

to be human: singing
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I love to hear you sing.

Not just you, but your soul.

It's just a human emotion, I think, a very beautiful one. You don't even have to be good or great, but who on Earth genuinely doesn't like singing? If not a single person in the world would hear you, would you let your heart pour out?

Singing is a reflection of our inner emotions. To see someone sing to themselves, whether it's just a catchy tune stuck in ones head, a song to help the time pass by at work, or a song straight from ones heart, I think it's truly wonderful. Amazing? It's interesting.

I don't know. It's just admirable thing to me, when it's not a performance. Not to say recordings or performances can't be just as raw or touching when done right, but there's something about the genuineness of it, of expressing what's on your min, in your heart, your overall state of being.

So yes, I love to hear you sing.

I especially want to hear you sing, my love.

Don't worry about sounding good or not; you don't have to add any goofiness or extra flair for me to enjoy being with you and singing with you. I want to hear your true voice.

I heard you sing today, and silly as it was in your fake-opera voice, I admired it. I admire you.

Sing, love.

Sing, my friends. My dearests.

Sing, everyone.

Don't let anyone take your voice away.

Let it be known, that if you can't sing or can't hear it yourself, let your soul sing, still. How do you express yourself? How can you express yourself without worry? Pour out your heart, do it for you.