

# New Mexican Disaster Squad, 9 Kinds Of Hell

Killing their time  
Killing their will  
Killing them  
(Nine kinds of hell)  
Losing a freedom that they never had  
Relive the saddest of sad (Living hell on earth)

The pressure of progress digs a hole for the spirits deceased  
Now I think that is a hell I can believe

All were ignored  
Most were in pain  
You can't call that humane  
(Nine kinds of hell)  
Losing a freedom that they never had  
Relive the saddest of sad (Living hell on earth)

The pressure of progress digs a hole for the spirits deceased  
Now I think that is a hell I can believe  
(Justice not!)  
But torture and despair in hell on earth they rot

Progress leaves casualties  
Progress never knows remorse  
Progress it paves the way for hell on earth  
And many never try to even question why  
Progress, it paves the way