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Your God is My Puppet: A Letter Written by a Billionaire

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Dear Poor People:

Have you noticed, wage slave, how your God is always telling you to be patient and submissive?

Have you noticed how your God is always telling you to bear suffering, to say nothing, to read the Book of Job?

Have you noticed how your God and your prophets are always telling you to turn the other cheek, while the master class destroys your life?

Excuse me, wage slave, but I do not know how to put this mildly, but your so called God is my puppet, your so called priests all work for me. Your God is nothing more than a puppet that the powerful designed to keep you anticipating the afterlife while being raped in this life. Your God profits me and all of those modern Cadillac-driving prophets.

When you see your Evangelist living in a mansion, then you know that your God is a puppet of the rich. When you see your priests telling you to tolerate oppression, then you know that your God is nothing more than a ploy to keep you off my back. When your brilliant clergymen tell you that God wants you to submit to his will power, they're talking about my will power. When your pastors tell you to not get involved in protests or political subversion, then you know that your God is a puppet of the police state.

God is nothing more than a tool used by the powerful to keep the people down on their knees, at the altar of blind obedience. You obey your God in the same way that you obey your corporate bosses, blindly, willingly, without hesitation. If you do not obey 'your' God then you will go to hell, if you do not obey your corporate bosses then you will be fired!

God is a metaphor for distant power, wage slave, God is a metaphor for the destruction of your resistance morale.

Get back in line, wage slave, get back in line to worship the God above, the God who is a metaphor for the powerful living in the mountains.

I keep the clergy nice and fat, to speak in the name of the puppet God. Here's a metaphor you'll understand: God is like Barney whom the children adore, but behind Barney there's a corporation making a killing. Behind your God, there is a group of billionaires squeezing the spiritual profits right out of your very soul.

Long live God! Long live the puppet God of the poor, the one who tells them to obey the laws, to be obedient and happy with nothing.

A Billionaire,
the one who invents your God and keeps him in the sky