SAM SNITCHY – 2 HORSE FORCE

(Voodoo Rhythm, Switzerland)

FULL-LENGTH PRESSRELEASE

Long before he ever set foot in a studio, Sam Snitchy was out on the streets, screaming poems under the name Maniporno – raw, fearless, and wired to the chaos around him. Then he started turning that noise into records – first as Melker, later as Sam Snitchy.

In March 2026 comes the third Snitchy album on Voodoo Rhythm Records – another step further down the road, deeper into the noise, the pulse, the confusion that started it all. The new record is a sonic exorcism, recorded with Marco Fuorigioco twisting bass, synths, and guitars and tearing the tape apart, Philipp Schlotter flooding the room with haunted synth hallucinations, and Domi Chansorn hammering drums like collapsing towers.

Together they drag you through psychedelic punk fury, bleeding into dark wave shadows, mutating into industrial noise and dub haze, morphing into a twisted techno pulse until you can't tell where one ends and the other begins – everything feeding the fire.

And over this storm, Sam Snitchy spits his words like broken mirrors – twisted and self-reflecting stories about humans lost in their own contradictions, about empty routines and meaningless lifestyles dressed up as success, about the absurd dance between ecstasy and despair. The lyrics don't explain – they disturb. They hold up a cracked glass and force you to look at yourself until you don't know whether to laugh or scream.

MEDIUM-LENGTH PRESSRELEASE

Long before he hit a studio, Sam Snitchy was screaming poems in the streets under the name Maniporno – raw, fearless, wired to the chaos. That fire still burns through his third album, a sonic exorcism forged with Marco Fuorigioco (bass, synths, guitars), Philipp Schlotter (synths), and Domi Chansorn (drums). The sound moves like electricity – punk colliding with techno, bleeding into industrial static, drowning in dub haze, shimmering with psychedelic garage rock. It's restless, shifting, always on the edge of collapse.

Over it all, Snitchy spits his words like shattered glass – reflections of human contradiction, empty routines, and the strange beauty of losing control. The result is fierce, chaotic, and alive – a record that doesn't explain itself; it possesses you.

SHORT PRESSRELEASE

From the streets to the studio, Sam Snitchy turns noise into ritual. The new record is a sonic exorcism – punk, techno, industrial, dub, and dark wave twisting together until everything burns. Backed by Marco Fuorigioco, Philipp Schlotter, and Domi Chansorn, the sound is raw and hypnotic, alive and unafraid. Snitchy spits words like broken mirrors – reflecting a world of contradictions, empty dreams, and beautiful despair.

PROMO PUNCHLINE

Sam Snitchy transforms chaos into sound. Once a street poet known as Maniporno, he now blends punk energy with techno pulse, industrial grit, dub tension, and psychedelic garage haze. It's raw and hypnotic – words like broken glass, beats like heartbeat and collapse.