.  
The shunning of vice and the practice of virtue  
Are like wise devoid of all mental constructions  
That they are independent, self-contained acts  
In fact, on the whole, they are lacking completely  
All mental projections and all pre-conceptions.  
Thus if we can focus our clear concentration  
On Voidness without our mind wandering astray,  
Then truly we shall come to be wondrous beings  
With a deep understanding of the most profound Void.

(119) By practising this way the two Bodhicittas,  
Of the ultimate and the conventional truth,

And thus by completing without interference  
Collections of insight and merit as well,  
May all of us quickly attain Full Enlightenment  
Granting what we and all others have wished.

## EPILOGUE

This work has been translated from Sanskrit into Tibetan by the fatherly Atisa himself and his spiritual  
hBrom-ston-pa.

This translation of the Tibetan Theg-pa-chen-pohi-blo-sbyong-mtson-cha-hkhor-lo into English has been  
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