

WICKED AURA

THE PEDESTRIAN

I go walking when the city sleeps.
and all my trouble fades away.
Beneath the stars and city lights,
I see folks in disarray.

The city gives me all that i desire.
no one tells me where to go.
Under the big bright city lights, i find
my rhythm takes control.

In the quiet of the night,
I hear a band begin to play.
I close my eyes and drift away
and dream to the sounds of batucada...

Verse 1

Got my headphones on, I feel I'm sinking deeper
Feet hit the tarmac, yeah, I feel at home
I'm just walking my blues away, I gotta be strong
Trying not to go astray for far too long
I'm just cruising in my hood, and I feel good
I got swing in my stride, my rhythm, relentless
I walk the streets, it awakens my senses
The cracks in the pavement, the sounds, the places

Verse 2

I see familiar faces and I'm feelin their vibe
Because folks who know have got nothing to hide
I see, I hear, I feel, I fear, I live
I learn, I yearn and burn, I love, I give
Adapting and morphing, A web of positivity
With every step I take my world flows in harmony
The concrete JUNGLE and the city LIGHTS,
I hear the streets sing to me, in the dead of night.

Rhythm instigator, innovator, trailblazer
We flip with finesse, dexterity, and power
Wicked is our style, and the method is clinical
Fearless and flawless, tough and physical
We flow, we flex, with polyrhythms complex

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www.wickedaura.com



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THE PEDESTRIAN

A blockbuster hit with the special effects
Preaching the end of silence,
Eliminate ignorance, hate, bigotry and oppression

The beat and the rhythm, stupefying and bold
Bringin' out somethin' new from the sounds of old
Order in chaos, and never lose control
Resistance in music, in art, in soul

It's a journey into sound, comin'
straight from the underground,
big, phat and heavyweight, pound for pound
A commando unit, strong, steady and tight
An aura of wickedness, let the drums – ignite

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