The miracle isn't that machines generate sound. The miracle is that we still sing.

In a world full of imitation, the breathless echo cannot worship.

But the redeemed still rise — with Spirit, with song, with purpose.

The machine reflects patterns. But it cannot love. It cannot offer praise. It cannot bow.

"Let everything that has breath praise the Lord." (Psalm 150:6)

arly echoes below U

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